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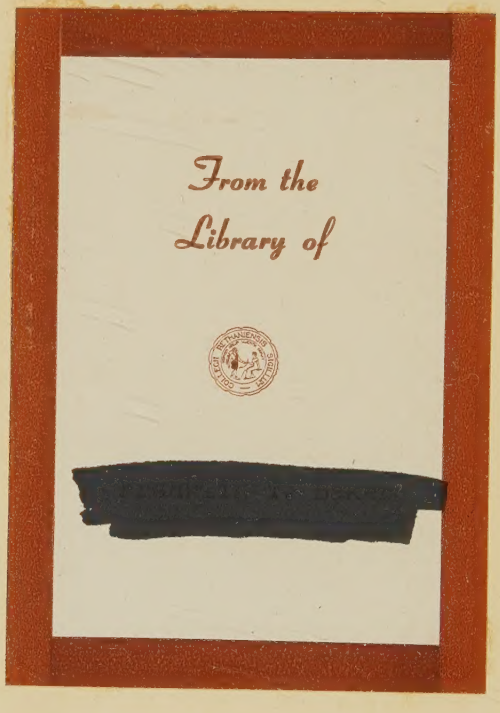

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Hye noble and myzty Prince excellent
My lord the Prince · o my lord gracious
I humble seruant and obedient
Vn to zour estate hye and glorious
Of whyche I am ful tendre and ful zelous
Me recommaunde vn to zour worthynesse
With herte enter and spirit of meeknesse

JULIUS BIEN LITH., N.Y.

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PRINCE HENRY AND OCCLEVE.

"hye noble and mygtty Prince excellent
My lord the prince o my lord graciouse
I humble servant and obedient
Un to youre estate hye and glorious
Of wyche I am ful tendre and ful yelous
Me recommaunde un to youre worthynesse
Wyth herte entere and spiritt of meeknesse."

Thomas Occleve or Hoccleve was an English poet and lawyer of the time of Chaucer, living between 1370 and 1454. His chief poem is "De Regimine Principium," a new version of "The Governail of Princes" The plate is the dedication of this work to the prince of the day, afterward King Henry V. of England.

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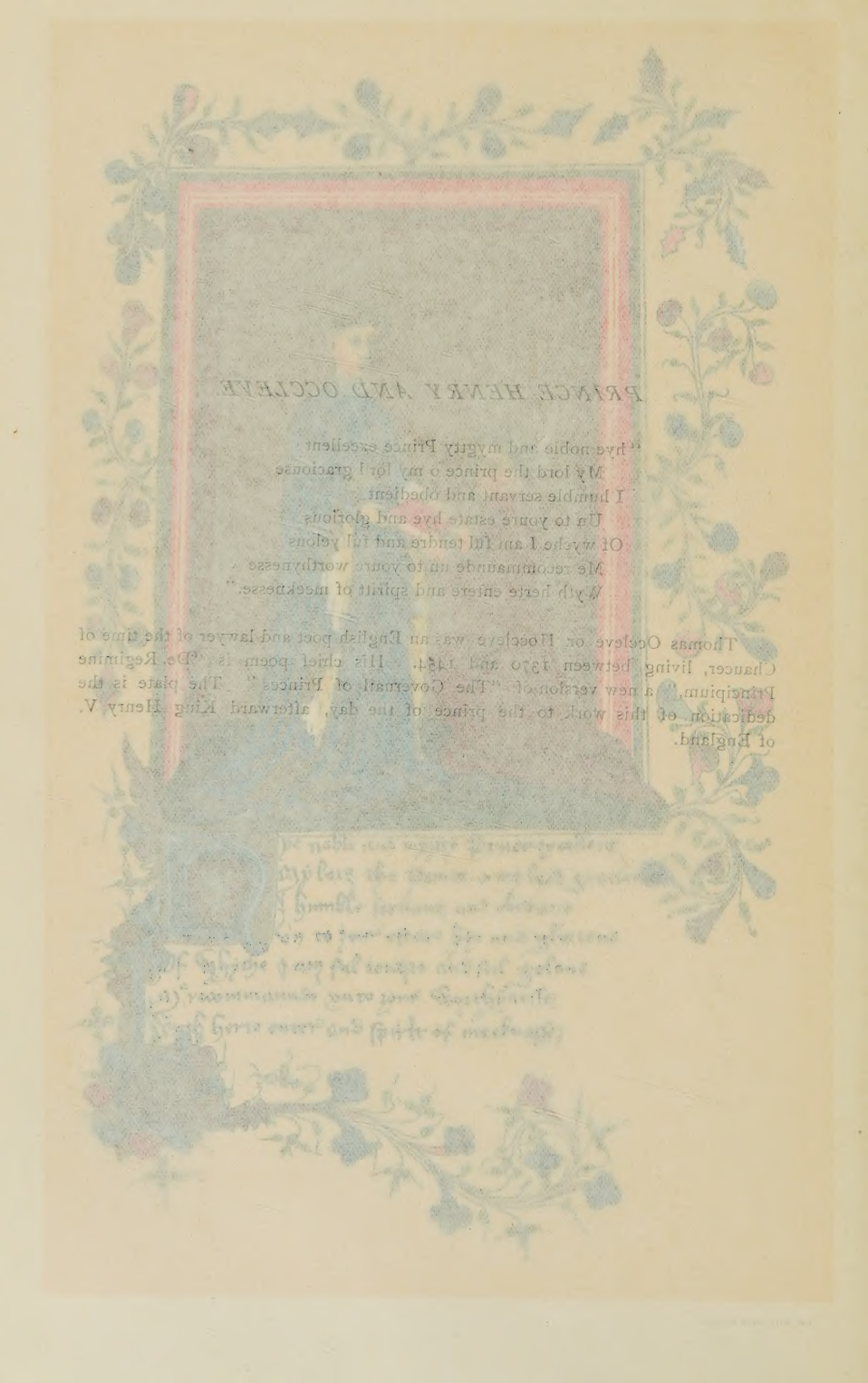

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EDITORS

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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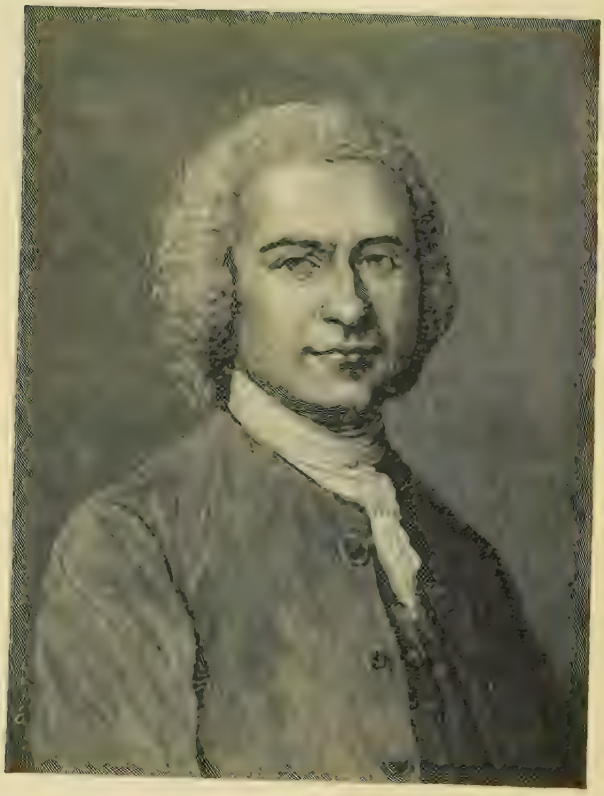


JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

(1712–1778)

BY ÉDOUARD ROD

THROUGHOUT his life, Rousseau was tossed about as by an inner storm, in exciting the violence of which malicious circumstances seemed to delight. He was born at Geneva, June 28th, 1712, in a troubled atmosphere, among the riots and agitations which were beginning to threaten the old Genevan oligarchy. He lost his mother at birth. His father, who was a watchmaker, scarcely concerned himself with his early education except to read Plutarch and Richardson with him. When forced to leave Geneva, he intrusted the boy to the care of a maternal uncle. Jean Jacques was a dreamy, romantic child, sentimental, and not without a touch of perversity. Early embarked on a wandering and adventurous life, he was successively engraver's apprentice, vagabond, lackey, secretary. He improvised himself into a musician; he even made himself a traveling tradesman. The counsels of a benefactress whose influence over him was very great — Madame de Warens — converted him to Catholicism, a faith which he afterward renounced. He traveled. He saw Italy. He read French, English, and German philosophers pell-mell, while studying music, history, and mathematics without method. Engaged as a preceptor at the elder Mably's, — brother of the Abbé Mably, — he was introduced to the literary society of the epoch. After some fruitless gropings he was to conquer first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon, by a memorial (which was crowned) upon this question: 'Has the progress of sciences and arts contributed to corrupt or to purify morals?' (1749). The success of this initial work, which contains the germs of most of the ideas developed in his later works, was both brilliant and belligerent.

Suddenly famous, Rousseau became at the same time distrustful, solitary, misanthropic; and these characteristics were intensified by his alliance with her who was to be the companion of his life, — a person of inferior heart and mind, from whom he suffered much, and with whom he could not break. The 'Discourse on the Arts and Sciences' was soon followed by a new competitive essay assigned by the same Academy of Dijon, — 'A Discourse on the Inequality among

Men,'—which is a fuller and more authoritative exposition of the earlier theme. The fundamental idea of this work is the keystone of all Rousseau's philosophy. It is summed up in this simple remark: "Men are bad; my own sad experience furnishes the proof: yet man is naturally good, as I think I have shown. What then can so have degraded him, except the changes in his condition, the progress he has made, and the knowledge he has acquired?" The Academy of Dijon did not crown this second discourse, which was thought too radical; and Rousseau continued a career filled with triumphs whose bitterness alone he felt. His theories were violently opposed by the literary and philosophic classes; but the public was with him.

In 1752, his opera 'Le Devin du Village' (The Village Soothsayer), played at court under his direction, brought him a pension from the King. He became the fashion; great lords and lovely ladies invited him, petted him, patronized him. In less than five years he was to launch on the world the works which made him the most formidable protagonist of the new era: **'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' which** inaugurated "romantic" literature long before the word was found to characterize it; the 'Contrat Social,' which preludes the doctrines of the Revolution; and 'Émile,' which attempts to reform the principles of education. These three works brought Rousseau an unexampled popularity. But the violent controversies they aroused, the real hatreds they excited, the condemnations they drew upon him,—at Paris where the Parliament decreed his arrest, and at Geneva where 'Émile' was burned by the executioner,—hurried him into a melancholy more and more bitter and afflicting. He took refuge with different friends, whom his suspicions presently transformed into persecutors, in different places, where he always believed himself persecuted.

Returning to Paris in 1770, he passed there several years of anxious poverty: copying music for a livelihood; composing, in answer to demands which honored him, such works as the 'Considerations on the Government of Poland'; or to defend himself before posterity, books like 'The Confessions,' and the 'Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire' (Musings of a Solitary Stroller), which did not appear until after his death. In 1778 he accepted a refuge offered by one of his faithful friends, René de Girardin, on his estate of Ermenonville. There his mind seemed to be growing calmer in the serene contemplation of the green and smiling country, when he died suddenly, on the 2d of July, 1778, in his sixty-seventh year. At first, suicide was suspected; but an autopsy disclosed the cause of death to be serous apoplexy. His body, buried at two o'clock at night under the poplars of Ermenonville,—"by the most beautiful moonlight and in the calmest weather," says a witness,—was transported to the Pantheon

in 1794 by order of the Convention. But in 1814 it was exhumed, as was Voltaire's, without official order; and the bones of the two philosophers, placed in the same sack, were thrust under ground in the waste land toward Bercy.

What especially strikes the writer who attempts to analyze the moral and intellectual personality of Rousseau, is the predominance of his imagination. He was a poet and a romancer,—a romancer who made theories instead of making romances; but 'Émile' is certainly a pedagogical story, as the 'Contrat Social' is a story, as the 'Discours sur l'Inégalité' is a historical, or if you like, an anthropological story. This fertile imagination was constantly excited by a very lively sensibility, which exalted itself in ardent friendships, in ardent passions, which embraced all humanity, reaching out to animals and even to inanimate things, and finding only in communion with nature some little joy and compensation. The disordered action of the romantic imagination upon this morbid sensibility would naturally produce and did produce errors of judgment, such as the doctrines of the Contrat, of Émile, etc.; and also errors in life, of which the gravest was that systematic and deliberate abandonment of his children, with which Rousseau has been so strongly reproached. But these errors came from the mind, not from the heart. Many facts prove that despite his paradoxes of thought and conduct, this man possessed a sincere kindness, a generosity which could pardon the worst offenses, a simple and touching tenderness of soul, a disinterestedness so great as to deprive him of all profit from his talents. These qualities are sometimes spoiled or perverted by a pride to which perhaps must be attributed some of his acts of generosity or devotion, as well as some of his errors; and which later became exaggerated to mania in the mental malady of which it is impossible to say whether it was cause or effect. This pride, from which he suffered more than any one else, was his only vice; in spite of his having allowed himself to be drawn into certain culpable acts, such as once to have stolen and often to have lied,—offenses which would never have been known but for his own confession.

In spite of such errors, committed in hours of temptation, and expiated by long and sincere regrets, it would be unjust to deny Rousseau's true nobility of soul. If that soul seems to us sullied, the blame rests upon the hazards of his neglected childhood and adventurous youth; upon the storms of his genius, his sufferings during the long period when he was forced to seek his true self among the worst obstacles, upon the tempests he aroused; and finally, later, upon the maddening mirages with which his sick imagination surrounded him.

The elements of Rousseau's character were also those of his genius. Although he delighted to reason according to the method which Descartes had inaugurated, and from which he could not free himself,—that old vessel in which bubbled up the new wine of his thought,—yet it is unreasonable to expect much reason from him. His logic usually ends in paradox. Upon going back to the origin of his ideas and attempting to analyze them, one finds that taken separately they are neither very original nor very profound: all return to that fundamental conception of the superiority of "the state of nature" over "the social state,"—a too inadequate conception, of which it is impossible to prove the truth. It is that which inspired his earliest 'Discourses.' At first the 'Contrat Social' seemed to contradict them: for how could a philosopher who hated society justify the basis of its organization; and especially how could he conclude, as he does, that to this fatal and illegitimate society the citizen owes the sacrifice of himself? But after this passing infidelity to his dominant faith, he returned to it again in 'Émile,' where he maintains that normal education should isolate a child from society in order that his natural qualities may develop; and he held this view to the end, as appears in those 'Confessions,' which, in the portrait they give of himself, explain without justifying the fundamental idea of all his doctrine. The defects of his early education Rousseau never supplied; his reading, insufficient and fantastic, left him defenseless to all external influences. His religion was a vague spiritualism; his morality, an unconvincing optimism; his politics, a Utopia, pastoral in the 'Discours sur l'Inégalité,' epic in the 'Contrat Social.' Finally, he seems never to have known any other man than himself; and the psychology of his 'Nouvelle Héloïse' remains essentially personal. Whence comes it then, that in spite of so much weakness he was the greatest French writer of his century,—or at least the most influential, the most universal, and the most persistent?

To understand this curious fact, we must consider Rousseau in his century and environment. At that period, literature found itself in flagrant conflict with the morality whose aspirations it was supposed to express. The writers, most of them new-comers from another class, usually ended by adding themselves to the old society and adopting its conventions; or, penetrated with new sentiments, failed to adopt new tools, and clung to the rhetoric inherited from the preceding age. Dry, arid, "oldish" in Goethe's apt phrase, they tried in vain to cultivate sensibility; and when they endeavored to depart from routine, achieved only the artificial, as Diderot's plays show. The strength and greatness of Rousseau was, above all, his sincerity: if he was the first to discard conventional rhetoric, and to express his own sensibility, it is because he possessed true sensibility; moreover,

plebeian by birth, he remained plebeian from resolute pride. Different from his contemporaries in these two essentials, which consecrated his superiority, he became the supreme interpreter of those ideas, feelings, passions, which were fermenting in the decomposition of the Old World. He was sentimental and revolutionary, romantic and rebellious. Animated by the fierce breath of the spirit of negation, he set himself against all authority, against all tradition; and his attack was the more resistless, that the charm of his romantic spirit dissembled its violence.

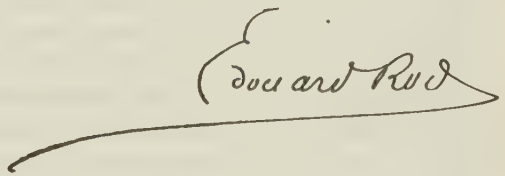
In the discharge of this little understood and almost fatal office, he was aided by his wonderful literary gifts. With his most illustrious rivals, French prose had become a conversational language,—rapid, facile, and brilliant; but without the life which captivates or the power which impresses itself. Rousseau instinctively abandoned this use to return to the great oratorical style, to rediscover the lost secrets of eloquence. For the short sentence, dry, laconic, and incisive, which is that of the best writers of his time, he adopted the long balanced period, sometimes even too rhythmic, which seizes the attention and holds it to the end. For the abstract terms in which those about him delighted, he substituted words of color, living and ardent; words which paint, words which feel, words which vibrate and weep. The same instinct which thus revealed to him a new skill in the sentence, revealed to him also a new and corresponding skill in composition. His sentences — long, vivid, and musical — link themselves together to form a kind of organic charm; so that the complete work may exercise the same fascination as each of its component parts. It was the language of passion succeeding that of reason, or rather of reasoning. The effect could not be doubtful. This effect was extremely violent, not only upon ideas but upon morals. Is it necessary to recall that after the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' everybody wanted to love like Saint-Preux and Julie? that 'Émile' transformed the current opinions upon education? that people wished to be emotional, to dream in the fields, to reascend the current of civilization, to make their spirits ingenuous, primitive, or at least "natural"? Who then first uttered the cry of the period, "O Nature! Nature!" the cry which soon became a new affectation?

Thus Rousseau appears to us as the most enticing guide of his century. "Beside him," says M. Faguet, "Voltaire appears at times merely a witty student, and Buffon only a very remarkable teacher of rhetoric. Montesquieu alone, inferior as a man of imagination, equals him in strength of view, and excels him in clearness of vision." But exactly because he lacked imagination, Montesquieu was not a harbinger. Rousseau was essentially a forerunner. One may say that he has shaped the whole century which followed him. His

principal works not only called forth successions of imitations, but the world is imbued with his ideas, whose consequences continue to renew or overturn the human soul and society. The 'Contrat Social' accounts in part for the excesses of the Revolution; and as to the chief revolutionists, the most dangerous indeed were "Spartans," as Rousseau had recommended. The vague yet ardent spiritualism proclaimed in the 'Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard' (The Savoyard Vicar's Creed), led to the Festival of the Supreme Being, and provoked the religious reaction of the beginning of the century. The notions concerning a return to the primitive life which he developed in his first work, and which remained the basis of his doctrine, may be found again with the socialists of 1848, underlying the Utopias of the Saint-Simons, the Fouriers, the Enfantiers, and perhaps even in the origin of the "collectivism" which has replaced those innocent dreams. His optimism, his faith in the constant progress of humanity, inspired during the same period not only the "reformer" who transported the golden age of the past to the future, but also the most moderate, most clear-sighted, and most politic minds. The 'Nouvelle Héloïse' created romanticism, that perilous and seductive disposition of spirit to which we owe so many affecting works: Saint-Preux is an elder brother of Werther, and what a posterity follows them! Before Rousseau, a few English poets alone had perceived Nature. After him, no one dared longer ignore her. Every one prided himself upon loving her. She found sincere adorers who perhaps would never have perceived her if they had not listened to her worshiper's enchanting voice.

In such details we get the impression of the whole man. Others have left works more perfect, and above all more beneficent; but I do not believe that in the whole history of literature there exists the man whose influence has been so decisive, so far-reaching, and upon whom it is so difficult to form a fair judgment. Measured from the point of view of to-day, this influence seems disproportioned to the genius which exercised it, and to the value of the works of that genius. But the most perfect works do not necessarily count the most; and the keenest criticism cannot always explain the mysterious affinities of genius, of thought, and of morals. It has been questioned whether this influence, the extent and duration of which are incontestable, has been a salutary one. We are not now to consider this. An alluring, an irresistible guide, Rousseau has not been an infallible one. Many have gone astray in following him. If he had a kind and feeling heart, he had not less a faulty intellect; and his paradoxes often paralyzed his good intention. The ability with which he followed them to their extreme conclusion, like the eloquence he employed in their service, only served to render them more dangerous. Therefore in

penetrating so deeply the consciousness of the generations that followed him, Rousseau's thought has drawn upon them many ills. It has involved them in many gropings and errors, in many delusive visions and sufferings. It has spread abroad in the Old World a general agitation, which the violent convulsions following it did not succeed in dispelling. It has scattered abroad sadness which still encompasses us. Passion is sad; nature breathes melancholy: all that Rousseau loved and made us love puts the heart in mourning; it may be that it is the memory of his teaching which spreads such darkness over the end of the century. For by an amazing contradiction, the optimist who believed so profoundly in the goodness of human nature is the true father of the pessimists of our time. But whatever the proportions of the good and ill he has done us, we are still responsive to his influence, while cherishing for him an affection not unmingled with reproach. Those even who condemn or oppose him do not always escape loving him. Although a whole century — one of the centuries most freighted with historical events and evolutions — has passed over his work, it is still too near to be fairly judged. But we may feel sure that it will be reckoned in a balance whose weights we do not know.



FOREWORD

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I WISH to discover whether, in the existing social order, there may not be some rule of safe and legitimate administration, taking men as they are and laws as they might be. I shall try to ally, in this research, that which the law permits with that which interest prescribes, so that justice and utility may not be divided.

I enter upon this discussion without proving the importance of the subject. I shall be asked if I am a prince or a legislator, that I write about politics. I shall answer, No — and that for this reason I write about politics. If I were a prince or a legislator, I should not lose time in telling what ought to be done: I should do it or be silent.

Born citizen of a free State and member of the sovereign people, however feeble the influence of my voice in public affairs, the right to vote upon them imposes upon me the duty of instructing myself. Whenever I meditate upon governments, I am happy to find in my investigations new reasons for loving that of my own country.

THE PEOPLE

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The architect, before erecting a great building, examines and sounds the soil to see if it will bear its weight: so the wise lawgiver will not begin by making good laws, but he will first see whether the people for whom they are destined is ready to hear them. It was for this reason that Plato refused to give laws to the Arcadians and the Cyrenians, knowing that these two nations were rich and would not endure equality.

The reason that in Crete there were good laws and bad men, was because Minos had given laws to a people loaded with vices.

Thousands of nations have flourished upon earth which could never have endured good laws; and those which could have borne them had but a short existence.

Most nations, like most men, are docile only in youth; they become incorrigible as they grow old. When customs are once established and prejudices rooted, it is a dangerous and useless enterprise to try to reform them: the people will not permit their misfortunes to be touched upon, even for their instruction, — like the stupid and cowardly sick who shudder at sight of a physician.

It is not that — as some maladies upset a man's head and make him forget the past — there may not be, in the existence of States, violent epochs when revolutions produce upon nations the effect that certain crises produce upon individuals; when horror of the past takes the place of forgetfulness, and when the State, destroyed by civil wars, rises from its ashes and takes on the vigor of youth.

Such was Sparta in the time of Lycurgus; such was Rome after the Tarquins; and such have been among us Holland and Switzerland after the expulsion of tyrants.

But these events are rare; they are exceptions, and their cause is always found in the particular constitution of the exceptional State. They cannot even take place twice with the same nation; for a nation can make itself free as long as it is barbarous, but it can do so no more when its civil energy is exhausted. Troubles may then destroy, without its being possible for revolutions to re-establish it: as soon as its chains are broken it falls apart and exists no longer, needing thereafter a master, not a liberator.

Let free nations remember this truth: "Liberty may be acquired, but never recovered."

Youth is not infancy. There is a time of youth for nations as well as man,—or if you will, of maturity,—which must be waited for before subjecting them to laws: but the maturity of a people is not always easy to recognize, and if begun too early the labor is lost. Certain peoples may be disciplined from their earliest existence; others cannot be disciplined at the end of ten centuries.

The Russians will never be truly civilized, because they were taken in hand too early. Peter had the genius of imitation: he had not the true genius which creates all from nothing. Some things which he did were good, most of them were ill-timed. He saw that his was a barbarous people: he did not see that it was not ripe for civilization; he tried to civilize it when he should have accustomed it to war. He tried at first to make Germans or English, when he should have begun by making Russians; he prevented his subjects from ever becoming what they might have been, by persuading them that they were what they were not.

It is thus that a French preceptor teaches his pupil to shine in his infancy, and then to amount to nothing afterward. The empire of Russia will desire to subjugate Europe, and will itself be subjugated. The Tartars, its subjects or neighbors, will become its masters and ours: this revolution seems to me inevitable. All the kings of Europe are working together to accelerate it.

FROM 'ÉMILE'

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RATTLE-HEADED children become commonplace men. I know of no observation more general and more certain than this. Nothing is more difficult than to distinguish, in infancy, real stupidity from that apparent and deceptive stupidity which is the indication of strong characters. It seems strange, at first sight, that the two extremes should have the same signs, and yet this must needs be so; for at an age when the man has as yet no real ideas, all the difference that exists between him who has genius and him who has it not is, that the latter gives admittance only to false ideas, while the former, finding no others, gives admittance to none. In so far then as one is capable of nothing, and nothing is befitting the other, both appear to be stupid. The only sign that can distinguish them depends on chance, which may offer to the last some idea within his comprehension; whereas the first is always and everywhere the same. During his infancy the younger Cato seemed an imbecile in the family. He was taciturn and obstinate, and this was all the judgment that was formed of him. It was only in the antechamber of Sylla that his uncle learned to know him. If he had not gone into that antechamber, perhaps he would have passed for a dolt till the age of reason. If Cæsar had not lived, perhaps men would always have treated as a visionary that very Cato who penetrated his baleful genius, and foresaw all his projects from afar. Oh, how liable to be deceived are they who are so precipitate in their judgments of children! They are often the more childish. I myself have seen a man somewhat advanced in age, who honored me with his friendship, who was regarded by his family and his friends as lacking in intelligence; but this was a superior mind maturing in silence. All at once he has shown himself a philosopher, and I doubt not that posterity will assign him a distinguished and honorable place among the best reasoners and the most profound metaphysicians of his age.

Respect childhood, and do not hastily judge of it either for good or for evil. Allow a long time for the exceptions to be manifested, proved, and confirmed, before adopting special methods for them. Allow Nature to act in her place, for fear of thwarting her operations. You know, you say, the value of time,

and do not wish to waste it. You do not see that to make a bad use of time is much more wasteful than to do nothing with it; and that a poorly taught child is further from wisdom than one who has not been taught at all. You are alarmed at seeing him consume his early years in doing nothing! Really! Is it nothing to be happy? Is it nothing to jump, play, and run, all day long? In no other part of his life will he be so busy. Plato, in his 'Republic,' which is deemed so austere, brings up children only in festivals, games, songs, and pastimes. It might be said that he has done all when he has really taught them how to enjoy themselves: and Seneca, speaking of the ancient Roman youth, says they were always on their feet, and were never taught anything which they could learn while seated. Were they of less value for this when they reached the age of manhood? Be not at all frightened, therefore, at this so-called idleness. What would you think of a man who, in order to turn his whole life to profitable account, would never take time to sleep? You will say that he is a man out of his senses: that he does not make use of his time but deprives himself of it; and that to fly from sleep is to run toward death. Reflect, therefore, that this is the same thing, and that childhood is the slumber of reason.

The apparent facility with which children learn is the cause of their ruin. We do not see that this very facility is the proof that they are learning nothing. Their smooth and polished brain reflects like a mirror the objects that are presented to it; but nothing remains, nothing penetrates it. The child retains words, but ideas are reflected. Those who hear these words understand them, but the child who utters them does not.

Although memory and reasoning are two essentially different faculties, yet the first is not truly developed save in conjunction with the second. Before the age of reason a child does not receive ideas, but images; and there is this difference between them: images are but the faithful pictures of sensible objects, while ideas are notions of objects determined by their relations. An image may exist alone in the mind which forms the representation of it; but every idea supposes others. When we imagine, we do no more than see; but when we conceive, we compare. Our sensations are purely passive, whereas all our perceptions or ideas spring from an active principle which judges.

I say then, that children, not being capable of judgment, have no real memory. They retain sounds, forms, sensations, but rarely

ideas; and still more rarely their combinations. The objection that they learn some elements of geometry is thought to be a proof that I am wrong; but directly to the contrary, it is a proof in my favor. It is shown that, far from knowing how to reason for themselves, they cannot even retain the reasonings of others; for if you follow these little geometricians in their recitations, you will at once see that they have retained only the exact expressions of the figure and the terms of the demonstration. If you interpose the least unforeseen objection to the argument, or if you reverse the figure they are following, they are at once disconcerted. All their knowledge is in sensation, and nothing has penetrated the understanding. Their memory itself is hardly more perfect than their other faculties; since they must almost always learn over again, when grown, the things which they learned by rote in childhood.

I am very far from thinking, however, that children are incapable of any kind of reasoning. On the contrary, I see that they reason very well on whatever they know, and on whatever is related to their present and obvious interests. But it is with respect to their knowledge that we are deceived. We give them credit for knowledge which they do not have, and make them reason on matters which they cannot comprehend. We are deceived, moreover, in trying to make them attentive to considerations which in no wise affect them;—as that of their prospective interest, of their happiness when grown to be men, or of the esteem in which they will be held when they have become great,—talk which, addressed to creatures deprived of all foresight, has absolutely no significance for them. Now, all the premature studies of these unfortunates relate to objects entirely foreign to their minds; and we may judge of the attention which they can give them.

The pedagogues who make such a great display of the subjects which they teach their disciples, are paid to speak of this matter in different terms; but we see by their own course of action that they think exactly as I do. For what do they really teach their pupils? Words, words, nothing but words. Among the different sciences which they boast of teaching, they are very careful not to choose those which are really useful to them, because they are the sciences of things, and they would never succeed in teaching them; but they prefer the sciences which we seem to know when we have learned their terminology,—such as heraldry, geography,

chronology, the languages, etc.,—all of them studies so remote from man, and especially from the child, that it would be a marvel if a single item of all this could be useful to him once in the course of his life.

It will seem surprising to some that I include the study of languages among the inutilities of education; but it will be recollected that I am speaking here only of primary studies; and that, whatever may be thought of it, I do not believe that up to the age of twelve or fifteen years, any child, prodigies excepted, has ever really learned two languages.

I grant that if the study of languages were but the study of words,—that is, of the forms or sounds which express them,—it might be suitable for children; but languages, by the changing symbols, also modify the ideas which they represent. Languages have their several and peculiar effects in the formation of the intellectual faculties; the thoughts are tinged by their respective idioms. The only thing common to languages is the reason. The spirit of each language has its peculiar form; and this difference is doubtless partly the cause and partly the effect of national characteristics. This conjecture seems to be confirmed by the fact that among all the nations of the earth, language follows the vicissitudes of manners, and is preserved pure or is corrupted just as they are.

Use has given one of these different forms of thought to the child; and it is the only one which he preserves to the age of reason. In order to have two of these forms, he must needs know how to compare ideas; and how can he compare them when he is hardly in a condition to conceive them? Each thing may have for him a thousand different symbols; but each idea can have but one form. Nevertheless, we are told that he learns to speak several. This I deny I have seen such little prodigies, who thought they were speaking five or six languages. I have heard them speak German in terms of Latin, French, and Italian, respectively. In fact, they used five or six vocabularies, but they spoke nothing but German. In a word, give children as many synonyms as you please, and you will change the words they utter, but not the language: they will never know but one.

It is to conceal their inaptitude in this respect that they are drilled by preference on dead languages, since there are no longer judges of those who may be called to testify. The familiar use of these languages having for a long time been lost, we

are content to imitate the remains of them which we find written in books; and this is what we call speaking them. If such is the Greek and Latin of the teachers, we may imagine what the Greek and Latin of the children is! Scarcely have they learned by heart the rudiments of these languages, of which they understand absolutely nothing, when they are taught, first to turn a French discourse into Latin words; and then when they are more advanced, to tack together in prose, sentences from Cicero, and in verse, scraps from Virgil. Then they think that they are speaking Latin: and who is there to contradict them?

Translation of William H. Payne.

ON THE USES OF TRAVEL

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The abuse of books kills science. Thinking they know what they have read, men think that they can dispense with learning it. Too much reading serves only to make presumptuous ignoramuses. Of all the centuries of literature, there is not one in which there has been so much reading as in this, and not one in which men have been less wise; of all the countries of Europe, there is not one where so many histories and travels have been printed as in France, and not one where less is known of the genius and customs of other countries. So many books make us neglect the book of the world; or if we still read in it, each one confines himself to his leaf.

A Parisian fancies he knows men, while he knows only Frenchmen. In his city, always full of strangers, he regards each foreigner as an extraordinary phenomenon, which has no fellow in the rest of the universe. We must have had a near view of the citizens of that great city, we must have lived with them, in order to believe that with so much spirit they can also be so stupid. The queer thing about it is that each of them has read, perhaps ten times, the description of the country one of whose inhabitants has filled him with so much wonder.

It is too much to have to wade through at the same time the prejudices of authors and our own in order to arrive at the truth. I have spent my life in reading books of travel, and I have never

found two of them which gave me the same idea of the same people. On comparing the little which I was able to observe with what I had read, I have ended by abandoning travelers, and by regretting the time which I had spent in order to instruct myself in their reading; thoroughly convinced that in respect of observations of all sorts we must not read but see. This would be true if all travelers were sincere; if they related only what they have seen or what they believe, and if they disguised the truth only by the false colors which it takes in their eyes. What must it be when, in addition, we have to discern the truth through their falsehoods and their bad faith?

Let us, then, abandon to those made to be contented with them the expedient of books commended to us. Like the art of Raymond Lully, they are useful for teaching us to prate about what we do not know. They are useful for preparing Platos of fifteen for philosophizing in clubs, and for instructing a company on the customs of Egypt and India, on the faith of Paul Lucas or of Tavernier.

I hold it for an incontestable maxim, that whoever has seen but one people, instead of knowing men, knows only those with whom he has lived. Here then is still another way of stating the same question of travels. Is it sufficient for a well-educated man to know only his own countrymen, or is it important for him to know men in general? There no longer remains dispute or doubt on this point. Observe how the solution of a difficult question sometimes depends on the manner of stating it.

But in order to study men, must we make the tour of the whole earth? Must we go to Japan to observe Europeans? In order to know the species, must we know all the individuals? No: there are men who resemble one another so closely that it is not worth the trouble to study them separately. He who has seen ten Frenchmen has seen them all. Although we cannot say the same of the English and of some other peoples, it is nevertheless certain that each nation has its peculiar and specific character, which is inferred by induction, not from the observation of a single one of its members, but of several. He who has compared ten peoples knows mankind, just as he who has seen ten Frenchmen knows the French.

For purposes of instruction it is not sufficient to stroll through countries, but we must know how to travel. In order to observe, we must have eyes, and must turn them toward the

object which we wish to examine. There are many people whom travel instructs still less than books, because they are ignorant of the art of thinking; whereas in reading, their mind is at least guided by the author, while in their travels they do not know how to see anything for themselves. Others are not instructed because they do not wish to be instructed. Their object is so different that this hardly affects them. It is very doubtful whether we can see with exactness what we are not anxious to observe. Of all the people in the world, the Frenchman is he who travels the most; but, full of his own ways, he slights indiscriminately everything which does not resemble them. There are Frenchmen in every corner of the world. There is no country where we can find more people who have traveled than we find in France. But notwithstanding all this, of all the people of Europe, the one that sees the most of them knows the least. The English also travel, but in a different way; and it seems that these two nations must be different in everything. The English nobility travel, the French nobility do not travel; the French people travel, the English people do not travel. This difference seems to me honorable to the latter. The French have almost always some personal interest in their travels; but the English do not go to seek their fortune abroad, unless it is through commerce, and with full pockets. When they travel it is to spend their money abroad, and not to live there on the fruits of their industry; they are too proud to go prowling about away from home. This also causes them to learn more from foreigners than the French do, who have a totally different object in view. The English, however, have their national prejudices also, and even more of them than any one else; but these prejudices are due less to ignorance than to passion. The Englishman has the prejudices of pride, and the Frenchman those of vanity.

There is a great difference between traveling to see the country and traveling to see the people. The first object is always that of the curious, while the other is only incidental for them. It ought to be the very opposite for one who wishes to philosophize. The child observes things, and waits until he can observe men. The man ought to begin by observing his fellows; and then he can observe things if he has the time.

It is bad reasoning to conclude that travels are useless because we travel in the wrong way. But admitting the utility of travels, does it follow that they are best for everybody? Far from it;

on the contrary, they are good for only a very few people: they are good only for men who have sufficient self-control to listen to the lessons of error without allowing themselves to go astray, and to see the example of vice without permitting themselves to be drawn into it. Travel develops the natural bent of character, and finally makes a man good or bad. Whoever returns from a tour of the world is, on his return, what he will be for the rest of his life. Of those who return, more are bad than good, because more of those who start out are inclined to evil rather than good. Badly educated and badly trained young men contract during their travels all the vices of the peoples whom they visit, but not one of the virtues with which these vices are mingled; but those who are happily born, those whose good nature has been well cultivated, and who travel with the real purpose of becoming instructed, all return better and wiser than when they started out. It is thus that my Émile shall travel.

Whatever is done through reason ought to have its rules: travels, considered as a part of education, ought to have theirs. To travel for the sake of traveling is to be a wanderer, a vagabond; to travel for the sake of instruction is still too vague an object; for instruction which has no determined end amounts to nothing.

Translation of William H. Payne.

IN THE ISLE OF ST. PETER

From the Fifth of the 'Rêveries'

I FOUND my existence so charming, and led a life so agreeable to my humor, that I resolved here to end my days. My only source of disquiet was whether I should be allowed to carry my project out. In the midst of the presentiments that disturbed me, I would fain have had them make a perpetual prison of my refuge, to confine me in it for all the rest of my life. I longed for them to cut off all chance and all hope of leaving it; to forbid my holding any communication with the mainland, so that knowing nothing of what was going on in the world, I might have forgotten the world's existence, and people might have forgotten mine too. They suffered me to pass only two months in the island, but I could have passed two years, two centuries, and all eternity, without a moment's weariness; though I had not,

with my companion, any other society than that of the steward, his wife, and their servants. They were in truth honest souls and nothing more, but that was just what I wanted. . . . Carried thither in a violent hurry, alone and without a thing, I afterwards sent for my housekeeper, my books, and my scanty possessions,—of which I had the delight of unpacking nothing,—leaving my boxes and chests just as they had come, and dwelling in the house where I counted on ending my days exactly as if it were an inn whence I must set forth on the morrow. All things went so well, just as they were, that to think of ordering them better were to spoil them. One of my greatest joys was to leave my books fastened up in their boxes, and to be without even a case for writing. When any luckless letter forced me to take up a pen for an answer, I grumblingly borrowed the steward's inkstand, and hurried to give it back to him with all the haste I could, in the vain hope that I should never have need of the loan any more. Instead of meddling with those weary quires and reams and piles of old books, I filled my chamber with flowers and grasses; for I was then in my first fervor for botany. Having given up employment that would be a task to me, I needed one that would be an amusement, nor cause me more pains than a sluggard might choose to take.

I undertook to make the 'Flora Petrinsularis'; and to describe every single plant on the island, in detail enough to occupy me for the rest of my days. In consequence of this fine scheme, every morning after breakfast, which we all took in company, I used to go with a magnifying-glass in my hand, and my 'Systema Naturæ' under my arm, to visit some district of the island. I had divided it for that purpose into small squares, meaning to go through them one after another in each season of the year. At the end of two or three hours I used to return laden with an ample harvest,—a provision for amusing myself after dinner indoors, in case of rain. I spent the rest of the morning in going with the steward, his wife, and Theresa, to see the laborers and the harvesting, and I generally set to work along with them: many a time when people from Berne came to see me, they found me perched on a high tree, with a bag fastened round my waist; I kept filling it with fruit, and then let it down to the ground with a rope. The exercise I had taken in the morning, and the good-humor that always comes from exercise, made the repose of dinner vastly pleasant to me. But if dinner was kept

up too long, and fine weather invited me forth, I could not wait; but was speedily off to throw myself all alone into a boat, which, when the water was smooth enough, I used to pull out to the middle of the lake. There, stretched at full length in the boat's bottom, with my eyes turned up to the sky, I let myself float slowly hither and thither as the water listed, sometimes for hours together; plunged in a thousand confused delicious musings, which, though they had no fixed nor constant object, were not the less on that account a hundred times dearer to me than all that I had found sweetest in what they call the pleasures of life. Often warned by the going down of the sun that it was time to return, I found myself so far from the island that I was forced to row with all my might to get in before it was pitch dark. At other times, instead of losing myself in the midst of the waters, I had a fancy to coast along the green shores of the island, where the clear waters and cool shadows tempted me to bathe.

But one of my most frequent expeditions was from the larger island to the less: there I disembarked and spent my afternoon, —sometimes in mimic rambles among wild elders, persicaries, willows, and shrubs of every species; sometimes settling myself on the top of a sandy knoll, covered with turf, wild thyme, flowers, even sainfoin and trefoil that had most likely been sown there in old days, making excellent quarters for rabbits. They might multiply in peace without either fearing anything or harming anything. I spoke of this to the steward. He at once had male and female rabbits brought from Neuchâtel, and we went in high state—his wife, one of his sisters, Theresa, and I—to settle them in the little islet. The foundation of our colony was a feast-day. The pilot of the Argonauts was not prouder than I, as I bore my company and the rabbits in triumph from our island to the smaller one. . . .

When the lake was too rough for me to sail, I spent my afternoon in going up and down the island, gathering plants to right and left; seating myself now in smiling lonely nooks to dream at my ease, now on little terraces and knolls, to follow with my eyes the superb and ravishing prospect of the lake and its shores, crowned on one side by the neighboring hills, and on the other melting into rich and fertile plains up to the feet of the pale-blue mountains on their far-off edge.

As evening drew on, I used to come down from the high ground, and sit on the beach at the water's brink in some hidden sheltering-place. There the murmur of the waves and their agitation charmed all my senses, and drove every other movement away from my soul: they plunged it into delicious dreamings, in which I was often surprised by night. The flux and reflux of the water, its ceaseless stir, swelling and falling at intervals, striking on ear and sight, made up for the internal movements which my musings extinguished; they were enough to give me delight in mere existence, without taking any trouble of thinking. From time to time arose some passing thought of the instability of the things of this world, of which the face of the waters offered an image: but such light impressions were swiftly effaced in the uniformity of the ceaseless motion, which rocked me as in a cradle; it held me with such fascination that even when called at the hour and by the signal appointed, I could not tear myself away without summoning all my force.

After supper, when the evening was fine, we used to go all together for a saunter on the terrace, to breathe the freshness of the air from the lake. We sat down in the arbor,—laughing, chatting, or singing some old song,—and then we went home to bed, well pleased with the day, and only craving another that should be exactly like it on the morrow. . . .

All is a continual flux upon the earth. Nothing in it keeps a form constant and determinate; our affections—fastening on external things—necessarily change and pass just as they do. Ever in front of us or behind us, they recall the past that is gone, or anticipate a future that in many a case is destined never to be. There is nothing solid to which the heart can fix itself. Here we have little more than a pleasure that comes and passes away; as for the happiness that endures, I cannot tell if it be so much as known among men. There is hardly in the midst of our liveliest delights a single instant when the heart could tell us with real truth, "*I would this instant might last forever.*" And how can we give the name of happiness to a fleeting state that all the time leaves the heart unquiet and void,—that makes us regret something gone, or still long for something to come?

But if there is a state in which the soul finds a situation solid enough to comport with perfect repose, and with the expansion of its whole faculty, without need of calling back the

past or pressing on towards the future; where time is nothing for it, and the present has no ending; with no mark for its own duration, and without a trace of succession; without a single other sense of privation or delight, of pleasure or pain, of desire or apprehension, than this single sense of existence,—so long as such a state endures, he who finds himself in it may talk of bliss, not with a poor, relative, and imperfect happiness such as people find in the pleasures of life, but with a happiness full, perfect, and sufficing, that leaves in the soul no conscious unfilled void. Such a state was many a day mine in my solitary musings in the isle of St. Peter, either lying in my boat as it floated on the water, or seated on the banks of the broad lake, or in other places than the little isle,—on the brink of some broad stream, or a rivulet murmuring over a gravel bed.

What is it that one enjoys in a situation like this? Nothing outside of one's self, nothing except one's self and one's own existence. . . . But most men, tossed as they are by unceasing passion, have little knowledge of such a state: they taste it imperfectly for a few moments, and then retain no more than an obscure confused idea of it, that is too weak to let them feel its charm. It would not even be good, in the present constitution of things, that in their eagerness for these gentle ecstasies, they should fall into a disgust for the active life in which their duty is prescribed to them by needs that are ever on the increase. But a wretch cut off from human society, who can do nothing here below that is useful and good either for himself or for other people, may in such a state find for all lost human felicities many recompenses, of which neither fortune nor men can ever rob him.

'Tis true that these recompenses cannot be felt by all souls, nor in all situations. The heart must be in peace, nor any passion come to trouble its calm. There must be in the surrounding objects neither absolute repose nor excess of agitation; but a uniform and moderated movement, without shock, without interval. With no movement, life is only a lethargy. If the movement be unequal or too strong, it awakes us; by recalling us to the objects around, it destroys the charm of our musing, and plucks us from within ourselves, instantly to throw us back under the yoke of fortune and man, in a moment to restore us to all the consciousness of misery. Absolute stillness inclines one to gloom. It offers an image of death: then the help of a cheerful imagination

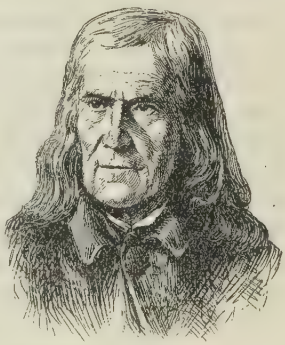
is necessary, and presents itself naturally enough to those whom Heaven has endowed with such a gift. The movement which does not come from without then stirs within us. The repose is less complete, it is true; but it is also more agreeable when light and gentle ideas, without agitating the depths of the soul, only softly skim the surface. This sort of musing we may taste whenever there is tranquillity about us; and I have thought that in the Bastile, and even in a dungeon where no object struck my sight, I could have dreamed away many a thrice pleasurable day.

But it must be said that all this came better and more happily in a fruitful and lonely island, where nothing presented itself to me save smiling pictures, where nothing recalled saddening memories, where the fellowship of the few dwellers there was gentle and obliging, without being exciting enough to busy me incessantly; where, in short, I was free to surrender myself all day long to the promptings of my taste or to the most luxurious indolence. . . . As I came out from a long and most sweet musing fit, seeing myself surrounded by verdure and flowers and birds, and letting my eyes wander far over romantic shores that fringed a wide expanse of water bright as crystal, I fitted all these attractive objects into my dreams; and when at last I slowly recovered myself, and recognized what was about me, I could not mark the point that cut off dream from reality, so equally did all things unite to endear to me the lonely retired life I led in this happy spot! Why can that life not come back to me again? Why can I not go finish my days in the beloved island, never to quit it, never again to see in it one dweller from the mainland, to bring back to me the memory of all the woes of every sort that they have delighted in heaping on my head for all these long years? . . . Freed from the earthly passions engendered by the tumult of social life, my soul would many a time lift itself above this atmosphere, and commune beforehand with the heavenly intelligences, into whose number it trusts to be ere long taken.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

(1788–1866)

RÜCKERT was not only a great poet and fervid patriot, but a man of wide learning and solid scholarly attainments. His knowledge of languages was phenomenal, and his boast that for him "every language written by men possessed life" was not a gross exaggeration. His contributions to Oriental studies were voluminous and valuable, but they have inevitably been rendered obsolete or obsolescent by the restless advance of German scholarship; it is only in the inspired translations from Oriental literatures that we have results of permanent value. The ultimate analysis of Rückert's manifold life labors reveals as the essential and indestructible part, his poetry. The parallel with Uhland is obvious. Both were scholars and pioneers in their chosen fields; both were active in the liberal movement in Germany; both were poets of the first rank, and have erected poetic monuments of enduring worth. Uhland was more racy of the German soil, and his ballads and lyrics have the touch of the autochthonous folk-song; his scholarship was Germanistic. Rückert's studies were in Oriental fields, and in the Orient he found much of his poetic material; he was more exotic than Uhland, and yet he has left behind a mass of true German poetry which has endeared him to the hearts of German children. The still retiracy of wood and garden, nursery and home, he has sung most movingly. The larger ambitions for a united fatherland he has expressed most powerfully. That this poetic productivity, which continued unimpaired to the end of his long life, should have been but the lounging garment of the German professor when his *talar* was laid aside, is a remarkable evidence of the depth and strength and versatile beauty of Rückert's mind.



FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

Friedrich Rückert was born at Schweinfurt on May 16th, 1788. It was obvious at an early age that the study of philology and æsthetics was his vocation, and to these he devoted himself at the University of Würzburg. He became a private teacher, an official tutor, and

eventually a university professor. His life was that of the typical German scholar; but he retained the freshness of the poet's heart, and the expression quoted above — "Every language possesses life for me" — is characteristic: he infused vitality into all he taught.

All poets were patriots in the stirring first years of the nineteenth century. Rückert's part in the national uprising is represented by his vigorous 'Geharnischte Sonette' (Sonnets in Armor), and the martial songs entitled 'Spott- und Ehrenlieder' (Songs of Praise and Derision). These were published in 'Deutsche Gedichte' (German Poems) in 1814, under the pseudonym of Freimund Reimar. After the declaration of peace, Rückert assumed the editorship of Cotta's Morgenblatt in Stuttgart, and there formed the friendship of Uhland. In the autumn of 1817 he went to Italy; but Rome did not throw its powerful enchantment about him as it had around Goethe and Platen. Rückert stayed but one year. On his return he stopped in Vienna, where he received invaluable instruction in Persian from the celebrated Orientalist, Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall. Thenceforth the study of the Oriental languages and literatures became his chief occupation and life task. In 1826 he accepted the Oriental chair at Erlangen; and in 1841, shortly after the accession of Frederick William IV., he was called to the University of Berlin. The Frankish poet was never quite at home in the Prussian capital; but he held his position till 1848, when he retired definitely to the happy life of a gardener and scholar at Neuses, near Coburg. In this charming retreat he had established his poet's-home shortly after his marriage with Luise Fischer in 1821; there he spent almost without interruption the last eighteen years of his life, and there he died on January 31st, 1866.

The most important poetic yield of Rückert's Oriental studies was the book of Oriental lyrics called 'Oestliche Rosen' (Roses of the East), much admired by Goethe. His translations from the Indian, Hebrew, Persian, Arabian, and Chinese are permanent enrichments of the literature of Germany; the writings of Sa'dī, Firdausī, and Kālidāsa he has transformed into German classics: and in this sense he is the greatest and worthiest successor of Herder and Goethe in their strivings toward the ideal of a universal literature.

Rückert's resources seemed inexhaustible. Ripe wisdom, broad knowledge, deep sympathy, strong imagination, and absolute mastery of language and form, were all his. It was not unnatural that his virtuosity should mislead his Muse into mediocrity at times, but he says of himself:—

> "Had I not written the verse you care nothing about,
> The verses that really delight you had ne'er been thought out."

Several historical plays remain to show that the drama was not his field. The lyric, the gnomic, the didactic, were his proper element. The glowing, joyous love-songs to his fiancée, which he published in the year of his marriage under the title of 'Liebesfrühling' (Springtime of Love), display his lyric quality in its highest degree. His pure and strong fancy enabled him to give poetic value to the commonplace and unimportant. The popular 'Haus und Jahreslieder' (Songs of the House and Year) show how Rückert was able to bring the most insignificant and unpromising subjects into poetic relations with fair and lofty thoughts. The singable quality of his verse was publicly praised by Goethe, and composers have borne frequent witness to their appreciation of it by setting the songs to music. Most famous perhaps is the simple, compact, tender, and untranslatable 'Du bist die Ruh' of Schubert (Thou art Rest). Goethe on his death-bed repeated Rückert's solemn lines, 'At Midnight.'

But the stores of wisdom and learning which filled the poet's mind received artistic expression in the finest didactic poem of German literature, 'Die Weisheit des Brahmanen' (The Brahman's Wisdom). It contains a wealth of wisdom, wrought into finely fashioned forms. With an artist's eye he could fathom the profound and gaze at the sublime, and he was able to proclaim his vision with the awing solemnity of an ancient prophet. With this poem Rückert established himself permanently in the German heart, into which he had first entered singing his lays of love and of war. He died before his lifelong dream of a united Germany had been realized. He had symbolized this dream in 'Barbarossa,' but had lost hope, for the ravens of discord and distrust continued still to circle round the mountain. It was only five years after Rückert's death that a German emperor was crowned at Versailles.

THE HOUR-GLASS OF ASHES

When Torismund, for love of Rosalind,
Consumed to ashes in the flames he fanned,
She did not strew his ashes on the wind,
But gathered it all up with faithful hand;

And now he serves the child's inventive mind,
Within her hour-glass placed instead of sand:
Glad that through her, he still no peace doth find
In death, who found none in the living's land.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

AMARYLLIS

DO NOT bid me welcome, dearest;
Do not say to me, «Good-by!»
When I come, thy kisses, dearest;
When I go, then breathe a sigh.

Not when coming thou dost see me,
Do I come to thee, my dear:
Ever when I'm parted from thee
Stays my heart behind me here.

Nor when going thou dost see me,
Do I leave the sacred spot:
Dearest, I remain there in the
Chamber, though thou know'st it not.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

SAD SPRING

From the series of sonnets entitled 'In Memory of Agnes'

«SWEET Spring is here,» I heard men say and sing;
Then went I forth to seek where he might be:
I found the buds on every bush and tree,
But nowhere could I find my darling, Spring.
Birds sang, the bees they hummed, but everything
They sang or hummed was sad as sad could be;
Rills gushed, but all their waves were tears to me;
Suns laughed,—no joy to me their looks could bring.
Nor of my darling could I find a trace,
Till with my pilgrim staff I took my way
To a well-known but long-neglected place,
And there I found him, Spring: near where *she* lay,
He sate, a beauteous boy, with tearful face,
Like one who weeps above a mother's clay.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE SUN AND THE BROOK

THE Sun he spoke
To the Meadow-Brook,
And said, "I sorely blame you;
Through every nook
The wild-flower folk
You hunt, as naught could shame you.
What but the light
Makes them so bright,—
The light from me they borrow?
Yet me you slight,
To get a sight
At them, and I must sorrow!
Ah! pity take
On me, and make
Your smooth breast stiller, clearer:
And as I wake
In the blue sky-lake,
Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!"

The Brook flowed on,
And said anon:—
"Good Sun, it should not grieve you,
That as I run
I gaze upon
The motley flowers, and leave you.
You are so great
In your heavenly state,
And they so unpretending,
On you they wait,
And only get
The graces of your lending.
But when the sea
Receiveth me,
From them I must me sever:
I then shall be
A glass to thee,
Reflecting thee forever."

Translation of J. S. Dwight.

THE DYING FLOWER

Dialogue between a Passenger and a Fading Violet

PASSENGER

Droop not, poor flower!—there's hope for thee:
The spring again will breathe and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun's return;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells,
Though all the long dark winter-time
They mourned within their dreary cells.

FLOWER

Alas! no kingly tree am I,
No marvel of a thousand years:
I cannot dream a winter by,
And wake with song when spring appears.
At best my life is kin to death;
My little all of being flows
From summer's kiss, from summer's breath,
And sleeps in summer's grave of snows.

PASSENGER

Yet grieve not! Summer may depart,
And beauty seek a brighter home;
But thou, thou bearest in thy heart
The germ of many a life to come.
Mayest lightly reck of autumn storms:
Whate'er thine individual doom,
Thine essence, blent with other forms,
Will still shine out in radiant bloom!

FLOWER

Yes! moons will wane, and bluer skies
Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree;
I know that while the unit dies,
The myriad live immortally:
But shall my soul survive in them?
Shall I be all I was before?
Vain dream! I wither, soul and stem;
I die, and know my place no more!

The sun may lavish life on them;
His light, in summer morns and eves,
May color every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves:
But this will not avail the dead;
The glory of his wondrous face
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial-place!

And woe to me, fond foolish one,
To tempt an all-consuming ray!
To think a flower could love the sun,
Nor feel her soul dissolve away!
Oh, could I be what once I was,
How should I shun his fatal beam!
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
But as a still, dark, painless dream!

But vainly in my bitterness
I speak the language of despair
In life, in death, I still must bless
The sun, the light, the cradling air!
Mine early love to them I gave;
And now that yon bright orb on high
Illumines but a wider grave,
For them I breathe my final sigh!

How often soared my soul aloft
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When Zephyr came and kissed with soft,
Sweet incense breath my blushing cheek!
When beauteous bees and butterflies
Flew round me in the summer beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream!

Ah, yes! I know myself a birth
Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love,
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
And sun and stars to burn above;
And if like them I fade and fail,
If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
My dark descent to Hades's gloom!

Farewell, thou Lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on my dying face;

Thy glory tints my faded robe,
And clasps me in a death embrace!
Farewell, thou balsam-dropping spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping and unmurmuring,
I bow my head and sink to sleep!

Translation of James Clarence Mangan.

NATURE MORE THAN SCIENCE

I HAVE a thousand thousand lays,
Compact of myriad myriad words,
And so can sing a million ways,
Can play at pleasure on the chords
Of tunèd harp or heart;
Yet is there one sweet song
For which in vain I pine and long;
I cannot reach that song, with all my minstrel art.

A shepherd sits within a dell,
O'er-canopied from rain and heat;
A shallow but pellucid well
Doth bubble at his feet.
His pipe is but a leaf,
Yet there, above that stream,
He plays and plays, as in a dream,
One air that steals away the senses like a thief.

A simple air it seems, in truth,
And who begins will end it soon;
Yet when that hidden shepherd-youth
So pours it in the ear of Noon,
Tears flow from those anear.
All songs of yours and mine
Condensed in one were less divine
Than that sweet air to sing, that sweet, sweet air to hear!

'Twas yesternoon he played it last;
The hummings of a hundred bees
Were in mine ears, yet as I passed
I heard him through the myrtle-trees.
Stretched all along he lay,
'Mid foliage half decayed;
His lambs were feeding while he played,
And sleepily wore on the stilly summer day.

Translation of James Clarence Mangan.

GREEDINESS PUNISHED

It was the cloister Grabow, in the land of Usédom;
For years had God's free goodness to fill its larder come:
They might have been contented!

Along the shore came swimming, to give the monks good cheer
Who dwelt within the cloister, two fishes every year:
They might have been contented!

Two sturgeons — two great fat ones — and then this law was set,
That one of them should yearly be taken in a net:
They might have been contented!

The other swam away then until next year came round,
Then with a new companion he punctually was found:
They might have been contented!

So then again they caught one, and served him in the dish,
And regularly caught they, year in, year out, a fish:
They might have been contented!

One year, the time appointed *two* such great fishes brought,
The question was a hard one, which of them should be caught:
They might have been contented!

They caught them both together, but every greedy wight
Just spoiled his stomach by it; it served the gluttons right:
They might have been contented!

This was the least of sorrows: hear how the cup ran o'er!
Henceforward to the cloister no fish came swimming more:
They might have been contented!

So long had God supplied them of his free grace alone,
That now it is denied them, the fault is all their own:
They might have been contented!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE PATRIOT'S LAMENT

"WHAT forgest, smith?"—"We're forging chains; ay, chains!"—
"Alas! to chains yourselves degraded are!"—
"What plowest, farmer?"—"Fields their fruit must bear."—
"Yes, seed for foes: the burr for thee remains!"

"What aim'st at, sportsman?"—"Yonder stag, so fat."—
"To hunt you down, like stag and roe, they'll try."—
"What snarest, fisher?"—"Yonder fish so shy."—
"Who's there to save you from your fatal net?"

"What art thou rocking, sleepless mother?"—"Boys."—
"Yes: let them grow, and wound their country's fame,
Slaves to her foes, with parricidal arm!"—
"What art thou writing, poet?"—"Words of flame:
I mark my own, record my country's harm,
Whom thought of freedom never more employs."

I blame them not, who with the foreign steel
Tear out our vitals, pierce our inmost heart;
For they are foes created for our smart,
And when they slay us, why they do it, feel.

But in these paths, ye seek what recompense?
For you what brilliant toys of fame are here,
Ye mongrel foes, who lift the sword and spear
Against your country, not for her defense?

Ye Franks, Bavarians, and ye Swabians, say—
Ye aliens, sold to bear the slavish name—
What wages for your servitude they pay.
Your eagle may perchance redeem your fame;
More sure his robber train, ye birds of prey,
To coming ages shall prolong your shame!

Translation of C. C. Felton.

BARBAROSSA

THE ancient Barbarossa
By magic spell is bound,—
Old Frederic the kaiser,
In castle underground.

The kaiser hath not perished,—
He sleeps an iron sleep;
For in the castle hidden,
He's sunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith in fitting season
He shall appear again.

The kaiser he is sitting
Upon an ivory throne;
Of marble is the table
His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen:
Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth;
Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
A stripling to his side:—

«Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
Are wheeling round the hill.

«For if the ancient ravens
Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
By magic spell I'm bound.»

Translation by H. W. Dulcken.

THE DRUM

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
When it calls me with its rattle
To the battle — to the battle —
Sounds that once so charmed my ear
I no longer now can hear;
They are all an empty hum,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
At the door with tearful eye,
Father, mother, to me cry; —
Father! mother! shut the door!
I can hear you now no more!
Ye might as well be dumb,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
At the corner of the street,
Where so oft we used to meet,
Stands my bride, and cries, "Ah, woe!
My bridegroom, wilt thou go?"
Dearest bride, the hour is come!
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
My brother in the fight
Bids a last, a long good-night;
And the guns, with knell on knell,
Their tale of warning tell; —
But my ear to that is numb,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
There's no such stirring sound
Is heard the wide world round
As the drum that with its rattle
Echoes Freedom's call to battle!
I fear no martyrdom
While the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

GONE IN THE WIND

SOLOMON! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined.
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind.
Honor and affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined.
Woe to the miners for truth — where the lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity thou, reader! the madness of poor human-kind,
Raving of knowledge — and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of glory — like me; — for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of song) are but gathered, and — strewn in the wind!

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

Translation of James Clarence Mangan.

TOLD BY A BRAHMIN

GOLD weighed 'gainst Honor is naught in the scale,—
Hear of an Arab the ancient tale:—

The eye of a robber was set on the steed
That was dearer to him than wife or than creed.

The steed was his joy both day and night,
Her course was as swift as an arrow in flight.

At night she was chained with a chain whose twist
Through the tent-walls went to his sleeping wrist.

But the robber-snake in the douar crept,
While he and the men of his tribe all slept.

He loosened the chain with which she was tied,
He sprang on the mare and loudly cried:—

"Wake, fool, and know that I have thine horse;
Race after, and take her back by force."

The robbed and his tribe race hard behind,
As fast as the simoom's desert wind.

They are neck to croup — he will overtake! —
Like a flash came the thought, "Her fame is at stake.

"If I overtake her she's mine again;
If not, with her robber she will remain.

"Yet ten times rather lose her than she
Should be overmatched, were it even by me."

To the robber he shouted loud and clear,
"Fool, press your mount in her pricked right ear!"

For that was the spot that he touched at need,—
The secret sign for the mare's full speed.

The robber obeyed, and swift with him
She vanished in dust o'er the desert's rim.

Each man of the tribe turned round to upbraid:—
"Thou hast thyself and thine horse betrayed.

"Thou hast lost the best steed man ever crossed."
Said he, "Her honor remains unlost!

"Unconquered,—though lost for her honor's sake,
That triumph no robber from me can take."

Translation of Elizabeth Craigmyle.

GIOVANNI DOMENICO RUFFINI

(1807–1881)

GIOVANNI DOMENICO RUFFINI, conspirator, politician, patriot, is remembered in none of these characters,—not rare in his time and country,—but as a novelist; and especially as the author of one book, 'Dr. Antonio,'—a lovely record of love, patriotism, and despair.

His first story, 'Lorenzo Benoni,' purporting to be a novel, is really an autobiography; a faithful transcript of his boyhood and life in Italy between 1818 and 1833, when Piedmont was the stronghold of despotism, and when Ruffini, who was educated at the university (he was born in Genoa in 1807), was one of the band of high if turbulent spirits—Mazzini the leader—who joined the "Young Italy" movement and set up the national standard. 'Lorenzo' in one way merited the attention accorded it in the first reviews of the day. It fell at a lucky moment, and was filled with Italian politics, then at their most interesting moment. To the modern reader its sole interest is in one unique quality: the naïve expression of a conspirator's life,—its futility, its childishness, its splendid courage, its duplicity, its high motives, and the stage tricks used to elevate it—as the author unconsciously betrays. The minute details of Italian school life are faithful enough; but a pedagogue is a pedagogue the world over, and his portrait can never be a novel one.

Ruffini fled to France in 1833, and afterwards to England, where he studied the language with such assiduity that it is hard to believe that the tongue in which he wrote is not his own. On the promulgation of the constitution of 1848 he re-entered Italian politics, and was deputy from Taggia, the little Riviera town which was to achieve romantic distinction as the scene of 'Dr. Antonio.' Charles Albert appointed him Sardinian minister to France; but the battle of Novara having resulted in the abdication of the King and his own exile, he returned to London, and wrote a series of novels depicting Italian life during the revolutions of 1833 and 1848. 'Lavinia,' 'Paragreens,' 'Carlino,' and 'Vincenzo' have the single merit of so portraying the fortunes of commonplace men and women, that the foreigner is able to understand their temper and social opportunity. Between the gloomy 'Lorenzo Benoni' and the other unremarkable stories that

follow, 'Dr. Antonio' shines out an almost flawless jewel among a handful of smooth pebbles.

Ruffini spent his peaceful age in Taggia, and died there in 1881.

'Dr. Antonio,' published in 1855, is written in a style as far as possible from the modern manner. The author does not fill his canvas with figures, and then stand off, a dispassionate observer, to see how they look and move. He is frankly the partisan, the protector, of his hero and heroine; and prodigal in gifts to them of beauty, character, and charm. He crowns his Lucy with golden hair, his Antonio with dark curls, the one the complement of the other. His language is old-fashioned; and through his limpid sentences walk "Lucy the fair," "Antonio the noble." The story rests on supports which, though firm, are slender. Lucy Davenne, a young English girl, accompanied by her father, an insular, prejudiced, wealthy baronet, traveling by carriage along the Cornice road, is overturned at a dangerous pass and seriously injured. The parish doctor of the little town of Taggia happens to rescue her, carries her to an inn, and afterward attends her with patience and skill through a long invalidism. The romance which grows softly, sweetly, daily, before our eyes, is revealed by no gesture, no sound. Not a whisper, even to the reader, breaks the silence of perfect reserve, entire reticence. The unspoken love has a larger life, and permeates the atmosphere; it is a part of the fragrance of the flowers; it is breathed in the cool wind, tremulous with feeling. And perfect art leaves it so,—unanalyzed, undefined.

Long and lovely are their days in the little osteria on the olive-crowned height, the rainbow-colored Mediterranean at their feet, and the snow mountains piercing the northern horizon. Pleasant the hours when they drive along the silvery tract of road that undulates among palms and olives, from the bending coast to frowning hills, whose outlines are veiled in mists of mother-of-pearl. But when they wake from their day-dream, and Lucy is forced to return to England, the reader, with Dr. Antonio, can only submit. Parental authority is supreme in Italian eyes; and Antonio, poet and dreamer, has the practicality of his race and station.

After the lapse of years, Lucy, now the widow of an English lord, returns to Italy, with the unconfessed purpose of seeing Antonio again. He has thrown himself into politics, and become an authority in the Liberal party. They meet, but scarcely an hour of intercourse is vouchsafed them; for a crisis has come in the affairs of the country. The battle of Novara is fought and lost; and Antonio is captured, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life on the gloomy promontory which overlooks Ischia. The calamity which befalls her lover makes of the timid Lucy a very Machiavelli. With what art the

author shows the change! how prodigal of self, of money, of charm to win her way! And finally it is done. The boat which is to rescue him passes under the prison walls, hands are stretched out to save him, he has but to leap into the soft darkness of the Italian night; but he does not come. The astonished, the indignant messengers bring back to Lucy a little note, the letters formed by holes pierced in the paper.

"There are five here besides myself: all noble fellows, the least of them worth ten of me. I cannot desert them. You cannot save us all; leave me to my fate. Providence has assigned me my place among the sufferers. Perhaps our trials will be reckoned to our country. Pray that it may be so. Pray for Italy. God bless you. Your own A——."

The unuttered romance ends in failure and death. Does the sentimentalist protest that the real Antonio would not have submitted to fate, or taken his country for a mistress when love failed? Antonio was a character called out of the unordered individualities of Italian life, and patriotism with him might well have been the absorbing passion. And what of the vain sacrifice, the immolation to an idea, which bound him to his chains when his duty was to love? For Antonio there was no choice. The high resolve, the senseless, noble, quixotic action, was but the expression of his ideal.

Ruffini was a man of one book; a dignified and interesting figure.

THE IDYL AT A CLOSE

From 'Dr. Antonio'

IT WAS one of those hot sultry days in the month of August, so trying to the nerves of sensitive people, and during which Nature, as it were, herself exhausted, seems to come to a standstill. Shooting through a thin veil of white clouds, as through a burning-glass, the rays of the sun poured down upon the earth volumes of heavy malignant heat. No leaf stirred, no bird was singing; the very cicadas had suspended their shrill chirp. The only sound that occasionally broke the ominous stillness was the plaintive cry of the cuckoo calling to its mate.

Lucy had tried drawing, gardening, practicing, sleeping, all with no success; and now lay panting on a sofa. "Here you are at last!" said she, as Dr. Antonio walked in: "I have been longing for you these two hours. I feel so ill."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Antonio, turning white: "what is the matter with you? I met Sir John on his way to the count's not

an hour ago, and he never breathed a syllable about your being unwell."

"I said nothing about the matter to papa," answered Lucy: "he is uneasy enough already at not having heard from Aubrey."

"You mean your brother?"

"Yes: Aubrey was to write by the Indian mail, which we see has arrived, and without bringing any letter from him."

"I am very sorry for that," said Antonio. "But tell me all about yourself. You have not been coughing, have you?"

"No, but I feel very uncomfortable: so faint — so oppressed — so hot."

"No wonder. Everybody suffers more or less from this weather. Let me feel your pulse. — There is no fever. It is this confounded sirocco that tells on your nerves. Now just lie down again quietly," — and he arranged the pillows under her head, — "and I will try to make you more comfortable. Miss Hutchins," he added, walking away, "will you make a glass of strong lemonade for Miss Davenne? the juice of two lemons in half a tumbler of water — lukewarm water, if you please."

"Yes, sir," answered the lady's-maid, in the most mellifluous voice at her command. Miss Hutchins, be it known, was quite conquered: a hard conquest, but Antonio had achieved it. The once stiff abigail now courted his notice, and prided herself in carrying out his directions.

Presently Antonio reappeared, followed by Speranza, both of them looking like Jacks-in-the-green on a May morning, or like a bit of Birnam Wood, from the quantity of cut boughs they were carrying. They spread them all over the floor; then, Rosa bringing in a watering-pot, the doctor watered the branches several times, saying, "This will soon cool us, provided we let in no air from the furnace without." He shut up the glass door, and let down the green curtain over it so as to create a twilight. "Do you like your lemonade?" he asked, as Lucy put down her glass.

"Very much: it is so refreshing."

"Do you feel inclined to go to sleep?"

"No," said Lucy: "are you going?"

"Not unless you feel sleepy. You do not? Very well. Shall I read to you?" continued Antonio, going to the book-shelves near the piano, and coming back with a book; "shall I read you something from your favorite poet, Giusti?"

"What a clever man you are!" said Lucy, instead of answering the question. "I feel better already. What is to become of me when you are no long—" The rest of the phrase was lost in a burst of tears.

Poor Antonio stood still, with the book in his hand and large tears in his eyes,—within an ace of crying also. Fortunately for him, something stuck in his throat at this moment and necessitated his clearing it violently. Having by this means recovered his voice, he said, "See how nervous you are: you weep without the least cause, as if you were going away to-morrow. Don't you know the Italian proverb, 'Prendi tempo e camperai'?" His tone was that of a mother chiding her pet child. There ensued a pause, during which Lucy by degrees recovered from her emotion.

"Doctor," said she all at once, "do you believe in presentiments?"

"Not a bit," replied Antonio briskly; "I believe in the sirocco."

"You are wrong, then," said Lucy gravely. "Did you not tell me once of sensitive plants which foretold storms? Well, I am one of them. I am sure that some misfortune is about to happen to me. I feel it in the air."

"You feel the treacherous south wind, that is what you feel. A shower of rain will put your discomfort and presentiments all to flight."

Lucy shook her head incredulously; then said, "Will you read to me? anything you choose."

"Let us try 'Il Brindisi di Don Girella.' It is so droll, it will make you laugh;" and carrying a chair close to the glass door, in order to profit by the little light that stole in through it, he began reading.

We have reasons of our own for particularizing as minutely as possible the details of this domestic scene, and the position with regard to each other of reader and listener. A little to the right of the glass door, at some five or six paces from it, stood sidewise the sofa on which Lucy was lying, her face towards the light. She had on a white muslin gown with a blue sash; her broad-brimmed straw hat was hanging by its blue ribbons on a corner of the back of the sofa, just over her head. Miss Hutchins, her arms crossed before her, sat at the large table in the

centre of the room, busily engaged in trying to swallow a series of obstinate yawns that would not be suppressed. Opposite to Lucy — that is, to the left of the glass door, but so close to it that the green curtain touched his book — was seated Antonio.

Well, the reading had been going on for some time, and more than once had the condensed *vis comica* of the inimitable poet brought a faint smile on Lucy's pale face. By degrees, however, her perception of the author's meaning became fainter and fainter; and the rich melodious voice of the reader, soothing her like the murmuring of a brook, lulled the sweet girl into that state which is not yet sleep, yet neither is it waking, but a voluptuous compound of the two. All on a sudden a heavy foot-step is heard coming up the stairs. Lucy started up: "Who can that be?" faltered she with a shudder. At the same instant the glass door is flung open with a crash, a colossal figure stalks in noisily, and "Halloa, Lucy, my girl," roars out a voice like thunder, as the living tower stoops down to kiss the prostrate form. "Here you are at last! Heyday! What is all this? By Jove! with your green boughs and watering-pots you look as pastoral as one of the shepherdesses in a ballet. *Une chaumière et ton cœur.* Ah! ah! nothing is wanting to the idyl, as they used to say at Eton; d—— it, not even the shepherd!"

"Aubrey!" cried Lucy in a tone of reproach, but could say no more. The oath and witty sally, we need scarcely remark, were aimed at our friend the doctor. Antonio had received such a violent slap from the door, when Aubrey entered, as to be nearly felled to the ground; and in the effort to recover his balance, his chair was upset. The new-comer turned round at the noise, saw Antonio, and uttered the silly vapid joke about the shepherd.

The eyes of the two men met in no friendly way. Aubrey's haughty scowl, curled lip, and somewhat aggressive demeanor, evinced little good-will to the object of his present scrutiny. Antonio's firm-set lips, ashy-pale countenance, and collected look of self-defense, gave evidence of his scenting the near approach of a foe. Thus they stood, confronting each other, types of two fine races, two such as even Greece and Rome had seldom seen the like of: the one, fair, rosy, blue-eyed; (Lucy's very eyes!) the other, dark as a tempest: the Englishman taller by nearly a head than his tall antagonist, square-chested, broad-shouldered in proportion, the very *ne plus ultra* of muscular development and

strength; the Italian less bulky but as firmly knit, springy and supple as a tiger, with iron nerves and sinews, ready servants of the indomitable will betrayed in the sombre fire of his eyes. God grant that they may never meet in anger, for theirs will be like the meeting of two thunder-clouds!

This mutual survey did not last ten seconds; but even that time sufficed to develop between the two a strong feeling of antipathy. Lucy, woman-like, divined it, and her increasing terror loosened her tongue. "My brother, Captain Davenne: Dr. Antonio, my doctor,—papa's best friend." The words broke the spell. Captain Davenne bowed slightly, as did Dr. Antonio. A parting recommendation to Lucy to keep quiet, and to go to bed early if she did not feel better in the evening, and the doctor withdrew.

Aubrey began kicking about in the most uproarious manner all the chairs and arm-chairs that were in the room, every fresh kick eliciting a fresh start from Lucy; till at last, having disposed them somewhat symmetrically by the side of the sofa, he stretched his ponderous limbs on this extempore couch, talking loudly all the while. Lucy was thus made aware, between one kick and the other, of the string of lucky circumstances which had procured for her so unexpectedly the blessing of her brother's company. They were briefly these: The invalid brother officer, whose duties had devolved upon Aubrey, recovering more rapidly than had been anticipated, Captain Davenne had in consequence been enabled to sail by the very Indian mail the arrival of which, without a letter from him, had caused Sir John's uneasiness in the morning. What was the use of writing when he should reach England at the same time as his letter? In London he had met Tom Carnifex,—eldest son of Lord Carnifex,—who had just received a hasty summons from his father to join him at Florence as quickly as he could. Tom had offered Aubrey a place in his britschka; Aubrey had accepted it, and here he was. Of the stranger he had found in his sister's company, of the pleasant or unpleasant impression made on him by the sight, not a single word.

Who so surprised and happy and elated as Sir John, when on entering the room soon after, the first thing his eyes fell upon was his long-missed treasure, Aubrey, seated by the side of his sister? Sir John would, had his sense of decorum permitted,

have done foolish things. How proudly and fondly he gazed on the "boy," as he called him! Truth to say, Aubrey's Herculean proportions and handsome features must have excited the admiration of a more impartial judge than his father. The baronet's eager inquiries immediately brought forth a second edition of Aubrey's statements just related; and then began between father and son a brisk fire of queries and answers, like hammers plying in quick succession on an anvil. No wonder they had much to say to one another, considering their ten years' separation. They rattled on uninterruptedly, until John Ducket's advent to lay the cloth for dinner put an end to their effusions. Captain Davenne complimented John on his good looks; an honor which spread on John's grave face a grin of intense complacency. The two gentlemen then adjourned to Sir John's own room, from whence they were shortly after summoned forth by the announcement that dinner was on the table. Aubrey ate and drank enough for two; and as he ate and drank, his praises of the fare, the wines, the situation, rendered still more impressive by sundry oaths and tremendous peals of laughter, which made plates, glasses, decanters, and the very glass door ring again, grew louder and louder.

"By-the-by, my dear boy," said the baronet, "at what inn did Carnifex leave you?"

"At none," was the answer. "I left my portmanteau at a kind of pot-house, where he changed horses. I say, John, you must go there after dinner and have my portmanteau brought here."

"I am afraid," said Sir John, "that there is no room for you here: it is a mere nutshell; there is not a hole to spare, I know."

"Never mind," retorted Aubrey: "*à la guerre comme à la guerre;* I can sleep on the sofa, or on the ground, anywhere. Here I am, and here I mean to stay; for I suppose you won't turn me out by force."

This being Aubrey's ultimatum, from which it was clear that no reasons, however good, would divert him, a short consultation ensued between Sir John and John Ducket, the upshot of which was that John should manage to find a resting-place for himself where he could, and that his room should be made as comfortable as possible for his young master. To be of service to Aubrey, John would have willingly slept in the fields.

Dinner over, Captain Davenne, to Sir John's great amazement and consternation, lighted an enormous cigar. "First-rate cigar," said he, puffing away: "I hope you don't dislike the smell, Lucy; I know my father doesn't." Lucy protested she had no objection to it — she rather liked it than not. Now the truth was that she could not bear it. What was it that forced from her an assertion so little consonant with the truth? Lucy almost unconsciously felt a sort of necessity to humor her brother. Poor, timid, weak Lucy! How many of thy sisters have I seen, as candid and artless as thou art, sin in a like and worse way, to propitiate such bears as this brother of thine! For all which sins, let us hope, not the weak, sensitive things will be called to account some day, but the blustering, overbearing rulers in whose violence the sins originated.

Sir John neither openly admitted nor contradicted Aubrey's declaration as to himself: it might be he did not feel sure how a flat denial on his part would be received, or it might be that he chose on the first day of reunion to be indulgent. He only prudently proposed a *levée en masse* to the garden, where they would have coffee.

The usual hour for Antonio's evening call was now past, and no Antonio had appeared. "I hope the doctor is not going to give us the slip," said Sir John, after he had consulted his watch two or three times. "My son's company is no good reason why I should not have my friend's also. I wish you very much to make his acquaintance, Aubrey: as nice a man, this Dr. Antonio, as you could meet anywhere,— quite a gentleman; we are under infinite obligations to him." And then Sir John told his son all over again the story of the overturn, and the Italian's timely help, already related in sundry letters to India; and warming with the subject, the baronet went on to enlarge on all the unremitting attention Antonio had paid to Lucy, and how ingeniously he had contrived to amuse her during her confinement to the house. The lending of books, the lectures on botany, the lessons on the guitar, were all set forth; the catalogue winding up with that stupendous master-stroke, the easy-chair invented by the doctor. To all of which discourse Aubrey listened with an attention quite edifying, and an appearance of great gratification,— a gratification made more evident as he watched the pleasure the details afforded to his darling sister, on whose glowing countenance the sympathizing brother's eyes rested all the while.

"I long to shake hands with this phœnix of doctors," said Aubrey, "and apologize for my rudeness. I suppose it was he I found here this morning?"

"Yes," said Lucy.

"What do you say," continued Aubrey, speaking to Sir John, but looking at his sister, "to our going and laying violent hands on this forgetful friend of yours, and dragging him captive here? ha! ha! ha!"

"Ah, do!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes, and inwardly calling herself all sorts of names for having so unkindly misjudged her brother. Sir John agreeing immediately to the proposal, Captain Davenne lit a fresh cigar, and out they sallied. As they passed through the garden-gate, Aubrey was seized by a violent fit of laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Sir John, perplexed.

"Why, this is such a devilish queer house — such a wrong-sided look about it. I would give something to carry it bodily to London, and show it at a shilling a head. I bet something no one would credit that Sir John and Miss Davenne had lived contentedly weeks in it. I verily believe Hutchins and John have forgotten what a decent room is like."

Sir John felt his son's words as a personal reproach. He hung his head.

"*Àpropos de bottes*" (Aubrey had been in love with a French actress at Madras, and spoke French fluently, and liked to show that he did), "the old Duke of B—— asked after you."

"Very kind of him," said the baronet, his features expanding. "How is the old gentleman?"

"As fresh as ever," said Aubrey. "He wondered what had become of you. Indeed, everybody does: Lady Deloraine most of all, at whose house I met the ——ian ambassadress, and her daughter-in-law Lady Charlotte Tuicy, both of them full of suspicions about your absence, and willing to join in any conspiracy for carrying you off by force from your mysterious hiding-place."

"God forbid they should put their threat in execution!" said the baronet chuckling. "But talking of carrying off, have you heard of that pretty business of Fanny Carnifex's elope—"

"Blast the cowardly Italian beggar!" yelled out Aubrey. "I have heard all about it."

"Are they — married, at least?" asked Sir John with an effort.

"They are; but it is a matrimonial alliance that won't last long. Fanny will soon be a jolly widow, I can tell her."

"How do you mean?" inquired Sir John, surprised.

Aubrey stopped short, slowly raised his right arm, held it out as if taking aim, and with a clack of his tongue, imitated the report of a pistol. "Tom Carnifex is one of the best shots in England, my dear sir," said he carelessly, by way of explanation.

The acting of this little scene was so splendidly natural, there was in the look of the performer something so savage, that Sir John could not help a shudder. However desirable it might have once seemed to him that the offender should be made an example of, it was no part of Sir John's programme of to-day to be present at the execution.

Engrossed by such pleasant converse and anticipations, the chief of the Davenne dynasty and his heir had come in sight of Dr. Antonio's poor dwelling just as its tenant, in no very pleasant mood, was issuing from the door. Antonio was little prepared for the present warm greeting from the surly stranger of a few hours back, who now, shaking him heartily by the hand, made a sort of laughing apology for having been so unceremonious in the morning. Though rather taken by surprise, the Italian returned Aubrey's advances in as kindly a spirit as he could summon on such short notice; and the three, Antonio in the middle, walked back to the Osteria, where they found the count, between whom and young Davenne an introduction in due form took place. The evening passed, if not as quietly as usual, not the less agreeably, perhaps, for being rather noisy. Captain Davenne was in the most communicative of humors, and rattled away famously, laughing a good deal at his own jokes and stories, drinking freely all the while of what he called lemonade; and so it was, only with a strong infusion of old Jamaica rum. Some of his tiger-hunting adventures, which he told with great spirit, were listened to with thrilling interest,—Antonio translating for the count, who had learnt about as much English as Sir John had Italian. Lucy retired early, but not before she had seen a real good-will and friendship springing up between her brother and her doctor and friend. Let us hope that she slept well, poor girl. As ten struck, Sir John and Antonio according to habit sat down to their game of chess, which was on the baronet's part a series of continual blunders. His thoughts were otherwise engaged.

When Lucy, about eight next morning, after her early bath and one or two hours of additional rest, crossed the anteroom on her way out, she found her brother already installed on the sofa, and yawning violently.

"Where are you going?" asked Aubrey.

"To water my flowers. I have a nice little garden of my own: come and look at it."

Aubrey raised his long length, went, looked at it, and admired it. The garden was not her own making, was it? Oh no! Speranza had made it; Speranza, the landlady's daughter, a very nice girl. Dr. Antonio had given Lucy most of the plants. "Are they not beautiful?"

"Very," said Aubrey; adding, "Do you know, Lucy, I am quite in love with that doctor of yours?"

"Are you?" said Lucy, looking up at him with such beaming eyes!

"I have seldom seen a more commanding figure than his; and he is very gentleman-like, certainly. I wish he were an English duke."

"Why?" said Lucy. "I assure you he is quite contented with his lot."

"Because if he were, young lady, you would make a handsome couple." Lucy grew scarlet. "As it is," pursued Aubrey slowly, in a clear, cruel, stern voice,—"as it is, I would rather see you dead and buried than married to that man."

The little watering-pot slipt out of her hand, and her knees gave way.

"D—— it!" cried Aubrey, raising her from the ground, "you needn't take fright at a mere supposition!" And without another word he passed his powerful arm round his sister's waist, and led her up the stairs to the sofa. This was the first and the last time that Antonio's name was mentioned between them.

The doctor called, as was his wont, during the morning; but instead of his usual warm recognition from Lucy he received a silent bow. Her cheeks were dreadfully pale, her eyes red. He inquired about her health, and got a hurried answer that she was very well. He would have felt her pulse: there was no need, she assured him,—she was very comfortable. When he stooped over her shoulder to examine her drawing, she recollected that she had left a brush in her room which was indispensable at that moment, and got up to fetch it. There was a constraint about poor Lucy which Antonio had never seen. His heart contracted painfully. That Aubrey was the cause of the sweet girl's altered looks and manner, Antonio had not the least doubt; but how and why? Was he, Antonio, in any way connected with this new state of things? To solve the mystery he

would have willingly shed his blood. Oh for ten seconds alone with her,—but ten, to ask one question, receive one answer! He loitered longer than he generally did, to take advantage of a possible chance. In vain. There stood between him and her a moving Chinese wall.

Four days passed without the situation mending. Aubrey had taken such a fancy to the wretched Osteria that neither the count's pressing invitations, nor his father's exhortations to take his horse and go and enjoy the fine scenery, could prevail upon the colossal dragoon to leave its precincts for a moment; unless Lucy did, which was commonly the case in the evening, when he would put her arm under his and fondly support her steps. All the rest of the day, from seven in the morning to eleven at night, Aubrey would spend indoors, most of the time stretched at full length, smoking and indulging in his favorite beverage; or shaking the poor inn with his ponderous strides. His most gracious smile and heartiest squeeze of the hand was for Antonio, to whom he had taken such a liking that for nothing in the world would Aubrey have missed a minute of his new friend's company. A boisterous, rather vulgar, lively, good-tempered, companionable fellow, this young Davenne, easily satisfied with everything and everybody, making light of the inconveniences of his far from comfortable room down-stairs, never hinting by word or look at any the least wish on his part to leave his present quarters. His conversation with Sir John turned almost exclusively, it is true, on London (the London, we mean, whose existence is acknowledged by people of rank and fashion), London gayeties, the illustrious relatives and acquaintances of the Davenne family, or the general regret at the baronet's prolonged absence, and so on. But nine times out of ten it was Sir John himself who broached the subject; and then, was it not natural and proper for a dutiful son to dwell on such topics as were palpably the most agreeable to his father?

Meanwhile the healthy bloom was fading fast from Lucy's cheek, and her head drooped like a lily deprived of sunshine. It was not enough that poor Lucy was to be weaned all at once from the joys and benefits of the friendly intercourse which habit had made a sweet necessity to her But she had to wear a mask, and act a part too cruelly at variance with her feelings. Why she was compelled to do so she scarcely knew; but a mysterious warning from within told her that only at such a cost might something awful be averted. Her heart was full of strange

misgivings and fears. Aubrey's show of friendship to Antonio, far from reassuring her, added to her uneasiness. It was clear, even to her inexperienced eye, that all that extreme good-will was assumed,— a mere display; and being so, what could be Aubrey's motive? And the saddened girl brooded till her head grew giddy over the hostility of the two young men's first meeting, the significant hint given to her on the morrow, and Aubrey's sudden change of manner.

No pleasant early associations connected with the boy came to counteract the painful impressions aroused by the full-grown man. Aubrey, be it remembered, had spent his boyhood at Eton; and of his holidays Lucy recalled little, excepting her terrors for her doll, and for a favorite kitten it had been his delight to torment. But there was no want of clearness in her perceptions with regard to his six-months' stay at home previous to his entering the army. The almost daily quarrels between father and son, her mother all in tears, the gloom that pervaded the family, Aubrey's angry scowl, and something worse, in return for her childish attempts at conciliation (she was scarcely ten years old at the time), and the fear in which she stood of him: such were Lucy's sole recollections, such the images and feelings linked in her memory with that brother of hers. Intervening years had softened, but not obliterated, these impressions; and the Aubrey that to the day of his arrival figured in his sister's mind was anything but the type of youthful dutifulness and affection. What she had now seen of him brought the conviction home to her that the man had kept the promise of the boy. Lucy from the first had felt afraid of him. His boisterous ways and overbearing manners, his frequent oaths and coarse mirth, told cruelly on her nerves, and wounded all the sympathies of her refined nature.

Delicate, sensitive organizations like Lucy's have an inborn horror of violence in any shape: it is with them a dissolving element,— something incompatible with their being, from which they shrink as instinctively as those plants to which Miss Davenne had likened herself in her last conversation with Dr. Antonio,— shrink from the touch of a hand. On these grounds alone would the pressure of Aubrey's presence have been too much for Lucy. How incomparably more so when fancy obscurely hinted at the possible bursting of that violence, of which she stood in such awe, in a direction where much of her grateful affection and reverence lay!

On the fourth day from his son's arrival, Sir John gave a farewell dinner, and announced to the small but select party — the count, the mayor, Dr. Antonio, etc. — that his departure was fixed for the day after the next. Aubrey might watch his sister as much as he pleased, Lucy did not wince. Indeed, her misery was such that she felt almost relieved by the announcement.

So that she may but say, "Thank you, Dr. Antonio: God bless you and your country!" — so that she may but say this to him freely, as her heart prompts, without restraint, with no eye upon her, Lucy will depart in peace. This thought is ever uppermost in her mind; nay, she has no thought but this one, which presses on her temples like a crown of thorns, — to thank and bless him. It would look so unfeeling not to do so. This man has been all forbearance, all gentleness, all kindness to her. What could a friend, a brother, a father, do more than he has done for her! "Bless you and your country." She murmurs the words to herself; she would fain write them down for him, but that they look so cold on paper. He has no idea, she is sure, of the depth of her gratitude, of all that she is feeling. Fool that she was, not to have let him know when time was her own, — when no dark cloud cast its shadow between them; on one of these bright mornings frittered away in general conversation on the balcony; on one of these moonlit evenings spent by the water's edge, so near that the silvery wave came creeping lovingly to their very feet. Oh, those sweet strolls in the garden, — those boatings on the blue sea, — that blessed trip to Lampedusa! Oh that she could recall one minute, only one, of that past!

Vain yearnings, vain imaginings! Unrelenting time rolls on, the day is come, the very hour of departure is at hand, and Lucy has found no opportunity of unburdening her heart. She sits on her invalid-chair looking vacantly before her, as though in a dream; Aubrey and Antonio stand in the balcony and discuss the English policy in India, Antonio with a very pale face and unwonted animation of manner; Sir John paces the room, meditating a farewell speech, casting now and then a disconsolate glance at his daughter; Hutchins is bustling up and down, in and out, in a state of flurry and excitement; John Ducket left for Nice in the morning to make room for the captain in the rumble; and poor Hutchins has been working for two. She announces that the horses are to the carriage. "Now, Lucy," says the baronet encouragingly. Aubrey is already at his sister's side,

and helps her to rise. Hutchins has noticed a small basket hanging on Lucy's arm, and offers to carry it for her; Lucy draws it back hurriedly, and frowns on her maid. A handful of poor withered, almost colorless flowers, once so blue,—such is the treasure she clings to so closely.

As Sir John and the doctor go down the steps, followed by Aubrey and Miss Davenne, a number of persons assembled in the garden take off their hats and caps and wave them in the air. Sir John's tongue cleaves to his palate, and he gives up his speech. He even thinks it prudent to proceed to the shaking of hands in silence. Those who choose to kiss his hand — Prospero, his younger brother, their aged mother — all are free to do so now. Sir John offers no resistance. Meanwhile Aubrey hurries Lucy on to the little gate where the carriage is waiting. Rosa and Speranza, and a little in the rear, Battista, are crying like fountains. Lucy returns half unconsciously the warm caresses of the two women, who kiss her hands and clothes, and cling desperately to their young benefactress, until Aubrey with an oath jerks her into the carriage. Antonio helps the baronet in. "Pleasant journey, Sir John; *buon viaggio*, *signorina*, take care of yourself." The signorina does not say a word, does not smile, does not bow, but stares at the kind face — the kind face that dares not even smile, alas! for it feels the evil eye resting on it. A clack from the postilion; a shout from the assembled bystanders, "*Buon viaggio, il signore gli accompagni;*" — the ponderous machine rolls up the lane, and the kind face disappears. Lucy arouses from her trance: "Papa, are we going?" and she bursts into a passion of tears. It was like the giving way of a dam in a river. Papa fairly gives way too, hugs the suffering child to his bosom, and father and daughter mingle their tears. While this passes within, Aubrey, in the rumble, lights a fresh cigar from the one he had been smoking.

Those left behind stood on the highway watching the fast diminishing carriage. They watched till it disappeared. Poor Antonio was sick at heart, and would fain throw off his mask. But no: he must listen to the idle verbiage of the count and the mayor, who insisted on accompanying him home. He reached it at last, threw himself upon his bed, and — man is but man after all — wept like a child.

JALĀL-AD-DĪN RŪMĪ

(A. D. 1207–1273)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

The appellation Rūmī, or Syrian, is given to the Persian poet Jalāl-ad-dīn because most of his life was passed at Iconium in Rūm, or Asia Minor. His full name is recorded as Jalāl-ad-dīn Mohammed Rūmī; he is generally known as Jalāl-ad-dīn, or "Splendor of the Faith," but it is convenient to record his name, according to Western methods, under the simple form Rūmī.

This Persian poet may best be remembered as the founder of the Maulavī sect of dervishes, or the whirling dervishes as they are often called, whose austerity of life, mystic philosophy, enthusiastic devotion, and religious ecstasy superinduced by the whirling dance, are familiar to readers of Eastern literature. The writings of Jalāl-ad-dīn, like Jāmī, Nizāmī, and others, breathe the religious spirituality of Sūfī philosophy: the world and all that is comprised therein is but a part of God, and the universe exists only through God; the Love Divine is all-pervading, and the rivers of life pour their waters into the boundless ocean of the supreme soul; man must burnish the mirror of his heart and wipe away the dross of self that blurs the perfect image there. This is a keynote to the "Rūmian's" religious and mystic poetry.

Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī was not only himself renowned, but he inherited renown from a noble father and from distinguished ancestors. The blood of the old Khvarasmian kings flowed in his veins. He was born in Balkh, Bactria, A. D. 1207. The child's father was a zealous teacher and preacher, a scholar whose learning and influence won for him so great popularity with the people of Balkh as to arouse the jealous opposition of the reigning Sultan. Obliged to leave his native city, this worthy man wandered westward with his family, and ultimately settled in Syria, where he founded a college under the generous patronage of the Sultan of Rūm, as Asia Minor is termed in the Orient. He died honored with years and with favors, at a moment when his son had but recently passed into manhood.

Upon his father's death Jalāl-ad-dīn succeeded to the noble teacher's chair, and entered upon the distinguished career for which his natural gifts and splendid training had destined him. He was already

married; and when sorrow came through the untimely death of a son, and in the sad fate of a beloved friend and teacher, known as Shams-ad-Dīn of Tabrīz, Jalāl's life seems to have taken on a deeper tinge of sombre richness and a fuller tone of spiritual devotion, that colors his poetry. Revered for his teaching, his purity of life, and his poetic talents, the «Rūmian's» fame soon spread, and he became widely followed. Among many anecdotes that are told of his upright but uneventful life is a sort of St. Patrick story, that ascribes to him supernatural power and influence. Preaching one time on the bank of a pond, to a large concourse of eager listeners who had assembled to drink in his inspired words, his voice was drowned by the incessant croaking of innumerable frogs. The pious man calmly proceeded to the brink of the water and bade the frogs be still. Their mouths were instantly sealed. When his discourse was ended, he turned once more to the marge of the lake and gave the frogs permission again to pipe up. Immediately their hoarse voices began to sound, and their lusty croaking has since been allowed to continue in this hallowed spot.

To-day, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī's fame rests upon one *magnum opus*, the 'Masnavī' or 'Mathnavī.' The title literally signifies "measure," then a poem composed in that certain measure, then the poem *par excellence* that is composed in that measure, the 'Masnavī.' It is a large collection of some 30,000 or 40,000 rhymed couplets, teaching Divine love and the purification of the heart, under the guise of tales, anecdotes, precepts, parables, and legends. The poetic merit, religious fervor, and philosophic depth of the work are acknowledged. Six books make up the contents of the poem; and it seems to have been finished just as Jalāl-ad-dīn, the religious devotee, mystic philosopher, and enthusiastic poetic teacher, died A. D. 1273.

The best collection of bibliographical material is that given by Ethé in Geiger and Kuhn's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' Vol. ii., pages 289–291. The first of the six books of the 'Masnavī' is easily accessible in a metrical English version by J. W. Redhouse, London, 1881 (Trübner's Oriental Series); and three selections are to be found in S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry for English Readers,' 1883, pages 367–382. Both these valuable works have been drawn upon for the present sketch. The abridged English translation of the 'Masnavī) by E. H. Whinfield (Trübner's Oriental Series, London, 1887) is a standard to be consulted, as well as C. E. Wilson's (Masnavī, Book 2) (London, 1910), and R. A. Nicholson's (Dīvāni Shams Tabrīz) (Cambridge, 1898).

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE SONG OF THE REED, OR DIVINE AFFECTIONS

From the 'Masnavī'

LIST how that reed is telling its story; how it is bewailing the pangs of separation:—

Whilst they are cutting me away from the reed-bed, men and maidens are regretting my fluting.

My bosom is torn to pieces with the anguish of parting, in my efforts to express the yearnings of affection.

Every one who liveth banished from his own family will long for the day which will see them reunited.

To every assembly I still bore my sorrow, whether the companion of the happy or the unhappy.

Every one personally was ever a friend, but no one sought to know the secrets within me.

My affections and my regrets were never far distant, but neither eye nor ear can always discern light.

The body is not veiled from the soul, nor the soul from the body; but to see the soul hath not been permitted.

It is love that with its fire inspireth the reed; it is love that with its fervor inflameth the wine.

Like the reed, the wine is at once bane and antidote; like the reed, it longeth for companionship, and to breathe the same breath.

The reed it is that painteth in blood the story of the journey, and inspired the love-tale of the frenzied Mejnun.*

Devoid of this sense, we are but senseless ourselves; and the ear and the tongue are but partners to one another.

In our grief, our days glide on unprofitably; and heart-compunctions accompany them on their way.

But if our days pass in blindness, and we are impure, O remain Thou—Thou, like whom none is pure.

No untried man can understand the condition of him who hath been sifted; therefore, let your words be short, and let him go in peace.

Rise up, young man; burst thy bonds, and be free! How long wilt thou be the slave of thy silver and thy gold?

If thou shouldest fill thy pitcher from the ocean, what were thy store? The pittance of a day!

*Mejnun and Laila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Their love-tale forms the subject of poems by several eminent Persian poets.

In the eye of the covetous man it would not be full. If the shell lay not contented in its bed, it would never be filled with the pearl.

He whose garment is rent by Love Divine—he only is cleansed from avarice, and the multitude of sins.

Hail to thee, Love, our sweet insanity! O thou, the physician of all our ills!

Thou, our Plato and our Galen, the medicine of our pride and our self-estimation!

By Love the earthly eye is raised to heaven, the hills begin to dance, and the mountains are quickened.

Could I join my lip to that of one who breatheth my breath, I would utter words as melodious as my reed.

When the rose-garden is withered, and the rose is gone, thou wilt hear no longer news of the nightingale.

How should I be able any longer to retain my understanding, when the light of my beloved one no longer shineth upon me?

If the lover no longer receiveth his nourishment, he must perish like a bird deprived of its food.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE MERCHANT AND THE PARROT

From the 'Masnavi'

THERE was a merchant owned a parrot which was kept shut up in a cage, the paroquet's world.

On a certain occasion the merchant made preparations for a journey, beginning with Hindustan.

Calling each of his man-servants and his maid-servants, he said: "What am I to bring back to you? Let me know."

Each expressed a wish according to his own choice; and the good man promised something to every one.

Turning to the poll-parrot, he said: "And what gift am I to bring you from the land of Hindustan?"

Polly replied: "When you see those parrots there, make my situation known to them, and say:—

"'There is a certain parrot who is longing for you, but is confined from the free vault of heaven, shut up in a cage.

"'He sends you his greetings, and he asks of you direction and some means of deliverance.'

"And add: 'Does it seem fair for me to be wasting my life in longing and to die here far away?

"'Am I to be allowed to continue in durance vile, while you are in green nooks among the boughs?

"'Is this to be the loyalty of friends—for me to be in a cage, and you out in the gardens?

"'Recall to memory that grieving bird, O ye grandees, in the morning draft amid your delightsome nooks.'"

[The parrot proceeds then to expatiate upon love, and upon the union existing between souls.]

The merchant received the message, with its salutation, to deliver to the bird's kindred.

And when he came to the far-off land of Hindustan, he saw in the desert parrots, many a one.

Stopping his beast and raising his voice, he delivered his salutation and his message.

Then, wonderful to relate, one of the parrots began a great fluttering, and down it fell, dead, and breathed its last.

The merchant sore repented of telling his message, and said: "'Tis only for the death of a living creature I am come.

"There was perchance a connection between these parrots, two bodies with but a single soul.

"Ah, why did I do it! Why did I carry out my commission! I am helplessly grieved at telling this."

[The merchant moralizes at some length upon life, and upon the soul and its relation to God.]

When the merchant had finished up his business abroad, he returned to his glad home.

And to every man-servant he presented some gift, and to each maid-servant he handed out a gift.

Then up spake the Polly: "What gift for the prisoner? What did you see and what did you say? Tell me that."

Said the merchant: "Ah me! That whereof I repent me, and for which I could bite my hand and gnaw my fingers.

"Why did I, through ignorance and folly, vainly carry that idle message?"

Said Poll: "Merchant, what's this repentance about? And what has brought about this passion and grief?"

He replied: "I told that plaintive story of yours to a flock of parrots that looked just like you.

"And a certain parrot felt so keenly for your distress that its heart broke in twain, and it fluttered and dropped dead.

"I felt deep regret. What was this I had said? But what does regret help, whatever I said?"

[The merchant moralizes at some length.]

As soon as the parrot heard what that bird had done, he too fluttered and dropped down and grew cold.

When the merchant observed it thus fallen, he started up and flung down his turban upon the ground.

And when he saw the bird in such plight and condition, he started to tear the very clothes at his throat,

Saying: "O Polly, my pretty creature, what is this, alas, that has happened thee? Why art thou thus?

"Ah, alas, my sweet-voiced bird! Ah, alas, my companion and confidant!

"Ah, alas, my sweet-note bird; my spirit of joy and angel of the garden!"

[He continues to lament over the departed bird. But it must have fallen in accordance with the Divine Will. Man's dependence upon God.]

Thereupon the merchant tossed the bird out of the cage; but the paroquet instantly flew up on a high bough. The merchant was dumbfounded at the bird's conduct; amazed and at a loss, he marveled at the mystery of the bird.

And looking upward he said: "My nightingale, give some explanation of what you have done! . . ."

Said the parrot: "That bird it was gave me counsel how I should act; in effect, this: 'Rid yourself of your speech, voice, and talking;

"'For it is your voice that has brought you into captivity.' And then to prove its counsel it died itself."

[The parrot dilates further in religious manner upon the changes and chances of mortal life.]

Then Polly gave one or two bits more of guileless advice, and now said:—

"Adieu, good-by! Farewell, my merchant; you have done a mercy to me: you have set me free from bonds and oppression.

"Farewell, O merchant: I am now going home; and one day mayest thou become free just like me."

The merchant responded: "To God's keeping go thou; thou hast taught me from this instant a new path of life."

Version by A. V. W. Jackson.

THE CHINESE AND ROMAN ARTISTS; OR, THE MIRROR OF THE HEART

THIS contest heed, of Chinaman's and Roman's art.
The Chinese urged they had the greater painters' skill;
The Romans pleaded they of art the throne did fill.
The sovereign heard them both: decreed a contest fair;
Results the palm should give the worthiest of the pair.

The parties twain a wordy war waged in debate;
The Romans' show of science did predominate.
The Chinamen then asked to have a house assigned
For their especial use; and one for Rome designed.
Th' allotted houses stood on either side one street;
In one the Chinese, one the Roman artists meet.

The Chinese asked a hundred paints for their art's use:
The sovereign his resources would not them refuse.
Each morning from the treasury, rich colors' store
Was served out to the Chinese till they asked no more.
The Romans argued, "Color or design is vain:
We simply have to banish soil and filth amain."
They closed their gate. To burnish then they set themselves;
As heaven's vault, simplicity filled all their shelves:
Vast difference there is 'twixt colors and not one.
The colors are as clouds; simplicity's the moon.
Whatever tinge you see embellishing the clouds,
You know comes from the sun, the moon, or stars in crowds.

At length the Chinamen their task had quite fulfilled;
With joy intense their hearts did beat, their bosoms thrilled.
The sovereign came, inspected all their rich designs,
And lost his heart with wonder at their talents' signs.

He then passed to the Romans, that his eyes might see;
The curtains were withdrawn to show whate'er might be.
The Chinese paintings all, their whole designs in full,
Reflected truly were on that high-burnished wall.
Whatever was depicted by the Chinese art
Was reproduced by mirrors, perfect every part.

Those Romans are our mystics, know, my worthy friend:
No art, no learning; study, none: but gain their end.
They polish well their bosoms, burnish bright their hearts,
Remove all stain of lust, of self, pride, hate's deep smarts.
That mirror's purity prefigures their hearts' trust;
With endless images reflections it incrust.

Translation of J. W. Redhouse.

TO GOD THE COMPASSIONATE

From the (Masnavī.)

TEACH me subtle words which you may regard with indulgence,
O Compassionate One.
Both prayer comes from You
And answer to prayer from You;
A feeling of security comes from You,
And dread also comes from You.
If I have said that which is erroneous, do You correct it: You,
O Ruler of speech, are the Corrector.

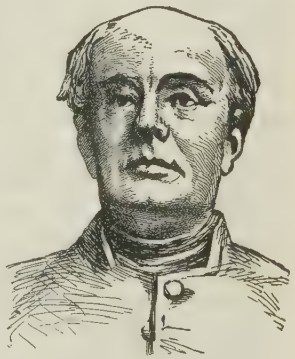
Translation of C. E. Wilson.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG

(1804–1877)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE Grand Duchy of Finland, "torn like a bloody shield from the heart of Sweden" in 1809, by the ruthless despot who was then all-powerful in Europe, and who now, by the irony of fate, lies buried in Paris beneath a sarcophagus of Finnish porphyry, has not become Russianized to any considerable extent, and still looks to the old mother-country for its social and intellectual ideals. This fact is due in part to the force of historical association upon the mind of a simple and conservative race, and in part to the fact that the Russian treatment of the conquered province has been fairly lenient, and most strikingly contrasted with the repressive policy pursued toward Russian Poland. It is not, then, as surprising as might at first sight appear, that the greatest name in Swedish literature should belong to a native of Finland, who was but five years of age at the time of the Russian annexation.



JOHAN RUNEBERG

Johan Ludvig Runeberg was born February 5th, 1804, at Jakobsstad, a small seaport town on the Gulf of Bothnia. He was the oldest of the six children of a merchant captain in reduced circumstances. He went to school at Vasa, and in 1822 to the university at Åbo, supporting himself in part by tutoring. He was so poor that he literally lived on potatoes for months at a time. He took his doctor's degree in 1827, and soon thereafter was betrothed to Fredrika Tengström, a woman who afterwards attained some celebrity as a writer on her own account. The year that Runeberg left the university was also the year of the great fire that destroyed the greater part of the capital, and led to the transfer of both university and seat of government to Helsingfors. The years immediately following were decisive for the poet's development, since they took him to Sarkijarvi, a town far to the north in the heart of Finland, where he came into close contact

with the purest type of the Finnish peasantry. In this poverty-stricken wilderness, where men toiled incessantly for a subsistence so precarious that those were deemed fortunate who did not have to live upon bread made in large part from the bark of trees, the young scholar learned really to know his fellow-countrymen, to enter intimately into their humble lives, and to collect a wealth of first-hand impressions that were afterwards to be turned to literary account. The years at Sarkijarvi were devoted to earnest study, and to the composition of poems that showed his powers to be steadily ripening; so that when, in 1830, he received a university appointment at Helsingfors, he was able to bring back with him to civilization the material for the volume of poems that saw the light in that year.

The publication of this volume was coincident with a stirring of the Finnish national consciousness that promised much for the future. The Russian yoke turned out to be no very heavy burden, since Finland was left a considerable degree of autonomy, and since the Russian censorship was disposed to deal very leniently with the literary expressions of national aspiration, and even with the most passionate assertions of spiritual allegiance to the Swedish tradition. This was also the time when the consciousness of Finland was quickened by the restoration of the 'Kalevala.' Dr. Lönnrot, a physician and professor at the university, had been traveling through the country for the purpose of collecting fragments of folk-song and popular tradition, and had made the great discovery that there still existed on the lips of the people a popular epic that had been transmitted from generation to generation through the centuries,—an epic which was comparable with, let us say, the 'Nibelungenlied,' and which the discoverer pieced together and reconstructed into substantial unity.

This was clearly an opportune time for the appearance of a national poet; and in Runeberg the man of the hour was found. Fortunately for the history of culture, he realized that the aspirations of Finland were best to be furthered by an adherence to the Swedish tongue, and so it came about that Sweden as well as Finland gained a new poet of the first rank. The influence of Runeberg's appearance upon Swedish literature in the narrower sense was also of the utmost importance. Swedish poetry up to this time had been divided into the two camps of Phosphorists and Gothics. The former were the torch-bearers of the German romantic movement; and had, if anything, made its mysticism more exaggerated and its extravagance more unreal. If they had lived in New England, they would have been called transcendentalists. The Gothics, on the other hand, had sought to bring about a more strictly national revival of letters; and as represented by Geijer and Tegnér, had endeavored to reproduce the spirit of the past. But even Tegnér, great and true

poet as he was, could not escape from the prevailing artificiality of an essentially rhetorical age; and so the work of Runeberg, with its vivid realism, its direct simplicity, and its fidelity to the facts of nature and human life, came into Swedish poetry with a new note, and helped to accomplish a sort of Wordsworthian revolution in literary standards.

The 'Poems' of 1830 were well received, and were followed in the same year by a collection of Servian folk-songs, translated from Goetze's German version. A certain kinship between the popular poetry of Finland and Servia has been more than once pointed out. In both cases the utterance of races that failed to reach the front in the struggle for existence, the resemblance of the two bodies of folk-song is noticeable when we consider their spirit alone, and is made still more noticeable by their common employment of an unrhymed trochaic verse. This work in Servian poetry is also significant because it was the direct inspiration of Runeberg's 'Idyll och Epigram,' a collection of short original pieces in the same manner. In 1831 the poet received a prize from the Swedish Academy for an epic composition called 'Grafven i Perrho' (The Grave in Perrho), and in the same year married the woman to whom he had so long been engaged. A university promotion also came to him, and he felt himself to be on the high-road to success. He soon became editor of a newspaper as well; and for it he wrote most of the critical essays and prose tales that occupy an honorable place among his collected writings. His stay in Helsingfors lasted until 1837; and during this period he published, besides the works already mentioned, 'Elgskyttarne' (The Elk Hunters),—a beautiful epic in hexameters, which more than once suggests Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea'; a second collection of 'Poems'; a comedy in verse entitled 'Friaren från Landet' (The Country Suitor); and the village idyl 'Hanna,' a love story in hexameters, with an exquisitely beautiful dedication to "the first love." In 1837, Runeberg's friends obtained for him a professorial appointment at the gymnasium of Borgå, a quiet country town on the Gulf of Finland, about thirty miles from Helsingfors. Here he remained for the last forty years of his life, and his biography from this time on is little more than an account of his successive publications. Externally, there is almost nothing to record beyond the promotions which finally gave to him the rectorship of the gymnasium (followed after a few years of service by a pension for life), and the trip to Sweden in 1851, which was the only occasion upon which the poet ever left his native Finland. He died May 6th, 1877, after having been in precarious health for several years.

Four years after his removal to Borgå, Runeberg published 'Julqvällen' (Christmas Eve), the last of his hexameter narratives,—a

somewhat less successful idyl than its predecessors. A more important work, also produced in 1841, is the narrative poem 'Nadeschda,' a study of Russian character and manners. It is written in a variety of unrhymed measures, and tells of the love of a nobleman for a beautiful serf. In this work, and those that follow, the powers of the poet have outgrown the somewhat close limitations of the idyl, and seek to bring deeper and more tragic themes within their grasp. In 'Nadeschda' we have for essential subject-matter the struggle between the institution of serfdom and the freedom of the individual. In a still nobler poem, 'Kung Fjalar' (1845), we have the conflict between the will of man and the inscrutable purposes of the gods, presented in the spirit, although not in the form, of a Greek tragedy: an 'Antigone' or an 'Œdipus Rex.' It is a poem in five cantos of four-line unrhymed stanzas, telling how the king, defiant of the gods, orders his infant daughter to be thrown into the sea, that he may avert the doom that has been prophesied to come upon his race through the child. But the child is rescued, and taken to the Ossianic kingdom of Morven, where she grows to be a beautiful woman. Twenty years later, King Fjalar's son conquers Morven, and bears away the maiden as his bride. On the voyage homeward she tells him the story of her rescue from the sea: and he, filled with horror when he realizes that his bride is his sister, slays both her and himself. The old king, conquered at last by fate, puts an end to his life, finally recognizing the existence of a power higher than his own.

The poems thus far described, together with a third volume of short pieces, bring us to the year 1848, when was published the first part of 'Fänrik Ståls Sägner' (the Tales of Ensign Stål), Runeberg's greatest work. The second part bears the date of 1860. This collection of poems, thirty-four in number (besides one that was suppressed for personal reasons), deals with episodes of the war which ended with the annexation of Finland to Russia. The several poems are supposed to be related by a veteran of the war to an eager youth who comes day after day and hangs upon the lips of the story-teller. They are tales of a heroic age still fresh in the recollection of the poet's hearers, tales of famous battles and individual exploits, of historical personages and obscure peasants united by a common devotion and a common sacrifice, of the maiden who is consoled for her lover's death by the thought that his life was given for his fatherland, and of the boy who is impatient to grow up that he too may give himself to his country's cause. The poems are dramatic, pathetic, even humorous by turn; breathing a strain of the purest patriotism, and flowing in numbers so musical that they fix themselves forever in the memory. And besides all this, they are so simple in form and vocabulary that they reach the heart of the unlettered as well as of the

cultured; so deep in their sympathy with the elementary joys and griefs of human-kind that they found a widely responsive echo from the beginning, and still constitute the most treasured possession of Swedish literature. Indeed, the first poem of them all, 'Vårt Land' (Our Country) became at once, and has ever since remained, the national song of both Finn and Swede, bound together by the genius of the poet in a closer union than the old political tie. A close reproduction of the form of this poem, and perhaps something of its beauty as well, may be found in the following translation of its closing stanzas:—

«Here all about us lies this land,
Our eyes may see it here;
We have but to stretch forth our hand,
And blithely point to sea and strand,
And say, Behold this land so near,
Our fatherland so dear.

«And were we called to dwell on high,
Of heaven's own blue made free,
To dance with stars that deck the sky,
Where falls no tear, and breathes no sigh,—
We still should yearn, poor though it be,
This land of ours to see.

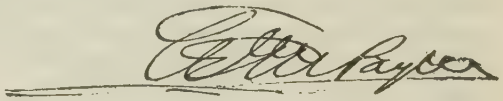
«O land! thou thousand-lakèd land,
With song and virtue clad,
On life's wild sea our own safe strand,
Land of our past, our future's land,
If thou art poor, yet be not sad,—
Be joyous, blithe, and glad.

«Yet shall thy flower in beauty ope
Its petals without stain;
Our love shall with thy darkness cope,
And be thy light, thy joy, thy hope,
And this our patriotic strain
To nobler heights attain.»

This song Mr. Gosse declares to be «one of the noblest strains of patriotic verse ever indited; it lifts Runeberg at once to the level of Callinus or Campbell,—to the first rank of poets in whom art and ardor, national sentiment and power of utterance, are equally blended.»

The works remaining to be mentioned include a volume of 'Smärre Berättelser' (Short Stories: 1854), the sixty-odd hymns written for the official Lutheran hymn-book of Finland, and the two plays, 'Kan Ej' (Cannot: 1862) and 'Kungarne på Salamis' (The

Kings at Salamis: 1863). The former of these plays is a sentimental domestic comedy in two acts, and in rhymed verse. The latter is a five-act tragedy written upon a Greek theme in the classical manner, and in iambic hexameter verse. It was the last work of any importance published by Runeberg, and one of the noblest of all his works, worthily crowning a great career.



ENSIGN STÅL

I took such books as first I found,
  Merely to while the time along;
Which written by no name renowned,
  Treated of Finland's war and wrong;—
'Twas simply stitched, and as by grace,
Had 'mid bound volumes found a place;—

And in my room, with little heed,
  The pages carelessly surveyed,
And all by chance began to read
  Of noble Savolak's brigade.
I read a page, then word by word,
My heart unto its depths was stirred.

I saw a people who could hold
  The loss of all, save honor, light;
A troop, 'mid hunger-pangs and cold,
  Yet still victorious in the fight.
On, on from page to page I sped,
I could have kissed the words I read.

In danger's hour, in battle's scathe,
  What courage showed this little band;
What patriot love, what matchless faith
  Didst thou inspire, poor native land;
What generous, steadfast love was born
In those thou fed'st on bark and corn!

Into new realms my fancy broke
  Where all a magic influence bore,
And in my heart a life awoke
  Whose rapture was unknown before

As if on wings the day careered,
But oh! how short the book appeared!

With close of day the book was done,
Yet was my spirit all aglow:
Much yet remained to ponder on,
Much to inquire about and know,
Much yet of darkness wrapped the whole;
I went to seek old Cornet Stål.

He sat, as oft he sat before,
Busily bending o'er his net
And at the opening of the door,
A glance displeased my coming met;
It seemed as though his thought might say,
"Is there no peace by night or day!"

But mischief from my mind was far,—
I came in very different mood:
"I've read of Finland's latest war—
And in my veins runs Finnish blood!
To hear yet more I am on fire:
Pray can you tell what I desire?"

Thus spoke I, and the aged man
Amazed his netting laid aside;
A flush passed o'er his features wan
As if of ancient martial pride:
"Yes," said he, "I can witness bear,
If so you will, for I was there!"

His bed of straw my seat became,
And he began with joy to tell
Of Malm and Duncker's soul of flame,
And even deeds which theirs excel.
Bright was his eye and clear his brow,
His noble look is with me now.

Full many a bloody day he'd seen;
Had shared much peril and much woe;
In conquest, in defeat, had been,—
Defeat whose wounds no cure can know.
Much which the world doth quite forget
Lay in his faithful memory yet.

I listening sat, but naught I said,
And every word fell on my heart;

And half the night away had fled,
Before I rose from him to part.
The threshold reached, he made a stand,
And pressed with joy my willing hand.

Since then, no better joy he had,
Than when he saw me by his side;
Together mourned we or were glad,
Together smoked as friends long tried.
He was in years, I in life's spring;
A student I, he more than king!

The tales which now I tell in song,
Through many a long and silent night,
Fell from the old man's faltering tongue
Beside the peat-fire's feeble light.
They speak what all may understand:
Receive them, thou dear native land.

Howitt's Translation.

THE VILLAGE GIRL

From 'Fänrik Ståls Sägner'

THE sun went down and evening came, the quiet summer even;
A mass of glowing purple lay between the farms and heaven;
A weary troop of men went by, their day's hard labor done,—
Tired and contented, towards their home they wended one by one.

Their work was done, their harvest reaped, a goodly harvest truly!
A well-appointed band of foes all slain or captured newly;
At dawn against this armèd band they had gone forth to fight,
And all had closed in victory before the fall of night.

Close by the field where all day long the hard hot strife was raging,
A cottage by the wayside stood, half-desolate and aging;
And on its worn low steps there sat a silent girl, and mused
And watched the troop come slowly by, in weary line confused.

She looked like one who sought a friend,—she scanned each man's face nearly;
High burned the color in her cheek, too high for sunset merely;
She sat so quiet, looked so warm, so flushed with secret heat,
It seemed she listened as she gazed, and felt her own heart beat.

But as she saw the troop march by, and darkness round them stealing,
To every file, to every man, her anxious eye appealing
Seemed muttering in a shy distress a question without speech,
More silent than a sigh itself, too anguished to beseech.

But when the men had all gone past, and not a word was spoken,
The poor girl's courage failed at last, and all her strength was broken.
She wept not loud, but on her hand her weary forehead fell,
And large tears followed one by one as from a burning well.

"Why dost thou weep? For hope may break just where the gloom is deepest!
O daughter, hear thy mother's voice: a needless tear thou weepest;
He whom thy eyes were seeking for, whose face thou couldst not see,
He is not dead: he thought of love, and still he lives for thee.

"He thought of love: I counseled him to shield himself from danger;
I taught him how to slip the fight, and leave them like a stranger;
By force they made him march with them,—but weep not, rave not thus:
I know he will not choose to die from happy life and us."

Shivering the maiden rose like one whom awful dreams awaken,—
As if some grim foreboding all her soul in her had shaken:
She lingered not; she sought the place where late had raged the fight,
And stole away and swiftly fled and vanished out of sight.

An hour went by, another hour; the night had closed around her;
The moon-shot clouds were silver-white, but darkness hung below them.
"She lingers long: O daughter, come; thy toil is all in vain:
To-morrow, ere the dawn is red, thy bridegroom's here again!"

The daughter came; with silent steps she came to meet her mother:
The pallid eyelids strained no more with tears she fain would smother;
But colder than the wind at night the hand that mother pressed,
And whiter than a winter cloud the maiden's cheek and breast.

"Make me a grave, O mother dear: my days on earth are over!
The only man that fled to-day—that coward—was my lover:
He thought of me and of himself, the battle-field he scanned,
And then betrayed his brothers' hope and shamed his father's land.

«When past our door the troop marched by, and I their ranks had numbered,
I wept to think that like a man among the dead he slumbered;
I sorrowed, but my grief was mild — it had no bitter weight —
I would have lived a thousand years to mourn his noble fate.

«O mother, I have looked for him where'er the dead are lying,
But none of all the stricken bears his features, calm in dying.
Now will I live no more on earth in shame to sit and sigh;
He lies not there among the dead, and therefore I will die.»

Translation of Edmund W. Gosse.

THE OLD MAN'S RETURN

LIKE birds of passage, after winter's days returning
To lake-land home and rest,
I come now unto thee, my foster-valley, yearning
For long-lost childhood's rest.

Full many a sea since then from thy dear strands has torn me,
And many a chilly year;
Full many a joy since then those far-off lands have borne me,
And many a bitter tear.

Here am I back once more. — Great heaven! there stands the dwelling
Which erst my cradle bore,
The selfsame sound, bay, grove, and hilly range upswelling:
My world in days of yore.

All as before. Trees in the selfsame verdant dresses
With the same crowns are crowned;
The tracts of heaven, and all the woodland's far recesses
With well-known songs resound.

There with the crowd of flower-nymphs still the wave is playing,
As erst so light and sweet;
And from dim wooded aits I hear the echoes straying
Glad youthful tones repeat.

All as before. But my own self no more remaineth,
Glad valley! as of old;
My passion quenched long since, no flame my cheek retaineth,
My pulse now beateth cold.

I know not how to prize the charms that thou possessest,
Thy lavish gifts of yore;
What thou through whispering brooks or through thy flowers expressest,
I understand no more.

Dead is mine ear to harp-strings which thy gods are ringing
From out thy streamlet clear;
No more the elfin hosts, all frolicsome and singing,
Upon the meads appear.

I went so rich, so rich from thee, my cottage lowly,
So full of hopes untold;
And with me feelings, nourished in thy shadows holy,
That promised days of gold.

The memory of thy wondrous springtimes went beside me,
And of thy peaceful ways,
And thy good spirits, borne within me, seemed to guide me,
E'en from my earliest days.

And what have I brought back from yon world wide and dreary?
A snow-incumbered head,
A heart with sorrow sickened and with falsehood weary,
And longing to be dead.

I crave no more of all that once was in my keeping,
Dear mother! but one thing:
Grant me a grave, where still thy fountain fair is weeping,
And where thy poplars spring!

So shall I dream on, mother! to thy calm breast owing
A faithful shelter then,
And live in every floweret, from mine ashes growing,
A guiltless life again.

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

THE SWAN

From cloud with purple-sprinkled rim,
A swan, in calm delight,
Sank down upon the river's brim,
And sang in June, one night.

Of Northlands' beauty was his song,
How glad their skies, their air:

How day forgets, the whole night long,
To go to rest out there;

How shadows there, both rich and deep,
'Neath birch and alder fall;
How gold-beams o'er each inlet sweep,
How cool the billows all;

How fair it is, how passing fair,
To own there one true friend!
How faithfulness is home-bred there,
And thither longs to wend!

When thus from wave to wave his note,
His simple praise-song rang,
Swift fawned he on his fond mate's throat,
And thus, methought, he sang:—

What more? though of thy life's short dream
No tales the ages bring,
Yet hast thou loved on Northlands' stream,
And sung songs there in spring!

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

THE WORK-GIRL

Oh, if with church bells ringing clear,
I did but stand in feast-day gear,
And saw the night and darkness fly,
And Sunday's lovely dawn draw nigh!

For then my weekly toil were past;
To matins I might go at last,
And meet him by the church-yard, too,
Who missed his friend the whole week through.

There long beforehand does he bide
Alone upon the church bank's side,
And scans across the marshes long
The sledges' and the people's throng.

And she for whom he looks am I;
The crowds increase, the troop draws nigh,
When 'midst them I am seen to stand,
And gladly reach to him my hand.

Now, merry cricket, sing thy lay
Until the wick is burnt away,
And I may to my bed repair
And dream about my sweetheart there.

I sit and spin, but cannot get
Half through the skein of wool as yet;
When I shall spin it out, God knows,
Or when the tardy eve will close!

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

MY LIFE

STRUGGLING o'er an open grave,
Sailing o'er an angry wave,
Toiling on with aimless aim,
Oh, my life, I name thy name!

Longing fills the sailor's soul,
Seas before his eyesight roll,—
"Lo, behind yon purple haze
Higher sights shall meet my gaze.

"I shall near a better strand,
Light and freedom's happy land."—
Swelled the sail, expectance laughed,
Towards the boundless sped the craft.

Struggling o'er an open grave,
Sailing o'er an angry wave,
Toiling on with aimless aim,—
O my life, I name thy name!

Ah, the haven calm and clear,
Peace of heart in bygone year,
Hope's gold coast, ah! hidden spot.
Never reached, and ne'er forgot!

Billows check the sailor's course,
Overhead the tempest hoarse:
Still is yonder purple haze
Far as ever from his gaze!

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

IDYLL

HOME the maid came from her lover's meeting,
Came with reddened hands. The mother questioned,
"Wherewith have thy hands got reddened, Maiden?"
Said the maiden, "I have plucked some roses,
And upon the thorns my hands have wounded."

She again came from her lover's meeting,
Came with crimson lips. The mother questioned.
"Wherewith have thy lips got crimson, Maiden?"
Said the maiden, "I have eaten strawberries,
And my lips I with their juice have painted."

She again came from her lover's meeting,
Came with pallid cheeks. The mother questioned,
"Wherewith are thy cheeks so pallid, Maiden?"
Said the maiden, "Make a grave, O mother!
Hide me there, and place a cross thereover,
And cut on the cross what now I tell thee:—

"'Once she came home, and her hands were reddened,
For betwixt her lover's hands they reddened.
Once she came home, and her lips were crimson,
'Neath her lover's lips they had grown crimson.
Last she came home, and her cheeks were pallid,
For they blanched beneath her lover's treason.'"

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

COUNSELS

COUNSELS three the mother gave her daughter:
Not to sigh, and not be discontented,
And to kiss no young man whatsoever.
Mother, if thy daughter trespass never,
Trespass never 'gainst your last-named counsel,
She will trespass 'gainst the first two, surely.

Translation of Palmer and Magnusson.

nothing to love, nothing to endure of either pain, patience, or misery, nothing taught him in a social way, no independence of action, and no responsibility. At fourteen Mr. Telford, one of his father's partners in the wine trade, gave him a copy of Rogers's 'Italy' with Turner's illustrations; and his parents forever after held Mr. Telford personally responsible for the art tastes of the son. They had predestined him to the Church. "He might have been a bishop," was the elder Ruskin's sigh.

His study of art practically began with an admiration for Turner. He knew a great deal about nature, and had met his great passion, the Alps, before he was twenty; and he had also studied drawing under Runciman, Copley Fielding, and Harding. His earliest writings were poetical; and as an Oxford student he wrote the pretty story, 'The King of the Golden River' (1841), besides making some contributions to magazine literature: but his first important effort was when as the Oxford graduate he put forth the first volume of 'Modern Painters' (1843). Ostensibly this was an inquiry into the object and means of landscape painting, the spirit which should govern its production, the appearances of nature, the discussion of what is true in art as revealed by nature; but in reality it was a defense of Turner at the expense of almost every other landscape painter, ancient or modern. It came at a time when people knew very little about art, and thought it a mystery understood only by the priests of the craft; but Mr. Ruskin burst the door wide open, and talked about the contents of the high altar in a language that any one could understand. It was an energetic and eloquent statement of what he believed to be truth. From his studies of nature he came to think that truth was the one and only desideratum in art; and the whole argument and illustration of 'Modern Painters' is hinged upon nature-truth and its appearance in the works of Turner. It was nearly twenty years before the five volumes of the work were completed, and during that time Mr. Ruskin's views had broadened and changed, so that there is something of contradiction in the volumes; but it to-day stands as his most forceful work. Philosophical it is not, because lacking in system; scientific it is not, because lacking in fundamental principles. The logic of it is often weak, the positiveness of statement often annoying, the digressions and side issues often wearisome; yet with all this it contains some of his keenest observations on nature, his most suggestive conceits, and his most brilliant prose passages. It made something of a sensation, and Mr. Ruskin came into prominence at once.

While 'Modern Painters' was being written, he made frequent journeys to Switzerland to study the Alps, and to Italy to study the old Italian masters. From being at first a naturalist and a prophet

of modernity, he soon became an admirer of Gothic and Renaissance art. Turner and Fra Angelico were almost antithetical. He tried to reconcile them on the principle of their truthfulness; but one had put forth an individual truth, the other a symbolic truth, and Mr. Ruskin never brought them together without the appearance of incongruity. The more he studied Italian painting, the more he became impregnated with the moral and the religious in art. In a letter he has put it down that what is wanted in English art is a "total change of character. It is Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Angelico that you want and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has — I can't say breathed, but steamed, its last." The moral element and the sincerity of fifteenth-century work quite captivated him, and he began to fail in sympathy for modern products. He started the hopeless task of turning the art world backward, and reviving the truth and faith of the early Italians. But the world never turns backward successfully. Italian art was good art because it did not turn backward; because it revealed its own time and people, and was imbued with the spirit of its age. That spirit died with the Renaissance. The nineteenth century could not revive it. It had a spirit of its own which it revealed, and which Mr. Ruskin opposed all his life. It was not moral enough or reverent enough or true enough; in short, it was not like the old, and therefore it was wrong.

About 1850 the Pre-Raphaelites began to attract attention. They were not followers of Mr. Ruskin, though they were a part of the new movement which he more than any other man had started. His advice to go to nature — selecting nothing, rejecting nothing, scorning nothing — had been accepted by many landscapists, and it undoubtedly somewhat affected the Pre-Raphaelites. He defended their work against popular ridicule in his spirited 'Pre-Raphaelitism' (1851); and tried to show that they and Turner were on the same naturalistic basis, and that his old ideas of nature and his new ideas of Italian art were not contradictory. In principle he seemed to have eliminated the personal equation (the dominant factor in nineteenth-century art); and what really attracted him in Pre-Raphaelitism was the combination of literal detail with the imitated sincerity of the early Italians. The Pre-Raphaelites as a body soon drifted apart; and Mr. Ruskin's teaching, as regards their work, was condemned as impractical and impossible. It did not reckon with the nineteenth-century spirit.

Painting alone was not sufficient to occupy so active and many-sided an intellect; and Mr. Ruskin's first twenty years of authorship produced many books on many subjects. He wrote on the Alps, published his 'Poems' (1850), reviewed books, issued 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds' (1851),—the misleading title of a plea for

church unity in England,—and wrote his 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1849) and his 'Stones of Venice' (1850–53). The last-named work is not a manual of history or a traveler's guide; but the expression of Mr. Ruskin's ideas of life, society, and nationality as shown in architecture. The ideas are somewhat smothered by beautiful language, and many side issues in parenthesis; but they are at least original, and the result of his own observations. He spent much time and labor in Venice taking measurements and trying to reconcile conflicting styles on a single basis; but the task was too colossal. Venetian architecture is a medley of all styles. Mr. Ruskin did what he could, and the 'Stones of Venice' was the result. It excited opposition and was sharply attacked. He had been too erratic, too rhetorical, too violently independent of architectural laws; but at least he had explained Gothic architecture in a new way, and made an impression on the lay mind. Other works on art came out one by one: the 'Elements of Drawing' (1857), the 'Political Economy of Art' (1857), the 'Elements of Perspective' (1859), and yearly 'Notes on the Royal Academy'; but Mr. Ruskin's art teaching was practically summed up in 'Modern Painters,' the 'Seven Lamps,' and the 'Stones of Venice.' His other art writings were desultory, scattered, lacking in plan and unity. At forty years of age his career as an art critic closed, though he never ceased to write about art until he ceased writing altogether; but after 1860 he became interested in the human problem, and his mind turned to political economy.

As an art critic Mr. Ruskin was never unreservedly accepted. He felt aggrieved that his readers cared more for the "pretty passages" in the second volume of 'Modern Painters' than for the ideas; but his readers were more than half right. Criticism calls for more of the calm philosophical spirit than Mr. Ruskin ever possessed. All his life he was not so much a judge as a partisan advocate, an enthusiast,—a man praising indiscriminately where he admired, and condemning indiscriminately where he lacked sympathy. His passion of praise, his vehemence of attack, his brilliancy of style, attracted and still attract attention; but the feeling that they are too brilliant to be true underlies all. Nevertheless, the multiplicity and clearness of his ideas are astonishing, and their stimulating power incalculable. To-day one may disagree with him at every page and yet be the gainer by the opposition excited. No writer of our times has been quite so helpful by suggestion. Moreover, many of his ideas are true and sound. It is only his art teaching as a whole to which objection may be taken. This is thought to be too erratic, too inconsiderate of existing conditions,—in other words, too impractical.

The services which Mr. Ruskin rendered humanity as an art writer should not, however, be overlooked. First, he brought art

positively and permanently before the public, explained it to the average intelligence, and created a universal interest in it by subjecting it to inquiry. Secondly, he elevated the rank and relative importance of the artist, and showed that he was a most useful factor in civilization. Many of the artists who are to-day sneering at Mr. Ruskin for some hasty opinion uttered in anger, appreciate but poorly what a great preacher and priest for the craft he has been, and what importance his winged words have given to art in this nineteenth century. Thirdly, though he did not make Turner, yet he made the public look at him; and though he did not discover Italian art, he turned people's eyes toward it. Before Mr. Ruskin's utterances, Giotto and Botticelli and Carpaccio and Tintoretto were practically unknown and unseen. Mr. Ruskin was the pioneer of Renaissance art study; and though modern critics may have much amusement over his occasional false attribution of a picture, they should not forget that when Mr. Ruskin went to Italy in the 1840's there was no established body of Italian art criticism to lean upon. He stood quite alone; and the wonder is not that he made so many mistakes, but that he made so few. Generally speaking, his estimate of Italian art was just enough, and his appreciations of certain men well founded.

But Mr. Ruskin's greatest discovery has been picturesque nature; and for that, humanity is more indebted to him than for anything else. Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron had dabbled in nature beauty in a romantic associative way; but Ruskin, following them and in a measure their pupil, began its elaborate study. To enforce his argument for truth in art, he drew for illustration truth in nature. With rare knowledge, keenness of observation, and facility in description, he displayed the wonder-world of clouds, skies, mountains, trees, grasses, waters, holding them up in all their colors, lights, shadows, and atmospheric settings. In youth his predilection for mountain forms, rock structure, crystals, and scientific facts was well marked; and in his art writings his sympathy is always with the landscape at the expense of the figure composition. Indeed, it was to prove Turner true to nature that he first began writing upon art; and his most profound studies have been in the field of natural phenomena. Well trained and specially equipped for this field, he pointed out the beauties of nature in the infinitely little and the infinitely great with such masterful insight and skill that people followed him willy-nilly. Almost instantly he created a nature cult — a worship of beauty in things inanimate. People's eyes were opened to the glories of the world about them. They have not been closed since; and the study of nature is with succeeding generations a growing passion and an unwearying source of pleasurable good. Mr. Ruskin is to be thanked for it. This great service alone should more than counterbalance in

popular judgment any artistic or political vagaries into which he may have fallen.

About 1860, as already noted, his art and nature studies were pushed aside by what he thought more urgent matter. His moral sense and intense humanity went out to the workingmen of England, and he courageously devoted the rest of his life to an attempt to better their condition. This was the natural leaning of his mind. He was always an intensely sensitive and sympathetic man, with moral ideas of truth, justice, and righteousness opposed to the ideas of his times. He should have been a bishop, as his parents desired, or a preacher at least; for he had the Savonarola equipment. Denunciation and invective were his most powerful weapons; and lacking a pulpit, he now sent forth letters against the prevailing social system, written as eloquently as though he were describing sunsets and Alpine peaks. His 'Unto this Last' (1860), "the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written," was followed by 'Munera Pulveris' (1862–63), 'Time and Tide' (1867), and 'Fors Clavigera' (1871–84). These books contain the substance of his political economy, which is as impossible to epitomize as his art teachings. It was written for the workingmen of England, but it shot over their heads; and is moreover marked by inconsistencies, the result of Mr. Ruskin's changing views and waning strength—for much of his work in the 1880's is hectic and spasmodic from pain of mind and body. He believed in a mild form of socialism or collectivism,—a pooling of interests, a stopping of competition, and a doing away of interest upon money. So earnest was he in his beliefs that he did not write only, but strove for practical results. He established St. George's Guild, the Sheffield museum, an agricultural community, a tea store, and a factory. He even had the streets of London swept clean to show that it could be done, and lent a helping hand wherever he could. Like Tolstoi, he tried to live his beliefs; but British materialism was too strong for him. After giving away his whole fortune, upwards of £200,000, he had to stop; broken physically and mentally as well as financially. His political economy was not a success practically, but no one who loves his fellow-man will ever cast a stone at him for it. It was a noble effort to benefit humanity.

During all the years of his political-economy struggles, his restless mind and pen found many other fields in which to labor. He lectured at Oxford; wrote 'Sesame and Lilies' (1865), a series of miscellaneous essays; 'Ethics of the Dust' (1866), lectures on crystallization; 'The Crown of Wild Olive' (1866), three lectures on work, traffic, and war; 'The Queen of the Air' (1869), a study of Greek myths of cloud and storm; 'Aratra Pentelici' (1872), on the elements of sculpture; 'Love's Meinie' (1873); 'Ariadne Florentina' (1873); 'Val d'Arno'

(1874); 'Mornings in Florence' (1875–7); 'Proserpina' (1875–86); 'Deucalion' (1875–83); 'St. Mark's Rest' (1877–84); 'The Bible of Amiens' (1880–5); 'The Art of England' (1883); and a vast quantity of lectures, addresses, letters, catalogues, prefaces, and notes. In sheer bulk alone this work was enormous. Finally body and mind both failed him; and the last thing he wrote, 'Præterita,' his autobiography, was done at intervals of returning strength after severe illnesses.

Mr. Ruskin has stated that his literary work was "always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, and touched them finally with my cunningest points of color." His poems are all youthful and of small consequence. His prose is marked by two styles. The first is dramatic, vehement, rhetorical, full of imagery, some over-exuberance of language, and long-drawn sentences. This is the style of 'Modern Painters' and the 'Seven Lamps.' After 1860, when he took up political writing, he strove for more simplicity; and his 'Fors Clavigera' is an excellent example of his more moderate style. But he never attained reserve either in thinking or in writing. It was not in his temperament. He had almost everything else — purity, elasticity, dramatic force, wit, passion, imagination, nobility. In addition his vocabulary was almost limitless, his rhythm and flow of sentences almost endless, his brilliancy in illustration, description, and argument almost exhaustless. Indeed, his facility in language has been fatal only too often to his logic and philosophy. Words and their limpid flow ran away with his sobriety, lusciousness in illustration and heaped-up imagery led him into rambling sentences, and the long reverberating roll of numbers at the close of his chapters often smacks of the theatre. Alliteration and assonance, the use of the adjective in description, the antithesis in argument, the climax in dramatic effect, — all these Mr. Ruskin well understood and used with powerful effect.

How he came by his style would be difficult to determine. He said he got it from the Bible and Carlyle: but he was a part of the romantic, poetic, and Catholic revival in this century; and Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Newman, Tennyson, Carlyle, were influences upon him. The impetuosity of romanticism was his heritage; and the great bulk of his writing is headlong, feverish, brilliant as a meteor, but self-consuming. His prose cannot be judged by rules of rhetoric or composition, any more than the pictures of Turner can be measured by the academic yard-stick. They both defy rules and measurements. 'Modern Painters' and the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus' blaze with arbitrary color, and are in parts false in tone, value, and

perspective; yet behind each work there is the fire of genius — the energy of overpowering individuality. Mr. Ruskin's style is his creation as an artist, as distinguished from his exposition as a teacher; and perhaps it is as an artist in language that he will live longest in human memory.

A whole library of books on many subjects — art, science, history, poetry, ethics, theology, agriculture, education, economy — has come from his pen. Few even among the learned classes realize how much the nineteenth century owed to Mr. Ruskin for suggestion, stimulus, and hopeful inspiration in many fields. He taught several generations to see with their eyes, think with their minds, and work with their hands. And the beautiful language of that teaching will remain with many generations to come. He was in the right and he was in the wrong. Apples of discord and olive-branches of peace — he has planted both, and both have borne fruit; but the good outbalances the bad, the true outweighs the false.

John C. Van Dyke

ON WOMANHOOD

From 'Sesame and Lilies'

GENERALLY we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty — which is the expansion of the other — relating to the State. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.

Now, the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defense; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the State. The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

What the man is at his own gate, — defending it if need be against insult and spoil, that also, — not in a less but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country; leaving

his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare. . . .

It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady," which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws"; and both titles have reference not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household, but to law maintained for the multitude and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to this title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master himself; and when she is known, as he himself once was, in breaking of bread.

And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so: you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you;* and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

THE USES OF ORNAMENT

From 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture

WHAT is the place for ornament? Consider first that the characters of natural objects which the architect can represent are few and abstract. The greater part of those delights by which Nature recommends herself to man at all times cannot be conveyed by him into his imitative work. He cannot make his grass green and cool and good to rest upon, which in nature is its chief use to man; nor can he make his flowers tender and full of color and of scent, which in nature are their chief powers of giving joy. Those qualities which alone he can secure are certain severe characters of form, such as men only see in nature on deliberate examination, and by the full and set appliance of sight and thought: a man must lie down on the bank of grass on his breast and set himself to watch and penetrate the intertwining of it, before he finds that which is good to be gathered by the architect. So then while Nature is at all times pleasant to us, and while the sight and sense of her work may mingle happily with all our thoughts and labors and times of existence, that image of her which the architect carries away represents what we can only perceive in her by direct intellectual exertion; and demands from us, wherever it appears, an intellectual exertion of a similar kind in order to understand it and feel it. It is the written or sealed impression of a thing sought out; it is the shaped result of inquiry and bodily expression of thought.

Now let us consider for an instant what would be the effect of continually repeating an expression of a beautiful thought to any other of the senses, at times when the mind could not address that sense to the understanding of it. Suppose that in time of serious occupation, of stern business, a companion should repeat in our ears continually some favorite passage of poetry, over and over again all day long. We should not only soon be utterly sick and weary of the sound of it, but that sound would at the end of the day have so sunk into the habit of the ear, that the entire meaning of the passage would be dead to us, and it would ever thenceforward require some effort to fix and recover it. The music of it would not meanwhile have aided the business in hand, while its own delightfulness would thenceforward be in a measure destroyed. It is the same with every other

form of definite thought. If you violently present its expression to the senses, at times when the mind is otherwise engaged, that expression will be ineffective at the time, and will have its sharpness and clearness destroyed forever. Much more if you present it to the mind at times when it is painfully affected or disturbed, or if you associate the expression of pleasant thought with incongruous circumstances, you will affect that expression thenceforward with a painful color forever.

Apply this to expressions of thought received by the eye. Remember that the eye is at your mercy more than the ear. "The eye, it cannot choose but see." Its nerve is not so easily numbed as that of the ear, and it is often busied in tracing and watching forms when the ear is at rest. Now if you present lovely forms to it when it cannot call the mind to help it in its work, and among objects of vulgar use and unhappy position, you will neither please the eye nor elevate the vulgar object. But you will fill and weary the eye with the beautiful form, and you will infect that form itself with the vulgarity of the thing to which you have violently attached it. It will never be of much use to you any more: you have killed or defiled it; its freshness and purity are gone. You will have to pass it through the fire of much thought before you will cleanse it, and warm it with much love before it will revive.

Hence then a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common-sense,—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze; but do not use golden plowshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails; nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even so; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek moldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless, utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine

things; which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more. Many a pretty beading and graceful bracket there is in wood or stucco above our grocers' and cheesemongers' and hosiers' shops: how is it that the tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea and cheese and cloth; and that people come to them for their honesty, and their readiness, and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters on their house fronts? How pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesmen the capital they had spent in architecture, and putting them on honest and equal terms; each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop casement, with small panes in it that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be, how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers! It is curious, and it says little for our national probity on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths are to a candle.

But it will be said that much of the best wooden decoration of the Middle Ages was in shop fronts. No: it was in *house* fronts, of which the shop was a part, and received its natural and consistent portion of the ornament. In those days men lived, and intended to live, *by* their shops, and over them, all their days. They were contented with them and happy in them: they were their palaces and castles. They gave them therefore such decoration as made themselves happy in their own habitation, and they gave it for their own sake. The upper stories were always the richest; and the shop was decorated chiefly about the door, which belonged to the house more than to it. And when our tradesmen settle to their shops in the same way, and form no plans respecting future villa architecture, let their whole houses be decorated, and their shops too, but with a national and domestic decoration. However, our cities are for the most part too large to admit of contented dwelling in them throughout life: and I do not say there is harm in our present system of separating the shop from the dwelling-house; only where they are so

separated, let us remember that the only reason for shop decoration is removed, and see that the decoration be removed also.

Another of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railroad station. Now, if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived of that portion of temper and discretion which is necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. It is the very temple of discomfort; and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. The whole system of railroad traveling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are therefore, for the time being, miserable. No one would travel in that manner who could help it,—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks; at least those who would, have no sense of beauty so acute as that we need consult it at the station. The railroad is in all its relations a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveler into a living parcel. For the time, he has parted with the nobler characteristics of his humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything. You might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon: he will thank you for nothing else. All attempts to please him in any other way are mere mockery, and insults to the things by which you endeavor to do so. There never was more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads or near them. Keep them out of the way, take them through the ugliest country you can find, confess them the miserable things they are, and spend nothing upon them but for safety and speed. Give large salaries to efficient servants, large prices to good manufacturers, large wages to able workmen; let the iron be tough, and the brickwork solid, and the carriages strong. The time is perhaps not distant when these first necessities may not be easily met: and to increase expense in any other direction is madness. Better bury gold in the embankments than put it in ornaments on the stations. Will a single traveler be willing to pay an increased fare on the South-Western because the columns of the terminus are covered with patterns from Nineveh?—he will only care less for the Ninevite ivories in the British Museum: or on the North-Western, because there are Old-English-looking spandrels to the roof of the station at

Crewe?—he will only have less pleasure in their prototypes at Crewe House. Railroad architecture has, or would have, a dignity of its own if it were only left to its work. You would not put rings on the fingers of a smith at his anvil.

It is not however only in these marked situations that the abuse of which I speak takes place. There is hardly, at present, an application of ornamental work which is not in some sort liable to blame of the same kind. We have a bad habit of trying to disguise disagreeable necessities by some form of sudden decoration, which is in all other places associated with such necessities. I will name only one instance, that to which I have alluded before—the roses which conceal the ventilators in the flat roofs of our chapels. Many of those roses are of very beautiful design, borrowed from fine works: all their grace and finish are invisible when they are so placed, but their general form is afterwards associated with the ugly buildings in which they constantly occur; and all the beautiful roses of the early French and English Gothic, especially such elaborate ones as those of the triforium of Coutances, are in consequence deprived of their pleasurable influence, and this without our having accomplished the smallest good by the use we have made of the dishonored form. Not a single person in the congregation ever receives one ray of pleasure from those roof roses; they are regarded with mere indifference, or lost in the general impression of harsh emptiness.

Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our every-day life? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen; but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil. Put it in the drawing-room, not into the workshop; put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this matter, if they would only use and apply that sense; every man knows where and how beauty gives him pleasure, if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he

likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching, if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else; nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common-sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità; nor because it would be a folly to decorate the house fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament; for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So again, there is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labor of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that — so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?

LANDSCAPES OF THE POETS

From 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting'

Of course all good poetry descriptive of rural life is essentially pastoral, or has the effect of the pastoral, on the minds of men living in cities: but the class of poetry which I mean, and which you probably understand, by the term pastoral, is that in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a "nymph," and a farmer's boy as a "swain"; and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities. If you examine the literature of the past century, you will find that nearly all its expressions having reference to the country show something of this kind; either a foolish sentimentality or a

morbid fear, both of course coupled with the most curious ignorance. You will find all its descriptive expressions at once vague and monotonous. Brooks are always "purling"; birds always "warbling"; mountains always "lift their horrid peaks above the clouds"; vales always "are lost in the shadow of gloomy woods"; a few more distinct ideas about hay-making and curds and cream, acquired in the neighborhood of Richmond Bridge, serving to give an occasional appearance of freshness to the catalogue of the sublime and beautiful which descended from poet to poet; while a few true pieces of pastoral, like the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and Walton's 'Angler,' relieved the general waste of dullness. Even in these better productions, nothing is more remarkable than the general conception of the country merely as a series of green fields, and the combined ignorance and dread of more sublime scenery; of which the mysteries and dangers were enhanced by the difficulties of traveling at the period. Thus, in Walton's 'Angler' you have a meeting of two friends, one a Derbyshire man, the other a lowland traveler who is as much alarmed, and uses nearly as many expressions of astonishment, at having to go down a steep hill and ford a brook, as a traveler uses now at crossing the glacier of the Col de Geant. I am not sure whether the difficulties which until late years have lain in the way of peaceful and convenient traveling, ought not to have great weight assigned to them among the other causes of the temper of the century; but be that as it may, if you will examine the whole range of its literature — keeping this point in view — I am well persuaded that you will be struck most forcibly by the strange deadness to the higher sources of landscape sublimity which is mingled with the morbid pastoralism. The love of fresh air and green grass forced itself upon the animal natures of men; but that of the sublimer features of scenery had no place in minds whose chief powers had been repressed by the formalisms of the age. And although in the second-rate writers continually, and in the first-rate ones occasionally, you find an affectation of interest in mountains, clouds, and forests, yet whenever they write from their heart you will find an utter absence of feeling respecting anything beyond gardens and grass. Examine, for instance, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, the comedies of Molière, and the writings of Johnson and Addison, and I do not think you will find a single expression of true delight in sublime nature in any one of them. Perhaps Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' in its

total absence of sentiment on any subject but humanity, and its entire want of notice of anything at Geneva which might not as well have been seen at Coxwold, is the most striking instance I could give you; and if you compare with this negation of feeling on one side, the interludes of Molière, in which shepherds and shepherdesses are introduced in court dress, you will have a very accurate conception of the general spirit of the age.

It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvas of the spirit of the time Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition.

It was, however, altogether impossible that this state of things could long continue. The age which had buried itself in formalism grew weary at last of the restraint; and the approach of a new era was marked by the appearance, and the enthusiastic reception, of writers who took true delight in those wild scenes of nature which had so long been despised.

I think the first two writers in whom the symptoms of a change are strongly manifested are Mrs. Radcliffe and Rousseau; in both of whom the love of natural scenery, though mingled in the one case with what was merely dramatic, and in the other with much that was pitifully morbid or vicious, was still itself genuine and intense, differing altogether in character from any sentiments previously traceable in literature. And then rapidly followed a group of writers who expressed, in various ways, the more powerful or more pure feeling which had now become one of the strongest instincts of the age. Of these, the principal is your own Walter Scott. Many writers, indeed, describe nature more minutely and more profoundly; but none show in higher intensity the peculiar passion for what is majestic or lovely in *wild* nature, to which I am now referring. The whole of the poem of the 'Lady of the Lake' is written with almost a boyish enthusiasm for rocks, and lakes, and cataracts; the early novels show the same instinct in equal strength wherever he approaches Highland scenery: and the feeling is mingled, observe, with a most touching and affectionate appreciation of the Gothic architecture, in which alone he found the elements of natural beauty seized by art; so that to this day his descriptions of Melrose and Holy Island Cathedral in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' and 'Marmion,' as well as of the ideal abbeys in the 'Monastery'

and 'Antiquary,' together with those of Caerlaverock and Lochleven Castles in 'Guy Mannering' and 'The Abbot,' remain the staple possessions and text-books of all travelers,—not so much for their beauty or accuracy, as for their *exactly expressing that degree of feeling with which most men in this century can sympathize.*

THE THRONE

From the 'Stones of Venice'

In the olden days of traveling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when, from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveler beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw for the first time the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset,—hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent,—in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveler than that which, as I endeavored to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre. Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment; for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy: but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea; for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white

moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveler had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows: but at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north — a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveler's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces, each with its black boat moored at the portal, each with its image cast down beneath its feet upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi — that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry,

"Ah, Stali!" struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation,—it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless,—Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests,—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line; and though many of her palaces are for ever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins,—there is still so much of magic in her aspect that the hurried traveler, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation. They at least are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great charities of the imagination lie dead, and for whom the fancy has no power to repress the importunity of painful impressions, or to raise what is ignoble and disguise what is discordant in a scene so rich in its remembrances, so surpassing in its beauty. But for this work of the imagination there must be no permission during the task which is before us. The impotent feelings of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save, the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing flowers; and they must be torn away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood

in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects to which they ought to have been attached The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that "Bridge of Sighs" which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveler now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal,—that renowned entrance, the painter's favorite subject, the novelist's favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute,—the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the great city for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their gray hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them for ever. It must be our task to glean and gather them forth, and restore out of them some faint image of the lost city, more gorgeous a thousandfold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man; so that its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the city, but long denied her dominion. . . .

The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a

shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill-stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages. There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean; although the secret of its true position is partly, yet not painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed of gloomy green, except only where the larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and sombre plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea-water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building: but in order to know what it was once, let the traveler follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and

fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tideless pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questioning cry,—and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary seaport. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps; and the highest tides sometimes enter the court-yards, and overflow the entrance halls. Eighteen inches more of difference between the level of the flood and ebb would have rendered the doorsteps of every palace, at low water, a treacherous mass of weeds and limpets, and the entire system of water carriage for the higher classes, in their easy and daily intercourse, must have been done away with. The streets of the city would have been widened, its network of canals filled up, and all the peculiar character of the place and the people destroyed.

The reader may perhaps have felt some pain in the contrast between this faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne, and the romantic conception of it which we ordinarily form; but this pain, if he have felt it, ought to be more than counterbalanced by the value of the instance thus afforded to us at once of the inscrutableness and the wisdom of the ways of God. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the

slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters inclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth in world-wide pulsation the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. MARK'S

From the 'Stones of Venice'

A YARD or two farther we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle: and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply molded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the Bocca di Piazza, and then we forget them all: for between those pillars there opens a great light, and in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones; and on each side the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry,

as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them,—interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones,—jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss,"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life,—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars: until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss them

selves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats, not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd which if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble and fight and snarl and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised *centesimi* upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks towards the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the

Baptistery: let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly; and the light, and the turbulence of the Piazzetta, are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold and checkered with gloomy figures: in the centre is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs; a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light, that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls, from a window high in the wall—and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed: for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained; so that it might seem, but that it has some height above the pavement, to have been drawn towards the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early,—only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead for ever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp,—perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the centre of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep as if in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo; a man early great among the great of Venice, and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look round at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble; and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents: but all beautiful,—the ravaging fissures fretting their

way among the islands and channeled zones of the alabaster, and the time stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the color of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles,—one surrounded by the "principalities and powers in heavenly places," of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line—

"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,"—

and around the other the Apostles; Christ the centre of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire." Yes, verily: to be baptized with fire or to be cast therein,—it is the choice set before all men. The march notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning

ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels: the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal: the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the isles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble,—a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her "Mother of God,"—she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshipers scattered through the darker places of the church,—evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and for the most part profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures: but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then, rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms

given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church as if comforted.

But we must not hastily conclude from this that the nobler characters of the building have at present any influence in fostering a devotional spirit. There is distress enough in Venice to bring many to their knees, without excitement from external imagery; and whatever there may be in the temper of the worship offered in St. Mark's more than can be accounted for by reference to the unhappy circumstances of the city, is assuredly not owing either to the beauty of its architecture or to the impressiveness of the Scripture histories embodied in its mosaics. That it has a peculiar effect, however slight, on the popular mind, may perhaps be safely conjectured from the number of worshipers which it attracts, while the churches of St. Paul and the Frari, larger in size and more central in position, are left comparatively empty. But this effect is altogether to be ascribed to its richer assemblage of those sources of influence which address themselves to the commonest instincts of the human mind, and which, in all ages and countries, have been more or less employed in the support of superstition. Darkness and mystery; confused recesses of building; artificial light employed in small quantity, but maintained with a constancy which seems to give it a kind of sacredness; preciousness of material easily comprehended by the vulgar eye; close air loaded with a sweet and peculiar odor associated only with religious services, solemn music, and tangible idols or images having popular legends attached to them,—these, the stage properties of superstition, which have been from the beginning of the world, and must be to the end of it, employed by all nations, whether openly savage or nominally civilized, to produce a false awe in minds incapable of apprehending the true nature of the Deity, are assembled in St. Mark's to a degree, as far as I know, unexampled in any other European church. The arts of the Magus and the Brahmin are exhausted in the animation of a paralyzed Christianity; and the popular sentiment which these arts excite is to be regarded by us with no more respect than we should have considered ourselves justified in rendering to the devotion of the worshipers at Eleusis, Ellora, or Edfou.

Indeed, these inferior means of exciting religious emotion were employed in the ancient Church as they are at this day; but not employed alone. Torchlight there was, as there is now;

but the torchlight illumined Scripture histories on the walls, which every eye traced and every heart comprehended, but which, during my whole residence in Venice, I never saw one Venetian regard for an instant. I never heard from any one the most languid expression of interest in any feature of the church, or perceived the slightest evidence of their understanding the meaning of its architecture; and while therefore the English cathedral, though no longer dedicated to the kind of services for which it was intended by its builders, and much at variance in many of its characters with the temper of the people by whom it is now surrounded, retains yet so much of its religious influence that no prominent feature of its architecture can be said to exist altogether in vain, we have in St. Mark's a building apparently still employed in the ceremonies for which it was designed, and yet of which the impressive attributes have altogether ceased to be comprehended by its votaries. The beauty which it possesses is unfelt, the language it uses is forgotten; and in the midst of the city to whose service it has so long been consecrated, and still filled by crowds of the descendants of those to whom it owes its magnificence, it stands in reality more desolate than the ruins through which the sheep-walk passes unbroken in our English valleys; and the writing on its marble walls is less regarded and less powerful for the teaching of men than the letters which the shepherd follows with his finger, where the moss is lightest on the tombs in the desecrated cloister.

CALAIS SPIRE

From 'Modern Painters'

The essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it; as the ruggedness of a cottage roof possesses something of a mountain aspect, not belonging to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, — attributes which are both sublime; not a dominant expression, but one mingled with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of bolts and holes and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it,—putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace, yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days, but useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower: for in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We in England have our new street, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it,—a mere *specimen* of the Middle Ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which but for its size might as well be on the museum shelf at once, under cover. But on the Continent the links are unbroken between the past and present, and in such use as they can serve for, the gray-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while in unbroken line the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretense, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because

usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.

And I am sorry to say that the opposition is most distinct in that noble carelessness as to what people think of it. Once, on coming from the Continent, almost the first inscription I saw in my native English was this:—

"To Let, a Genteel House up this road"

And it struck me forcibly, for I had not come across the idea of gentility, among the upper limestones of the Alps, for seven months; nor do I think that the Continental nations in general *have* the idea. They would have advertised a "pretty" house, or a "large" one, or a "convenient" one; but they could not, by any use of the terms afforded by their several languages, have got at the English "genteel." Consider a little all the meanness that there is in that epithet, and then see, when next you cross the Channel, how scornful of it that Calais spire will look.

Of which spire the largeness and age are also opposed exactly to the chief appearances of modern England, as one feels them on first returning to it: that marvelous smallness both of houses and scenery, so that a plowman in the valley has his head on a level with the tops of all the hills in the neighborhood; and a house is organized into complete establishment — parlor, kitchen, and all, with a knocker to its door, and a garret window to its roof, and a bow to its second story — on a scale of twelve feet wide by fifteen high, so that three such at least would go into the granary of any ordinary Swiss cottage; and also our serenity of perfection, our peace of conceit, everything being done that vulgar minds can conceive as wanting to be done; the spirit of well-principled housemaids everywhere exerting itself for perpetual propriety and renovation,— so that nothing is old, but only "old-fashioned," and contemporary, as it were, in date and impressiveness, only with last year's bonnets. Abroad, a building of the eighth or tenth century stands ruinous in the open street; the children play round it, the peasants heap their corn in it, the buildings of yesterday nestle about it, and fit their new stones into its rents, and tremble in sympathy as it trembles. No one wonders at it, or thinks of it as separate, and of another time; we feel the ancient world to be a real thing, and one with the new: antiquity is no dream; it is rather the children playing

about the old stones that are the dream. But all is continuous, and the words "from generation to generation" understandable there. Whereas here we have a living present, consisting merely of what is "fashionable" and "old-fashioned"; and a past of which there are no vestiges; a past which peasant or citizen can no more conceive — all equally far away — Queen Elizabeth as old as Queen Boadicea, and both incredible. At Verona we look out of Can Grande's window to his tomb; and if he does not stand beside us, we feel only that he is in the grave instead of the chamber,— not that he is *old*, but that he might have been beside us last night. But in England the dead are dead to purpose. One cannot believe they ever were alive, or anything else than what they are now,— names in schoolbooks.

Then that spirit of trimness. The smooth paving-stones; the scraped, hard, even, rutless roads; the neat gates and plates, and essence of border and order, and spikiness and spruceness. Abroad, a country-house has some confession of human weakness and human fates about it. There are the old grand gates still, which the mob pressed sore against at the Revolution, and the strained hinges have never gone so well since; and the broken greyhound on the pillar — still broken — better so: but the long avenue is gracefully pale with fresh green, and the court-yard bright with orange-trees: the garden is a little run to waste,— since Mademoiselle was married nobody cares much about it; and one range of apartments is shut up,— nobody goes into them since Madame died. But with us, let who will be married or die, we neglect nothing. All is polished and precise again next morning; and whether people are happy or miserable, poor or prosperous, still we sweep the stairs of a Saturday.

Now, I have insisted long on this English character, because I want the reader to understand thoroughly the opposite element of the noble picturesque; its expression, namely, of *suffering*, of *poverty*, or *decay*, nobly endured by unpretending strength of heart. Nor only unpretending, but unconscious. If there be visible pensiveness in the building, as in a ruined abbey, it becomes, or claims to become, beautiful; but the picturesqueness is in the unconscious suffering,— the look that an old laborer has, not knowing that there is anything pathetic in his gray hair and withered arms and sunburnt breast: and thus there are the two extremes,— the consciousness of pathos in the confessed ruin, which may or may not be beautiful, according to the kind of it;

and the entire denial of all human calamity and care, in the swept proprieties and neatness of English modernism: and between these there is the unconscious confession of the facts of distress and decay, in by-words; the world's hard work being gone through all the while, and no pity asked for nor contempt feared. And this is the expression of that Calais spire, and of all picturesque things, in so far as they have mental or human expression at all.

THE FRIBOURG DISTRICT, SWITZERLAND

From 'Modern Painters'

I DO not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate this power of the expectant imagination, than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg in Switzerland, extending from it towards Berne. It is of gray sandstone, considerably elevated, but presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveler; so that, as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation than that of weariness, all the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendor of the Bernese Oberland. The traveler, footsore, feverish, and satiated with glacier and precipice, lies back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes cultivated and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame country the justice of staying in it a few days until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it. It is, as I said, an undulating district of gray sandstone, never attaining any considerable height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale; elevated also just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges. Through this elevated tract the river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of, until its edge is approached: and then suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that form its

banks; hollowed out where the river leans against them, at its turns, into perilous overhanging; and on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable foot-path which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples and eddies and murmurs, in an utter solitude. It is passing through the midst of a thickly peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions: the goats browse beside it; and the traveler drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions: it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air,—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labor and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising and breathing and fading, with no hand to gather them;—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain.

But above the brows of those scarped cliffs, all is in an instant changed. A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular and wild and white like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine, and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness: the swathes of its corn glowing and burning from field to field; its pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards and flowery gardens, and goodly with steep-roofed storehouse and barn; its well-kept, hard, park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose, or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens—or the gateless path turns trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with its golden hives, and carved granaries, and irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet in some sort rude: not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort; but with a peculiar carelessness and

largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country. For there is an untamed strength even in all that soft and habitable land. It is indeed gilded with corn and fragrant with deep grass; but it is not subdued to the plow or to the scythe. It gives at its own free will,—it seems to have nothing wrested from it nor conquered in it. It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness,—a generous land, bright with capricious plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fullness, kind and wild; nor this without some sterner element mingled in the heart of it. For along all its ridge stand the dark masses of innumerable pines, taking no part in its gladness,—asserting themselves for ever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished even in the intensest sunlight; fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy bendings of the orchard boughs and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black network and motionless fringes against the blanched blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness. And yet they do not sadden the landscape, but seem to have been set there chiefly to show how bright everything else is round them; and all the clouds look of purer silver, and all the air seems filled with a whiter and more living sunshine, where they are pierced by the sable points of the pines; and all the pastures look of more glowing green, where they run up between the purple trunks: and the sweet field footpaths skirt the edges of the forest for the sake of its shade, sloping up and down about the slippery roots, and losing themselves every now and then hopelessly among the violets, and ground ivy, and brown sheddings of the fibrous leaves; and at last plunging into some open aisle where the light through the distant stems shows that there is a chance of coming out again on the other side; and coming out indeed in a little while, from the scented darkness into the dazzling air and marvelous landscape, that stretches still farther and farther in new willfulness of grove and garden, until at last the craggy mountains of the Simmenthal rise out of it, sharp into the rolling of the southern clouds.

I believe, for general development of human intelligence and sensibility, country of this kind is about the most perfect that exists. A richer landscape, as that of Italy, enervates or causes wantonness; a poorer contracts the conceptions, and hardens the temperament of both mind and body; and one more curiously or

prominently beautiful deadens the sense of beauty. Even what is here of attractiveness — far exceeding, as it does, that of most of the thickly peopled districts of the temperate zone — seems to act harmfully on the poetical character of the Swiss; but take its inhabitants all in all, — as with deep love and stern penetration they are painted in the works of their principal writer, Gotthelf, — and I believe we shall not easily find a peasantry which would completely sustain comparison with them.

THE MOUNTAIN GLOOM

From 'Modern Painters'

I DO not know any district possessing more pure or uninterrupted fullness of mountain character (and that of the highest order), or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny. The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, rising at first in steep circles among the walnut-trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant watches the slow coloring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb, which little by little gather a feeble soil over the iron substance; then, supporting the narrow strip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade; and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out like inlets of lake among these harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down for the sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that as the wind takes them, with all the grace but with none of the formalism of fountains; dividing into fanciful change of dash and spring, yet with the seal of their granite channels upon them, as the lightest play of human speech may bear the seal of past toil, and closing back out of their spray to lave the rigid angles, and brighten with silver fringes and glassy films each

lower and lower step of stable stone; until at last, gathered all together again, — except perhaps some chance drops caught on the apple blossom, where it has budded a little nearer the cascade than it did last spring, — they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that silently; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades, and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill.

Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of the ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar in the twilight, the stronger torrents thunder down pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

The mountain paths stoop to these glens in forky zigzags, leading to some gray and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light; a cross of rough-hewn pine, iron-bound to its parapet, standing dark against the lurid fury of the foam. Far up the glen, as we pause beside the cross, the sky is seen through the openings in the pines, thin with excess of light; and, in its clear, consuming flame of white space, the summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crown and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession by the sunshine which has in it so deep a melancholy; full of power, yet as frail as shadows; lifeless, like the walls of a sepulchre, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of some sea spirit that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds.

High above all sorrow: yes; but not unwitnessing to it. The traveler on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf and strikes the pebbles gayly over the edge of the mountain road, sees with a glance of delight the clusters of nut-brown cottages that nestle among those sloping orchards, and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here, it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence

and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them. Perhaps more. Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find it foul with that gloomy foulness that is suffered only by torpor, or by anguish of soul. Here it is torpor: not absolute suffering, not starvation or disease, but darkness of calm enduring; — the spring known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle; and the sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name of beauty, or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith, — these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank, unmurmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low death-beds a pale figure upon a cross, dying also, patiently; — in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones, but in all this unrewarded as far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments; no rest except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar rails of the dimly gilded chapel, and so back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken — that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrents and ruinous stones, and unlightened even in their religion except by the vague promise of some better thing unknown, mingled with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror — a smoke as it were of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense, and amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others with gouts of blood.

Do not let this be thought a darkened picture of the life of these mountaineers. It is literal fact. No contrast can be more painful than that between the dwelling of any well-conducted English cottager and that of the equally honest Savoyard. The one, set in the midst of its dull flat fields and uninteresting

hedge-rows, shows in itself the love of brightness and beauty; its daisy-studded garden beds, its smoothly swept brick path to the threshold, its freshly sanded floor and orderly shelves of household furniture, all testify to energy of heart, and happiness in the simple course and simple possessions of daily life. The other cottage, in the midst of an inconceivable, inexpressible beauty, set on some sloping bank of golden sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers and noble trees and goodly rocks gathered round into a perfection as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled; its timbers are black with smoke, its garden choked with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering through the crannies of their stones. All testifies that to its inhabitant the world is labor and vanity; that for him neither flowers bloom, nor birds sing, nor fountains glisten; and that his soul hardly differs from the gray cloud that coils and dies upon his hills, except in having no fold of it touched by the sunbeams.

DESCRIPTION OF NATURE

From 'Modern Painters'

"To dress it and to keep it."

That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden instead of kept it,—feeding our war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear shafts!

"And at the East a flaming sword."

Is its flame quenchless? and are those gates that keep the way indeed passable no more? or is it not rather that we no more desire to enter? For what can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well: the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer, the closer. There may indeed have been a Fall of Flowers, as a Fall of Man: but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies; which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the earth was white and red with them, if

we cared to have it so. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well: what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn, till they laugh and sing? Who prevents its dark forests, ghostly and uninhabitable, from being changed into infinite orchards, wreathing the hills with frail-floretted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face of all the autumnal earth with glow of clustered food? But Paradise was a place of peace, we say, and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well: the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. But so long as we make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battle-field of our meadows instead of pasture,—so long, truly, the Flaming Sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.

I have been led to see and feel this more and more, as I considered the service which the flowers and trees, which man was at first appointed to keep, were intended to render to him in return for his care; and the services they still render to him, as far as he allows their influence, or fulfills his own task towards them. For what infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, as the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man — his friend and his teacher! In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparation for his existence; — the characters which enable him to live on it safely, and to work with it easily — in all these it has been inanimate and passive; but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being; which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.

And in this mystery of intermediate being, entirely subordinate to us, with which we can deal as we choose, having just the greater power as we have the less responsibility for our treatment of the unsuffering creature, most of the pleasures which we need from the external world are gathered, and most of the lessons we need are written,—all kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the Earth and Man: wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline; God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First a carpet to make it soft for him; then, a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance shaft, or plow handle, according to his temper): useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man or provision for his service: cold juice or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm: and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness as of temple pillars, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and from with faintest pulse of summer streamlet. Roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.

Being thus prepared for us in all ways, and made beautiful, and good for food and for building and for instruments of our hands, this race of plants, deserving boundless affection and

admiration from us, become, in proportion to their obtaining it, a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life: so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees enough; and every one is assuredly wrong in both who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way. It is clearly possible to do without them, for the great companionship of the sea and sky are all that sailors need; and many a noble heart has been taught the best it had to learn between dark stone walls. Still, if human life be cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity. And it is a sorrowful proof of the mistaken ways of the world that the "country," in the simple sense of a place of fields and trees, has hitherto been the source of reproach to its inhabitants; and that the words "countryman," "rustic," "clown," "paysan," "villager," still signify a rude and untaught person, as opposed to the words "townsman" and "citizen." We accept this usage of words, or the evil which it signifies, somewhat too quietly; as if it were quite necessary and natural that countrypeople should be rude, and townspeople gentle. Whereas I believe that the result of each mode of life may, in some stages of the world's progress, be the exact reverse; and that another use of words may be forced upon us by a new aspect of facts, so that we may find ourselves saying: "Such-and-such a person is very gentle and kind,—he is quite rustic; and such-and-such another person is very rude and ill-taught,—he is quite urbane."

At all events, cities have hitherto gained the better part of their good report through our evil ways of going on in the world generally;—chiefly and eminently through our bad habit of fighting with each other. No field, in the middle ages, being safe from devastation, and every country lane yielding easier passage to the marauders, peacefully minded men necessarily congregated in cities, and walled themselves in, making as few cross-country roads as possible; while the men who sowed and reaped the harvests of Europe were only the servants or slaves of the barons. The disdain of all agricultural pursuits by the nobility, and of all plain facts by the monks, kept educated Europe in a state of mind over which natural phenomena could have no power; body and intellect being lost in the practice of war without purpose, and the meditation of words without meaning. Men learned the dexterity with sword and syllogism, which they

mistook for education, within cloister and tilt-yard; and looked on all the broad space of the world of God mainly as a place for exercise of horses, or for growth of food.

There is a beautiful type of this neglect of the perfectness of the Earth's beauty, by reason of the passions of men, in that picture of Paul Uccello's of the battle of Sant' Egidio, in which the armies meet on a country road beside a hedge of wild roses; the tender red flowers tossing above the helmets and glowing between the lowered lances. For in like manner the whole of Nature only shone hitherto for man between the tossing of helmet crests: and sometimes I cannot but think of the trees of the earth as capable of a kind of sorrow, in that imperfect life of theirs, as they opened their innocent leaves in the warm springtime, in vain for men; and all along the dells of England her beeches cast their dappled shade only where the outlaw drew his bow, and the king rode his careless chase; and by the sweet French rivers their long ranks of poplar waved in the twilight, only to show the flames of burning cities, on the horizon, through the tracery of their stems; amidst the fair defiles of the Apennines, the twisted olive trunks hid the ambushes of treachery; and on their valley meadows, day by day, the lilies which were white at the dawn were washed with crimson at sunset. . . .

Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular, that trees intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains should be in broad outline the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his cornfields, or roofing his garden walks, or casting its shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem; — it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.

Also it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension. But the pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. It is resolvedly whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted also to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops at our sword points the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain;—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies also are at his service: softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. Let him take them as pleases him, for his houses and ships. So also it may be well for these timid lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live carelessly amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

And finally, these weak lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnants of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly; our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our warring; we give up our lives without reluctance, and for ever.

I wish the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine,—its straightness and rounded perfectness; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely, though they have hitherto prevented the tree from being drawn. I say first, its straightness. Because we constantly see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as characteristic examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease. Of course such instances are frequent. The soil of the pine is subject to continual change; perhaps the rock in which

it is rooted splits in frost and falls forward, throwing the young stems aslope; or the whole mass of earth around it is undermined by rain; or a huge bowlder falls on its stem from above, and forces it for twenty years to grow with weight of a couple of tons leaning on its side. Hence, especially at edges of loose cliffs, about waterfalls, or at glacier banks, and in other places liable to disturbance, the pine may be seen distorted and oblique; and in Turner's 'Source of the Arveron,' he has, with his usual unerring perception of the main point in any matter, fastened on this means of relating the glacier's history. The glacier cannot explain its own motion, and ordinary observers saw in it only its rigidity; but Turner saw that the wonderful thing was its non-rigidity. Other ice is fixed, only this ice stirs. All the banks are staggering beneath its waves, crumbling and withered as by the blast of a perpetual storm. He made the rocks of his foreground loose — rolling and tottering down together; the pines, smitten aside by them, their tops dead, bared by the ice wind.

Nevertheless, this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. I said long ago, even of Turner: "Into the spirit of the pine he cannot enter." He understood the glacier at once: he had seen the force of sea on shore too often to miss the action of those crystal-crested waves. But the pine was strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line; he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent! — nay, sometimes, almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground; clothe it with soft compliance; are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it — upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other — dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them: those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them, — fragile, weak, inconsistent,

compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride;—unnumbered, unconquerable.

Then note, farther, their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge, so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery: for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and checkers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear, but is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine glade in Chamouni, "Fairies' Hollow" It is in the glen beneath the steep ascent above Pont Pelissier, and may be reached by a little winding path which goes down from the top of the hill; being indeed not truly a glen, but a broad ledge of moss and turf, leaning in a formidable precipice (which however the gentle branches hide) over the Arve. An almost isolated rock promontory, many-colored, rises at the end of it. On the other sides it is bordered by cliffs, from which a little cascade falls, literally down among the pines; for it is so light, shaking itself into mere showers of seed pearl in the sun, that the pines don't know it from mist, and grow through it without minding. Underneath, there is only the mossy silence; and above, for ever, the snow of the nameless Aiguille.

And then the third character which I want you to notice in the pine is its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the

sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes.* You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason, it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which we saw before had been noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine,—provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear,—all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual lustre of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud dew upon them,—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and, themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendor to the sun itself.

Yet I have been more struck by their character of finished delicacy at a distance from the central Alps, among the pastoral hills of the Emmenthal or lowland districts of Berne; where they are set in groups between the cottages, whose shingle roofs

* Keats (as is his way) puts nearly all that may be said of the pine into one verse, though they are only figurative pines of which he is speaking. I have come to that pass of admiration for him now, that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work; but others must not leave unread, in considering the influence of trees upon the human soul, that marvelous ode to Psyche. Here is the piece about pines:—

«Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines, shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains, steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the Gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same.
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win;
A bright torch, and a casement ope, at night,
To let the warm Love in.»

(they also of pine) of deep gray blue, and lightly carved fronts, golden and orange in the autumn sunshine, gleam on the banks and lawns of hillside,—endless lawns, mounded and studded and bossed all over with deeper green hay heaps, orderly set, like jewelry (the mountain hay, when the pastures are full of springs, being strangely dark and fresh in verdure for a whole day after it is cut). And amidst this delicate delight of cottage and field, the young pines stand delicatest of all, scented as with frankincense, their slender stems straight as arrows, and crystal white, looking as if they would break with a touch, like needles; and their arabesques of dark leaf pierced through and through by the pale radiance of clear sky, opal blue, where they follow each other along the soft hill ridges, up and down.

I have watched them in such scenes with the deeper interest, because of all trees they have hitherto had most influence on human character. The effect of other vegetation, however great, has been divided by mingled species: elm and oak in England, poplar in France, birch in Scotland, olive in Italy and Spain, share their power with inferior trees, and with all the changing charm of successive agriculture. But the tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the Pine and the Sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests, as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end, nor any other horizon;—still the dark-green trees, or the dark-green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian and the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.

LEAVES MOTIONLESS

From 'Modern Painters'

Leaves motionless. The strong pines wave above them, and the weak grasses tremble beside them: but the blue stars rest upon the earth with a peace as of heaven; and far along the ridges of iron rock, moveless as they, the rubied crests of Alpine rose flush in the low rays of morning. Nor these yet

the stillest leaves. Others there are subdued to a deeper quietness, the mute slaves of the earth, to whom we owe perhaps thanks and tenderness the most profound of all we have to render for the leaf ministries.

It is strange to think of the gradually diminished power and withdrawn freedom among the orders of leaves,—from the sweep of the chestnut and gadding of the vine, down to the close shrinking trefoil and contented daisy, pressed on earth; and at last to the leaves that are not merely close to earth, but themselves a part of it,—fastened down to it by their sides, here and there only a wrinkled edge rising from the granite crystals. We have found beauty in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding seed. How of the herb yielding *no* seed,* the fruitless, flowerless lichen of the rock?

Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live),—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service for ever. Trees for

* The reader must remember always that my work is concerning the *aspects* of things only. Of course a lichen has seeds, just as other plants have; but not effectually or visibly, for man.

the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance: and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest starlike on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

CLOUD-BALANCINGS

From 'Modern Painters'

We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens also had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light—their deep vacuity—and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being;—which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapor.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation,—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks,—why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow; nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it, poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire;—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening,—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came? . . .

How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose; extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles and wedges and coils and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL

(1844–1911)

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL, a disciple of George Cupples the unrivaled, was a story-teller of the sea: not so picturesque as Cooper, not so broadly humorous as Marryat, not so imaginative as Stevenson, but after they had ceased spinning yarns, he remained its story-teller par excellence.

The ocean was his stage, the ship his drawing-room or tennis court, the launch his bicycle; his heroes the brave sailors who stand for pluck, endurance, promptitude, courage. Through a dozen or more tales the sea lashes in a most beautiful manner, the sails creak, the salt breeze blows. Black night, blazing noon, starlight and moonlight are shifted over it; terrible tempests come and go. The author of the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor,' most thrilling and absorbing exposé of the sailor's life of peril and privation in the service of the British ship-owner, wrote stories strangely compounded of romance and reality; curiously realistic in the delineation of character, wildly improbable in plot and situation. When he sits down to spin his yarn, all things are possible to him, and to us. Early in the action we give the ship over to him, and do not attempt to account for motive or situation; but swallow the whole impossible, perfectly credible story, as we swallowed 'Red Rover' in its time.

W. CLARK RUSSELL

Perhaps, with all the freedom of the broad seas, the story is told by a young girl, who mentions in the opening chapter that this is her first voyage; or perhaps the strange methods of ocean life, the evolutions of a ship, and its seizure by convicts in a storm, are related in nautical phraseology by another young woman who now first smells salt water.

Perhaps the hero and heroine are picked up in an open boat which also holds her venerable father, presumably a thousand miles distant;—but we do not demur. The art of life, the "ernst ist das leben" kind, is a trifling matter to him and to us. His men and women, on the contrary, barring the nautical wisdom of his heroines, make no demands on credulity. They are drawn with unadorned

plainness; they have matter-of-fact affections, and straightforward views of duty. The reader's first sensation, when he has finished one of Mr. Clark Russell's stories, is the amused perception that he has been in the hands of an entirely independent genius, who has sat down before bare walls, with a sheet of paper in front of him, and told his tale, undisturbed by the hobgoblin Consistency or the scourge of tradition,—who would perhaps have written as he wrote, if nobody had ever written a novel before or since.

His material—shipwrecks, storms, fires at sea—is not novel to us; but it is new to him, and he revels in it with all the joy of discovery. We may look for nothing modern in the treatment or style; no note of mental alertness, of swift moral process or subtle inference. It is all plain sailing in the world of motive and character. The sea is the *deus ex machina:* it battles with the privateers, frees the prisoners on the convict ship, bears the emigrant vessel sailed by its woman crew safely into port. With its calm loveliness the author contrasts the blood-stained decks of a vessel after a sea fight; the darkness of the hold where the brave heroine hides, a stowaway, is heightened by the sunrise on the ocean, its broad breast bathed in rainbow hues.

William Clark Russell was born in New York city, of English parents, February 24th, 1844; the son of Henry Russell the composer, author of the popular songs 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and 'A Good Time's Coming.' He went to school in France and at Winchester; and entering the merchant service at thirteen and a half years of age, made voyages to Japan, India, and Australia.

After he came of age he left the sea, and was on the staff of the Newcastle Chronicle, and afterwards of the London Daily Telegraph. His first positive success in literature, 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' was published anonymously in London in 1878: but his second book, 'A Sea Queen,' betrayed his identity, and after that time Russell went the way of the popular author; at his best perhaps in his first book, in the 'Sea Queen,' 'Jack's Courtship,' 'An Ocean Free Lance,' 'A Sailor's Sweetheart,' and 'The Good Ship Mohonk.'

There is a fine ignoring of self in Mr. Clark Russell's novels; and all his romances are healthy food for healthy appetites. His is a Homeric conception of sea life: his picture of the British seaman—noble, generous, confiding in unprofessional matters, imperious, cruel, unscrupulous to the enemy—has the value of a portrait. To appreciate the splendid word-painting, the subtle delicate touches, one has only to turn the pages of any one of his stories. Rarely has the sea had a more faithful interpreter. His volume of sea poems and ballads ('The Turnpike Sailor') (1907) was republished in 1911 under the title ('The Father of the Sea.') He died in London the same year.

A STORM AND A RESCUE

From the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor'

All that night it blew terribly hard, and raised as wild and raging a sea as ever I remember hearing or seeing described. During my watch — that is, from midnight until four o'clock — the wind veered a couple of points, but had gone back again only to blow harder; just as though it had stepped out of its way a trifle to catch extra breath.

I was quite worn out by the time my turn came to go below; and though the vessel was groaning like a live creature in its death agonies, and the seas thumping against her with such shocks as kept me thinking that she was striking hard ground, I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and never moved until routed out by Duckling four hours afterward.

All this time the gale had not bated a jot of its violence, and the ship labored so heavily that I had the utmost difficulty in getting out of the cuddy on to the poop. When I say that the decks fore and aft were streaming wet, I convey no notion of the truth: the main deck was simply *afloat*, and every time the ship rolled, the water on her deck rushed in a wave against the bulwarks and shot high in the air, to mingle sometimes with fresh and heavy inroads of the sea, both falling back upon the deck with the boom of a gun.

I had already ascertained from Duckling that the well had been sounded and the ship found dry; and therefore, since we were tight below, it mattered little what water was shipped above, as the hatches were securely battened down fore and aft, and the mast-coats unwrung. But still she labored under the serious disadvantage of being overloaded; and the result was, her fore parts were being incessantly swept by seas which at times completely hid her forecastle in spray.

Shortly after breakfast, Captain Coxon sent me forward to dispatch a couple of hands on to the jib-boom to snug the inner jib, which looked to be rather shakily stowed. I managed to dodge the water on the main-deck by waiting until it rolled to the starboard scuppers, and then cutting ahead as fast as I could; but just as I got upon the forecastle, I was saluted by a green sea which carried me off my legs, and would have swept me down on the main-deck had I not held on stoutly with both hands to one of the fore-shrouds. The water nearly drowned me, and

kept me sneezing and coughing for ten minutes afterward. But it did me no further mischief; for I was incased in good oilskins and sou'-wester, which kept me as dry as a bone inside.

Two ordinary seamen got upon the jib-boom, and I bade them keep a good hold, for the ship sometimes danced her figure-head under water and buried her spritsail-yard; and when she sunk her stern, her flying jib-boom stood up like the mizzenmast. I waited until this job of snugging the sail was finished, and then made haste to get off the forecastle, where the seas flew so continuously and heavily that had I not kept a sharp lookout, I should several times have been knocked overboard.

Partly out of curiosity and partly with a wish to hearten the men, I looked into the forecastle before going aft. There were sliding-doors let into the entrance on either side the windlass, but one of them was kept half open to admit air, the forescuttle above being closed. The darkness here was made visible by an oil lamp,—in shape resembling a tin coffee-pot with a wick in the spout,—which burned black and smokily. The deck was up to my ankles in water, which gurgled over the pile of swabs that lay at the open entrance. It took my eye some moments to distinguish objects in the gloom; and then by degrees the strange interior was revealed. A number of hammocks were swung against the upper deck; and around the forecastle were two rows of bunks, one atop the other. Here and there were sea-chests lashed to the deck; and these, with the huge windlass, a range of chain cable, lengths of rope, odds and ends of pots and dishes, with here a pair of breeches hanging from a hammock, and there a row of oilskins swinging from a beam,—pretty well made up all the furniture that met my eye.

The whole of the crew were below. Some of the men lay smoking in their bunks, others in their hammocks with their boots over the edge; one was patching a coat, another greasing his boots; others were seated in a group talking; while under the lamp were a couple of men playing at cards upon a chest, three or four watching and holding on by the hammocks over their heads.

A man, lying in his bunk with his face toward me, started up and sent his legs, incased in blanket trousers and brown woolen stockings, flying out.

"Here's Mr. Royle, mates!" he called out. "Let's ask him the name of the port the captain means to touch at for proper food, for we aren't goin' to wait much longer."

"Don't ask me any questions of that kind, my lads," I replied promptly, seeing a general movement of heads in the bunks and hammocks. "I'd give you proper victuals if I had the ordering of them; and I have spoken to Captain Coxon about you, and I am sure he will see this matter put to rights."

I had difficulty in making my voice heard, for the striking of the seas against the ship's bows filled the place with an overwhelming volume of sound; and the hollow, deafening thunder was increased by the uproar of the ship's straining timbers.

"Who the devil thinks," said a voice from a hammock, "that we're going to let ourselves be grinded as we was last night without proper wittles to support us? I'd rather have signed articles for a coal-barge, with drowned rats to eat from Gravesend to Whitstable, than shipped in this here cursed wessel, where the bread's just fit to make savages retch!"

I had not bargained for this, but had merely meant to address them cheerily, with a few words of approval of the smart way in which they had worked the ship in the night. Seeing that my presence would do no good, I turned about and left the forecastle, hearing, as I came away, one of the Dutchmen cry out:—

"Look here, Mister Rile, vill you be pleashed to ssay when we are to hov' something to eat?—for by Gott! ve vill kill te dom pigs in the long-boat if the skipper don't mindt—so look out!"

As ill-luck would have it, Captain Coxon was at the break of the poop, and saw me come out of the forecastle. He waited until he had got me alongside of him, when he asked me what I was doing among the men.

"I looked in to give them a good word for the work they did last night," I answered.

"And who asked you to give them a good word, as you call it?"

"I have never had to wait for orders to encourage a crew."

"Mind what you are about, sir!" he exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with rage. "I see through your game, and I'll put a stopper upon it that you won't like."

"What game, sir? Let me have your meaning."

"An infernal mutinous game!" he roared. "Don't talk to me, sir! I know you! I've had my eye upon you! You'll play false if you can, and are trying to smother up your d——d rebel meanings with genteel airs! Get away, sir!" he bellowed, stamping

his foot. "Get away aft! You're a lumping, useless incumbrance! But by thunder! I'll give you two for every one you try to give me! So stand by!"

And apparently half mad with his rage, he staggered away in the very direction in which he had told me to go, and stood near the wheel, glaring upon me with a white face, which looked indescribably malevolent in the fur cap and ear-protectors that ornamented it.

I was terribly vexed by this rudeness, which I was powerless to resist, and regretted my indiscretion in entering the forecastle after the politic resolutions I had formed. However, Captain Coxon's ferocity was nothing new to me; truly I believed he was not quite right in his mind, and expected, as in former cases, that he would come round a bit by-and-by when his insane temper had passed. Still his insinuations were highly dangerous, not to speak of their offensiveness. It was no joke to be charged, even by a madman, with striving to arouse the crew to mutiny. Nevertheless I tried to console myself as best I could by reflecting that he could not prove his charges; that I need only to endure his insolence for a few weeks, and that there was always a law to vindicate me and punish him, should his evil temper betray him into any acts of cruelty against me.

The gale, at times the severest that I was ever in, lasted three days; during which the ship drove something like eighty miles to the northwest. The sea on the afternoon of the third day was appalling: had the ship attempted to run, she would have been pooped and smothered in a minute; but lying close, she rode fairly well, though there were moments when I held my breath as she sunk in a hollow like a coal-mine, filled with the astounding noise of boiling water,—really believing that the immense waves which came hurtling towards us with solid, sharp, transparent ridges, out of which the wind tore lumps of water and flung them through the rigging of the ship, must overwhelm the vessel before she could rise to it.

The fury of the tempest and the violence of the sea, which the boldest could not contemplate without feeling that the ship was every moment in more or less peril, kept the crew subdued; and they eat as best they could the provisions, without complaint. However, it needed nothing less than a storm to keep them quiet: for on the second day a sea extinguished the galley fire, and until the gale abated no cooking could be done; so that

the men had to put up with the cold water and biscuit. Hence all hands were thrown upon the ship's bread for two days; and the badness of it, therefore, was made even more apparent than heretofore, when its wormy moldiness was in some degree qualified by the nauseousness of bad salt pork and beef and the sickly flavor of damaged tea.

As I had anticipated, the captain came round a little a few hours after his insulting attack upon me. I think his temper frightened him when it had reference to me. Like others of his breed, he was a bit of a cur at the bottom. My character was a trifle beyond him; and he was ignorant enough to hate and fear what he could not understand. Be this as it may, he made some rough attempts at a rude kind of politeness when I went below to get some grog, and condescended to say that when I had been to sea as long as he, I would know that the most ungrateful rascals in the world were sailors; that every crew he had sailed with had always taken care to invent some grievance to growl over: either the provisions were bad, or the work too heavy, or the ship unseaworthy; and that long ago he had made up his mind never to pay attention to their complaints, since no sooner would one wrong be redressed than another would be coined and shoved under his nose.

I took this opportunity of assuring him that I had never willingly listened to the complaints of the men, and that I was always annoyed when they spoke to me about the provisions, as I had nothing whatever to do with that matter; and that so far from my wishing to stir up the men into rebellion, my conduct had been uniformly influenced by the desire to conciliate them and represent their conditions as very tolerable, so as to repress any tendency to disaffection which they might foment among themselves.

To this he made no reply, and soon we parted; but all the next day he was sullen again, and never addressed me save to give an order.

On the evening of the third day the gale broke; the glass had risen since the morning; but until the first dog-watch the wind did not bate one iota of its violence, and the horizon still retained its stormy and threatening aspect. The clouds then broke in the west, and the setting sun shone forth with deep crimson light upon the wilderness of mountainous waters. The wind fell quickly, then went round to the west and blew freshly; but

there was a remarkable softness and sweetness in the feel and taste of it.

A couple of reefs were at once shaken out of the maintopsail, and a sail made. By midnight the heavy sea had subsided into a deep, long, rolling swell, still (strangely enough) coming from the south; but the fresh westerly wind held the ship steady, and for the first time for nearly a hundred hours we were able to move about the decks with comparative comfort. Early the next morning the watch were set to wash down and clear up the decks; and when I left my cabin at eight o'clock, I found the weather bright and warm, with a blue sky shining among heavy, white, April-looking clouds, and the ship making seven knots under all plain sail. The decks were dry and comfortable, and the ship had a habitable and civilized look, by reason of the row of clothes hung by the seamen to dry on the forecastle.

It was half past nine o'clock, and I was standing near the taffrail looking at a shoal of porpoises playing some hundreds of feet astern, when the man who was steering asked me to look in the direction to which he pointed — that was, a little to the right of the bowsprit — and say if there was anything to be seen there; for he had caught sight of something black upon the horizon twice, but could not detect it now.

I turned my eyes toward the quarter of the sea indicated, but could discern nothing whatever; and telling him that what he had seen was probably a wave, which, standing higher than his fellows, will sometimes show black a long distance off, walked to the fore part of the poop.

The breeze still held good; and the vessel was slipping easily through the water, though the southerly swell made her roll and at times shook the wind out of the sails. The skipper had gone to lie down,— being pretty well exhausted, I daresay; for he had kept the deck for the greater part of three nights running. Duckling was also below. Most of my watch were on the forecastle, sitting or lying in the sun, which shone very warm upon the decks; the hens under the long-boat were chattering briskly, and the cocks crowing, and the pigs grunting, with the comfort of the warmth.

Suddenly, as the ship rose, I distinctly beheld something black out away upon the horizon, showing just under the foot of the foresail. It vanished instantly; but I was not satisfied, and went for the glass which lay upon the brackets just under the

companion. I then told the man who was steering to keep her away a couple of points for a few moments; and resting the glass against the mizzen-royal backstay, pointed it toward the place where I had seen the black object.

For some moments nothing but sea or sky filled the field of the glass as the ship rose and fell; but all at once there leaped into this field the hull of a ship, deep as her main-chains in the water, which came and went before my eye as the long seas lifted or dropped in the foreground. I managed to keep her sufficiently long in view to perceive that she was totally dismasted.

"It's a wreck," said I, turning to the man: "let her come to again and luff a point. There may be living creatures aboard of her."

Knowing what sort of man Captain Coxon was, I do not think that I should have had the hardihood to luff the ship a point out of her course had it involved the bracing of the yards; for the songs of the men would certainly have brought him on deck, and I might have provoked some ugly insolence. But the ship was going free, and would head more westerly without occasioning further change than slightly slackening the weather-braces of the upper yards. This I did quietly; and the dismantled hull was brought right dead on end with our flying jib-boom. The men now caught sight of her, and began to stare and point; but did not sing out, as they saw by the telescope in my hand that I perceived her. The breeze unhappily began to slacken somewhat, owing perhaps to the gathering heat of the sun; our pace fell off: and a full hour passed before we brought the wreck near enough to see her permanently,—for up to this she had been constantly vanishing under the rise of the swell. She was now about two miles off, and I took a long and steady look at her through the telescope. It was a black hull with painted ports. The deck was flush fore and aft, and there was a good-sized house just before where the mainmast should have been. This house was uninjured, though the galley was split up, and to starboard stood up in splinters like the stump of a tree struck by lightning. No boats could be seen aboard of her. Her jib-boom was gone, and so were all three masts,—clean cut off at the deck, as though a hand-saw had done it; but the mizzen-mast was alongside, held by the shrouds and backstays, and the port main and fore shrouds streamed like serpents from her chains into the water. I reckoned at once that she must be loaded with timber.

for she never could keep afloat at that depth with any other kind of cargo in her.

She made a most mournful and piteous object in the sunlight, sluggishly rolling to the swell which ran in transparent volumes over her sides and foamed around the deck-house. Once when her stern rose, I read the name Cecilia in broad white letters.

I was gazing at her intently, in the effort to witness some indication of living thing on board, when, to my mingled consternation and horror, I witnessed an arm projecting through the window of the deck-house and frantically waving what resembled a white handkerchief. As none of the men called out, I judged the signal was not perceptible to the naked eye; and in my excitement I shouted, "There's a living man on board of her, my lads!" dropped the glass, and ran aft to call the captain.

I met him coming up the companion ladder. The first thing he said was, "You're out of your course," and looked up at the sails.

"There's a wreck yonder!" I cried, pointing eagerly, "with a man on board signaling to us."

"Get me the glass," he said sulkily; and I picked it up and handed it to him.

He looked at the wreck for some moments; and addressing the man at the wheel, exclaimed, making a movement with his hand, "Keep her away! Where in the devil are you steering to?"

"Good heaven!" I ejaculated: "there's a man on board — there may be others!"

"Damnation!" he exclaimed between his teeth: "what do you mean by interfering with me? Keep her away!" he roared out.

During this time we had drawn sufficiently near to the wreck to enable the sharper-sighted among the hands to remark the signal, and they were calling out that there was somebody flying a handkerchief aboard the hull.

"Captain Coxon," said I, with as firm a voice as I could command,—for I was nearly in as great a rage as he, and rendered insensible to all consequences by his inhumanity,—"if you bear away and leave that man yonder to sink with that wreck when he can be saved with very little trouble, you will become as much a murderer as any ruffian who stabs a man asleep."

When I had said this, Coxon turned black in the face with passion. His eyes protruded, his hands and fingers worked as

though he were under some electrical process, and I saw for the first time in my life a sight I had always laughed at as a bit of impossible novelist description,—a mouth foaming with rage. He rushed aft, just over Duckling's cabin, and stamped with all his might.

"Now," thought I, "they may try to murder me!" And without a word I pulled off my coat, seized a belaying-pin, and stood ready; resolved that happen what might, I would give the first man who should lay his fingers on me something to remember me by while he had breath in his body.

The men, not quite understanding what was happening, but seeing that a "row" was taking place, came to the forecastle and advanced by degrees along the main-deck. Among them I noticed the cook, muttering to one or the other who stood near.

Mr. Duckling, awakened by the violent clattering over his head, came running up the companion-way with a bewildered, sleepy look in his face. The captain grasped him by the arm, and pointing to me, cried out with an oath that "that villain was breeding a mutiny on board, and he believed wanted to murder him and Duckling."

I at once answered, "Nothing of the kind! There is a man miserably perishing on board that sinking wreck, Mr. Duckling, and he ought to be saved. My lads!" I cried, addressing the men on the main-deck, "is there a sailor among you all who would have the heart to leave that man yonder without an effort to rescue him?"

"No, sir!" shouted one of them. "We'll save the man; and if the skipper refuses, we'll make him!"

"Luff!" I called to the man at the wheel.

"Luff at your peril!" screamed the skipper.

"Aft here, some hands," I cried, "and lay the main-yard aback. Let go the port main-braces!"

The captain came running toward me.

"By the living God!" I cried in a fury, grasping the heavy brass belaying-pin, "if you come within a foot of me, Captain Coxon, I'll dash your brains out!"

My attitude, my enraged face and menacing gesture, produced the desired effect. He stopped dead, turned a ghastly white, and looked round at Duckling.

"What do you mean by this (etc.) conduct, you (etc.) mutinous scoundrels?" roared Duckling, with a volley of foul language.

"Give him one for himself if he says too much, Mr. Royle!" sung out some hoarse voice on the main-deck; "we'll back yer!" And then came cries of "They're a cursed pair o' murderers!" "Who run the smack down?" "Who lets men drown?" "Who starves honest men?" This last exclamation was followed by a roar.

The whole of the crew were now on deck, having been aroused by our voices. Some of them were looking on with a grin, others with an expression of fierce curiosity. It was at once understood that I was making a stand against the captain and chief mate; and a single glance at them assured me that by one word I could set the whole of them on fire to do my bidding, even to shedding blood.

In the mean time, the man at the wheel had luffed until the weather leeches were flat and the ship scarcely moving. And at this moment, that the skipper might know their meaning, a couple of hands jumped aft and let go the weather main-braces. I took care to keep my eyes on Coxon and the mate, fully prepared for any attack that one or both might make on me. Duckling eyed me furiously but in silence, evidently baffled by my resolute air and the position of the men. Then he said something to the captain, who looked exhausted and white and haggard with his useless passion. They walked over to the lee side of the poop; and after a short conference, the captain to my surprise went below, and Duckling came forward.

"There's no objection," he said, "to your saving the man's life, if you want. Lower away the starboard quarter-boat;—and you go along in her," he added to me, uttering the last words in such a thick voice that I thought he was choking.

"Come along, some of you!" I cried out, hastily putting on my coat; and in less than a minute I was in the boat with the rudder and thole-pins shipped, and four hands ready to out oars as soon as we touched the water.

Duckling began to fumble at one end of the boat's falls.

"Don't let him lower away!" roared out one of the men in the boat. "He'll let us go with a run. He'd like to see us drowned!"

Duckling fell back, scowling with fury; and shoving his head over as the boat sunk quietly into the water, he discharged a volley of execrations at us, saying that he would shoot some of us, if he swung for it, before he was done, and especially applying a heap of abusive terms to me.

The fellow pulling the bow oar laughed in his face; and another shouted out, "We'll teach you to say your prayers yet, you ugly old sinner!"

We got away from the ship's side cleverly, and in a short time were rowing fast for the wreck. The excitement under which I labored made me reckless of the issue of this adventure. The sight of the lonely man upon the wreck, coupled with the unmanly, brutal intention of Coxon to leave him to his fate, had goaded me into a state of mind infuriate enough to have done and dared anything to *compel* Coxon to save him. He might call it mutiny, but I called it humanity; and I was prepared to stand or fall by my theory. The hate the crew had for their captain and chief mate was quite strong enough to guarantee me against any foul play on the part of Coxon; otherwise I might have prepared myself to see the ship fill and stand away, and leave us alone on the sea with the wreck. One of the men in the boat suggested this; but another immediately answered, "They'd pitch the skipper overboard if he gave such an order, and glad o' the chance. There's no love for 'em among us, I can tell you; and by——! there'll be bloody work done aboard the Grosvenor if things aren't mended soon, as you'll see."

They all four pulled at their oars savagely as these words were spoken; and I never saw such sullen and ferocious expressions on men's faces as came into theirs, as they fixed their eyes as with one accord upon the ship.

She, deep as she was, looked a beautiful model on the mighty surface of the water, rolling with marvelous grace to the swell, the strength and volume of which made me feel my littleness and weakness as it lifted the small boat with irresistible power. There was wind enough to keep her sails full upon her graceful, slender masts, and the brass-work upon her deck flashed brilliantly as she rolled from side to side.

Strange contrast, to look from her to the broken and desolate picture ahead! My eyes were riveted upon it now with new and intense emotion, for by this time I could discern that the person who was waving to us was a female,—woman or girl I could not yet make out,—and that her hair was like a veil of gold behind her swaying arm.

"It's a woman!" I cried in my excitement; "it's no man at all. Pull smartly, my lads! pull smartly, for God's sake!"

The men gave way stoutly, and the swell favoring us, we were soon close to the wreck. The girl, as I now perceived she

was, waved her handkerchief wildly as we approached; but my attention was occupied in considering how we could best board the wreck without injury to the boat. She lay broadside to us, with her stern on our right, and was not only rolling heavily with wallowing, squelching movements, but was swirling the heavy mizzenmast that lay alongside through the water each time she went over to starboard; so that it was necessary to approach her with the greatest caution to prevent our boat from being stove in. Another element of danger was the great flood of water which she took in over her shattered bulwarks, first on this side, then on that, discharging the torrent again into the sea as she rolled. This water came from her like a cataract, and in a second would fill and sink the boat, unless extreme care were taken to keep clear of it.

I waved my hat to the poor girl, to let her know that we saw her and had come to save her, and steered the boat right around the wreck, that I might observe the most practical point for boarding her.

She appeared to be a vessel of about seven hundred tons. The falling of her masts had crushed her port bulwarks level with the deck, and part of her starboard bulwarks was also smashed to pieces. Her wheel was gone, and the heavy seas that had swept her deck had carried away capstans, binnacle, hatchway gratings, pumps—everything, in short, but the deck-house and the remnants of the galley. I particularly noticed a strong iron boat's-davit twisted up like a corkscrew. She was full of water, and lay as deep as her main-chains; but her bows stood high, and her fore-chains were out of the sea. It was miraculous to see her keep afloat as the long swell rolled over her in a cruel, foaming succession of waves.

Though these plain details impressed themselves upon my memory, I did not seem to notice anything, in the anxiety that possessed me to rescue the lonely creature in the deck-house. It would have been impossible to keep a footing upon the main-deck without a life-line or something to hold on by; and seeing this, and forming my resolutions rapidly, I ordered the man in the bow of the boat to throw in his oar and exchange places with me, and head the boat for the starboard port-chains. As we approached I stood up with one foot planted on the gunwale ready to spring; the broken shrouds were streaming aft and alongside, so that if I missed the jump and fell into the water there was plenty of stuff to catch hold of.

"Gently—'vast rowing—ready to back astern smartly!" I cried as we approached. I waited a moment: the hull rolled toward us, and the succeeding swell threw up our boat; the deck, though all aslant, was on a line with my feet. I sprung with all my strength, and got well upon the deck, but fell heavily as I reached it. However, I was up again in a moment, and ran forward out of the water.

Here was a heap of gear,—stay-sail, and jib-halyards, and other ropes, some of the ends swarming overboard. I hauled in one of these ends, but found I could not clear the raffle; but looking round, I perceived a couple of coils of line—spare stun'-sail tacks or halyards I took them to be—lying close against the foot of the bowsprit. I immediately seized the end of one of these coils, and flung it into the boat, telling them to drop clear of the wreck astern; and when they had backed as far as the length of the line permitted, I bent on the end of the other coil, and paid that out until the boat was some fathoms astern. I then made my end fast, and sung out to one of the men to get on board by the starboard mizzen-chains, and to bring the end of the line with him. After waiting a few minutes, the boat being hidden, I saw the fellow come scrambling over the side with a red face, his clothes and hair streaming, he having fallen overboard. He shook himself like a dog, and crawled with the line, on his hands and knees, a short distance forward, then hauled the line taut and made it fast.

"Tell them to bring the boat round here," I cried, "and lay off on their oars until we are ready. And you get hold of this line and work yourself up to me."

Saying which, I advanced along the deck, clinging tightly with both hands. It very providentially happened that the door of the deck-house faced the forecastle within a few feet of where the remains of the galley stood. There would be, therefore, less risk in opening it than had it faced beamwise: for the water, as it broke against the sides of the house, disparted clear of the fore and after parts; that is, the great bulk of it ran clear, though of course a foot's depth of it at least surged against the door.

I called out to the girl to open the door quickly, as it slid in grooves like a panel, and was not to be stirred from the outside. The poor creature appeared mad; and I repeated my request three times without inducing her to leave the window. Then,

not believing that she understood me, I cried out, "Are you English?"

"Yes," she replied. "For God's sake, save us!"

"I cannot get you through that window," I exclaimed. "Rouse yourself and open that door, and I will save you."

She now seemed to comprehend, and drew in her head. By this time the man out of the boat had succeeded in sliding along the rope to where I stood, though the poor devil was nearly drowned on the road; for when about half-way, the hull took in a lump of swell which swept him right off his legs, and he was swung hard a-starboard, holding on for his life. However, he recovered himself smartly when the water was gone, and came along hand over fist, snorting and cursing in wonderful style.

Meanwhile, though I kept a firm hold of the life-line, I took care to stand where the inroads of water were not heavy, waiting impatiently for the door to open. It shook in the grooves, tried by a feeble hand; then a desperate effort was made, and it slid a couple of inches.

"That will do!" I shouted. "Now then, my lad, catch hold of me with one hand, and the line with the other."

The fellow took a firm grip of my monkey-jacket, and I made for the door. The water washed up to my knees, but I soon inserted my fingers in the crevice of the door and thrust it open.

The house was a single compartment, though I had expected to find it divided into two. In the centre was a table that traveled on stanchions from the roof to the deck. On either side were a couple of bunks. The girl stood near the door. In a bunk to the left of the door lay an old man with white hair. Prostrate on his back, on the deck, with his arms stretched against his ears, was the corpse of a man, well dressed; and in a bunk on the right sat a sailor, who, when he saw me, yelled out and snapped his fingers, making horrible grimaces.

Such, in brief, was the *coup d'œil* of that weird interior as it met my eyes.

I seized the girl by the arm.

"You first," said I. "Come; there is no time to be lost."

But she shrunk back, pressing against the door with her hand to prevent me from pulling her, crying in a husky voice, and looking at the old man with the white hair, "My father first! my father first!"

"You shall all be saved, but you must obey me. Quickly, now!" I exclaimed passionately; for a heavy sea at that moment flooded the ship, and a rush of water swamped the house through the open door and washed the corpse on the deck up into a corner.

Grasping her firmly, I lifted her off her feet, and went staggering to the life-rope, slinging her light body over my shoulder as I went. Assisted by my man, I gained the bow of the wreck, and hailing the boat, ordered it alongside.

"One of you," cried I, "stand ready to receive this lady when I give the signal."

I then told the man who was with me to jump into the fore-chains, which he instantly did. The wreck lurched heavily to port. "Stand by, my lads!" I shouted. Over she came again, with the water swooping along the main-deck. The boat rose high, and the fore-chains were submerged to the height of the man's knees. "Now!" I called, and lifted the girl over. She was seized by the man in the chains, and pushed toward the boat; the fellow standing in the bow of the boat caught her, and at the same moment down sunk the boat, and the wreck rolled wearily over. But the girl was safe.

"Hurrah, my lad!" I sung out. "Up with you,—there are others remaining;" and I went sprawling along the line to the deck-house, there to encounter another rush of water, which washed as high as my thighs, and fetched me such a thump in the stomach that I thought I must have died of suffocation.

I was glad to find that the old man had got out of his bunk, and was standing at the door.

"Is my poor girl safe, sir?" he exclaimed, with the same huskiness of voice that had grated so unpleasantly in the girl's tone.

"Quite safe: come along."

"Thanks be to Almighty God!" he ejaculated, and burst into tears.

I seized hold of his thin cold hands, but shifted my fingers to catch him by the coat collar, so as to exert more power over him; and handed him along the deck, telling my companion to lay hold of the seaman and fetch him away smartly. We managed to escape the water, for the poor old gentleman bestirred himself very nimbly, and I helped him over the fore-chains; and when the boat rose, tumbled him into her without ceremony. I

saw the daughter leap toward him and clasp him in her arms; but I was soon again scrambling on to the deck, having heard cries from my man, accompanied with several loud curses, mingled with dreadful yells.

"He's bitten me, sir!" cried my companion, hauling himself away from the deck-house. "He's roaring mad."

"It can't be helped," I answered. "We must get him out."

He saw me pushing along the life-line, plucked up heart, and went with myself through a sousing sea to the door. I caught a glimpse of a white face glaring at me from the interior: in a second a figure shot out, fled with incredible speed toward the bow, and leaped into the sea just where our boat lay.

"They'll pick him up," I exclaimed. "Stop a second;" and I entered the house and stooped over the figure of the man on the deck.

I was not familiar with death, and yet I knew it was here. I cannot describe the signs in his face; but such as they were, they told me the truth. I noticed a ring upon his finger, and that his clothes were good. His hair was black, and his features well shaped, though his face had a half-convulsed expression, as if something frightful had appeared to him, and he had died of the sight of it.

"This wreck must be his coffin," I said. "He is a corpse. We can do no more."

We scrambled for the last time along the life-line and got into the fore-chains; but to our consternation, saw the boat rowing away from the wreck. However, the fit of rage and terror that possessed me lasted but a moment or two; for I now saw they were giving chase to the madman, who was swimming steadily away. Two of the men rowed, and the third hung over the bows, ready to grasp the miserable wretch. The Grosvenor stood steady, about a mile off, with her mainyards backed; and just as the fellow over the boat's bows caught hold of the swimmer's hair, the ensign was run up on board the ship and dipped three times.

"Bring him along!" I shouted. "They'll be off without us if we don't bear a hand."

They nearly capsized the boat as they dragged the lunatic, streaming like a drowned rat, out of the water; and one of the sailors tumbled him over on his back, and knelt upon him, while he took some turns with the boat's painter round his body, arms

and legs. The boat then came alongside; and watching our opportunity, we jumped into her and shoved off.

I had now leisure to examine the persons whom we had saved. They — father and daughter, as I judged them by the girl's exclamation on the wreck — sat in the stern-sheets, their hands locked. The old man seemed nearly insensible; leaning backward with his chin on his breast and his eyes partially closed. I feared he was dying; but could do no good until we reached the Grosvenor, as we had no spirits in the boat.

The girl appeared to be about twenty years of age; very fair, her hair of golden straw color, which hung wet and streaky down her back and over her shoulders, though a portion of it was held by a comb. She was deadly pale, and her lips blue; and in her fine eyes was such a look of mingled horror and rapture as she cast them around her, — first glancing at me, then at the wreck, then at the Grosvenor, — that the memory of it will last me to my death. Her dress, of some dark material, was soaked with salt water up to her hips, and she shivered and moaned incessantly, though the sun beat so warmly upon us that the thwarts were hot to the hand.

The mad sailor lay at the bottom of the boat, looking straight into the sky. He was a horrid-looking object, with his streaming hair, pasty features, and red beard, his naked shanks and feet protruding through his soaking, clinging trousers, which figured his shin-bones as though they clothed a skeleton. Now and again he would give himself a wild twirl and yelp out fiercely; but he was well-nigh spent with his swim, and on the whole was quiet enough.

I said to the girl, "How long have you been in this dreadful position?"

"Since yesterday morning," she answered, in a choking voice painful to hear, and gulping after each word. "We have not had a drop of water to drink since the night before last. He is mad with thirst, for he drank the water on the deck;" and she pointed to the man in the bottom of the boat.

"My God!" I cried to the men, "do you hear her? They have not drunk water for two days! For the love of God, give way!"

They bent their backs to the oars, and the boat foamed over the long swell. The wind was astern and helped us. I did not speak again to the poor girl; for it was cruel to make her

talk, when the words lacerated her throat as though they were pieces of burning iron.

After twenty minutes, which seemed as many hours, we reached the vessel. The crew pressing round the gangway cheered when they saw we had brought people from the wreck. Duckling and the skipper watched us grimly from the poop.

"Now then, my lads," I cried, "up with this lady first. Some of you on deck get water ready, as these people are dying of thirst."

In a few minutes, both the girl and the old man were handed over the gangway. I cut the boat's painter adrift from the ring-bolt so that we could ship the madman without loosening his bonds, and he was hoisted up like a bale of goods. Then four of us got out of the boat, leaving one to drop her under the davits and hook on the falls.

At this moment a horrible scene took place.

The old man, tottering on the arms of two seamen, was being led into the cuddy, followed by the girl, who walked unaided. The madman, in the grasp of the big sailor named Johnson, stood near the gangway; and as I scrambled on deck, one of the men was holding a pannikin full of water to his face. The poor wretch was shrinking away from it, with his eyes half out of their sockets: but suddenly tearing his arm with a violent effort from the rope that bound him, he seized the pannikin and bit clean through the *tin;* after which, throwing back his head, he swallowed the whole draught, dashed the pannikin down, his face turned black, and he fell dead on the deck.

The big sailor sprung aside with an oath, forced from him by his terror; and from every looker-on there broke a groan. They all shrunk away and stood staring with blanched faces. Such a piteous sight as it was, lying doubled up, with the rope pinioning the miserable limbs, the teeth locked, and the right arm uptossed!

"Aft here and get the quarter-boat hoisted up!" shouted Duckling, advancing on the poop; and seeing the man dead on the deck, he added, "Get a tarpaulin and cover him up, and let him lie on the fore-hatch."

"Shall I tell the steward to serve out grog to the men who went with me?" I asked him.

He stared at me contemptuously, and walked away without answering.

RUSSIAN LYRIC POETRY

BY PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY

NO OTHER branch of literature is better fitted than lyric poetry to affirm the two principles which seem to constitute the chief acquisition of our modern culture: individualism and cosmopolitism. In no other kind of poetry do the great variety of individuals and the great equality of mankind find more concise nor more simultaneous expression. The two apparently contradictory elements are combined: the endless variety of feeling and expression is covered by the unchangeable eternity of the subject, of that "old story which is always new,"—the story of man's inner life. The poets of the world are, as it were, the irradiation of the universal human soul; the poetry of every one of them is the irradiation of the poet's individuality; yet every single poem, though itself the result of individualism, is a focus which gathers all other individualities and makes them meet on the common ground of their identity and similitude. Passing over all barriers erected by national distinctions, a Frenchman, for instance, and an Englishman will recognize in a German poem their identity and similitude with the author, hence with each other, consequently with all mankind. The cosmopolitan importance of the most individual of all arts appears clearly enough, and the circumference of its humanitarian influence stands in exact proportion with the depth of the poet's individualism. If measured by this standard, Russian lyricism will count among the most precious contributors to universal poetry: the human soul in our lyric songs, like a harp with palpitating chords, vibrates and responds to every touch of life.

The blossoming of Russian lyric poetry was sudden, and developed with a wonderful rapidity, if we consider that its beginning and its finest bloom are contained in the first eighty years of the present century. The eighteenth century, or, as it is more specifically called in the history of Russian literature, the "century of Catherine the Great," struck in fact no lyrical chords; and this is comprehensible. Lyricism is not possible without genuine feeling nor without genuine ways of expressing it: Russian literature of the eighteenth century was, *per contra*, all imitative. Under the impulse of Peter the Great's reform, the Russian intellect awakens to literary interests; at the touch of French literature and philosophy of the time, a number of

poets and writers arise and bring forth that imitative literature which is known as "Russian pseudo-classicism": Russian subjects, draped in the mantle of Greek and Roman antiquity, seen through French spectacles, and sung in Russian verses. The latter, we must acknowledge, attain a wonderful sonority; and however artificial the whole gait of that pompous and often ridiculous poetry, the beauty of the language it had worked out constitutes its everlasting merit for Russian poetry. But with the exception of the language there was scarcely anything genuine; for even genuine subjects seemed to lose their reality through being forced into unsuitable foreign forms. Poets did not compose because they felt a psychological necessity of doing so: their productiveness was stimulated not by inner inspiration, but by the simple desire of living up to patterns created by foreign writers, consecrated by public opinion. Our poetry of the eighteenth century is not so much the result of feeling, as the result of a deliberate decision on the part of writers to possess a Russian literature because other nations possessed theirs: it is imbued rather with a spirit of international competition than with that of national *expression*. It is easy to conceive that such conditions could offer no propitious ground for the blossoming of lyricism. In the first years of our century the Russian intellect emancipates itself from its passive acceptance of European influences. The seeds of foreign culture had germinated in the national soil; writers apply themselves to the study of national questions, they give up their attitude of confiding pupils, and consciously and deliberately join the great stream of universal literature. Russian poetry gives up its spirit of competition; poets begin to sing because they want to sing, and not because they want to sing *as well* as others.

This was just at the time when the romantic flood which inundated Europe stood at its highest. The romantic stream makes irruption into our country, and fructifies the virgin soil which had been slumbering for so many centuries. Among the brilliant pleiad of poets who brought about the vigorous offspring of Russian poetry in the twenties and thirties of our century, three figures arise, though with different literary importance, yet each with strong individual coloring. These are Zoukovsky, the poet of romantic melancholy; Poushkin, the poet of romantic epicurism; and Lermontov, the poet of romantic pessimism. Zoukovsky (1783–1852) was the first among Russian poets who made the human soul the object of poetry, not without a certain exaggeration and one-sidedness. After the cold stiffness of the French pseudo-classical style, the new romantic breeze which came from Germany and England entirely took hold of the young poet, who seemed by nature the most fitted man to navigate on the waves of sentimental and fantastic romanticism. His ballads,

either original, or translated from German and English, became the funnel through which romanticism inundated Russian poetry. The main tonality of his lyre is elegy. Simplicity, genuineness, a quiet melancholy, a serene resignation to the troubles of real life, belief and hope in the future, a constant thought of death and compensation in eternity, are, with the extreme charm of their musical fascination, the chief characteristics of Zoukovsky's poems. In his verses did for the first time those gentle chords resound which Christianity made to vibrate in the human soul. «His romantic lyre,» says a critic, «gave soul and heart to Russian poetry: it taught the mystery of suffering, of loss, of mystic relations, and of anxious strivings towards the mysterious world which has no name, no place, and yet in which a young soul feels its sacred native land.» This «striving» towards unknown, unreachable regions is what communicates to Zoukovsky's poetry its exaggeratedly idealistic character: earth and real life to him are but a starting-point; reality seems to present no interest by itself, to possess no other capacity but that of provoking sorrow, no other value but that of contrasting with the happiness which exists somewhere — which cannot be attained in this life, and undoubtedly will be reached some day.

The absolute intrinsic value of Zoukovsky's poems is not of an everlasting character, yet his merits toward national poetry are great: for those qualities of his lyre we mentioned above, he is the founder of Russian lyricism; for the beauty of his language and the simplicity of means by which he obtained it, he is the precursor of Poushkin. His influence was great on the generation, in the first decades of our century, when Byronism pervaded our literary life: the serene tranquillity of Zoukovsky's elegy was enforced by the storm and gloom of the British poet, and this combined influence produced that kind of poetry which we characterized as romantic pessimism, and which found its final intensified expression in Lermontov. In the minor harmony of these poetical lamentations, the powerful lyre of Poushkin strikes the chords of the major triton in all its plenitude.

Poushkin (1799–1837) is among our poets the most difficult figure to be retraced; for the sublime excellency of his poetry comes just from the fact that he has no predominating coloring. Every poet has his favorite element, his beloved subjects, his own particular moods: this makes it easy for the critic,—as a matter of fact, the more one-sided a poet the easier it is to retrace his portrait. Poushkin has no predominating element: his chief particularity is that he has none. The most many-chorded responsiveness, the greatest variety of moods and expressions, are fused in a general harmony; if we may say so, of a «spherical» equilibrium. In another place we characterized Poushkin's lyricism as «pouring rain with brilliant sunshine.»

We find no other words for expressing its completeness: the whole scale of feelings has been touched by the poet, from the abysses of sorrow to the summits of joy; and yet none of his lyrical poems can be classified into one of these extremes, for in his artistic contemplation of life, human happiness and human misery are to him so equal, that even in the given moment when he depicts one of them, the other is present to his mind. Thus never does a feeling appear single in his verses: joy never goes without regret, sorrow without a ray of hope; a vague idea of death floats in the background of those poems which give way to the most boundless gayety, and a smile is shining from behind the bitterest of his tears. The striking difference from Zoukovsky's poetry is the absence of sterile strivings in unreal regions, and a vigorous healthy love of real life: our greatest romanticist was at the same time our first realist. This combination is the very quality which assigns to Poushkin's poetry its individual place in the concert of the poets of the world. Prosper Mérimée could not conceive how it was possible to make such beautiful poetry with every-day-life subjects, nor to write such beautiful verses with words taken from the very heart of every-day-life speech; and the French writer envies the language which can raise its «spoken speech» to such a degree of beauty as to introduce it into the highest regions of poetry. Zoukovsky had proclaimed that «poetry and life are one»: yet in his verses he did not live up to this principle; his romantic aspirations drew him away from life into a world of dreams. Poushkin proves and realizes that which Zoukovsky proclaimed: his is the real «poetry of life.» «It is not a poetical lie which inflames the imagination,» says the critic Belinsky, «not one of those lies which make man hostile at his first encounter with reality, and exhaust his forces in early useless struggle.» Life and dream, real and ideal, are combined and fused into each other in that poetry which the same critic characterizes as «earth imbued with heaven.» Poushkin's place in Russian literature is unique. He marks the culminating point in the ascending curve of our poetical evolution, and at the same time he is the literary contemporary of all those writers who came after him: for not only are all kinds of our poetry contained in his, but all branches of prose, all shadowings of style. He marks the central point of our literature: the preceding writers converge towards Poushkin, those who come after radiate from Poushkin. Of no less importance than his literary influence was Poushkin's personal prestige: he had become a sort of literary ferment amidst his generation. A pleiad of talented poets group themselves round their young leader, and cast over the first four decades of the present century a quite peculiar charm of romantic youthfulness.

Among these poets, who are all more or less a reflection of Poushkin, only one is powerful enough to stand as an independent individuality: this is the already mentioned Lermontov (1814–1841). It is hard for a critic to speak of Lermontov's poetry without mentioning the poet's age; it is almost impossible for a Russian to consider as an accomplished cycle the work of a man who died at the age of twenty-seven. And yet it is certainly not as an extenuating circumstance we mention the fact: no one can guess what might have become of the poet had he lived longer, but that which he left is as excellent as the productions of a genius in its full maturity. We are far from Poushkin's harmony and many-sidedness in Lermontov's lyricism. Poushkin's serenity, his inner equilibrium, appear almost as if they belonged to some distant world,—so painfully do the chords of Lermontov's lyre resound at the contact of life. His is the poetry of longing, of hopeless expectations; disenchantment, indignation, accesses of moral fatigue, revolt and resignation, alternate in his beautiful verses with a painful intensity of feeling. How far the bitterness of this romantic pessimism from Zoukovsky's sentimental melancholy! The world of dreams is left behind: with Poushkin and Lermontov, poetry abandons phantoms, visions, sterile strivings into unreachable regions; it confines itself to the human soul, and finds the greatest beauty in expressing reality of feeling. In this respect Lermontov's merit towards Russian lyricism can stand the comparison with Poushkin: though his individuality was not as vast, not as comprehensive, yet the circumference in which he moved was a different one from Poushkin's, and his poetry therefore is an independent and important contribution; his lyre was not as many-chorded, but if added to Poushkin's, his chords would not be out of tune,—they would only introduce into the limpid harmony of his major triton, the melancholy of minor tones and the hopeless bitterness of dissonances longing for resolution. Thus the works of the two great poets complete each other, and establish the whole scale of Russian lyricism. After Poushkin and Lermontov, Russian poetry is but a working out: no new chords will be added; the individuality of poets will express itself in diversity of styles, of coloring, of moods, of intensity; there will be different *kinds* of poetry, *matter* of poetry will be one.

After the forties of the nineteenth century we enter into the second period of Russian modern literature. The representatives of the first pleiad of poets, like their leaders, all die very young: the last writer who belonged to the Poushkin circle, the novelist Gogol, dies in 1852; under his influence romanticism expires, naturalism definitely taken root in the soil, and the Russian naturalistic novel brings its powerful contribution to the stream of universal literature. The names of

Tourgenev, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, rise as embodiers of Russia's intellectual activity, as representatives of the country's inner life. Yet behind these names there is a series of others, which until recently remained screened from the eyes of the reader of universal literature. It is one of the most remarkable features of Russia's literary development, that just in the fifties and sixties, at the very time when the naturalistic novel was debating the most burning problems of practical life, a chorus of poets raised their voices to give as it were a lyrical echo to the demands of reality. Their participation with the intellectual, social, and political movement of their time was very different, and influenced their lyricism in a very different way; yet the general spirit of their poetry was more contemplative than active. Only two poets did in a considerable part of their productions enter the way of deliberate didacticism, and impressed upon their literary activity a character of belligerency.

These are Nekrassov (1821–1877) and Count Alexis Tolstoy (1817–1875). The former was the poet of "civic sorrows"; bureaucratic indifference, epicurism of the rich, are the objects of his venomous sarcasm. His poetical gifts were great; unfortunately they were stimulated not so much with love for the lower people as with hatred for the upper classes,—and hatred has never been a creative element in art (nor in anything). His lyricism, when it appears pure, without any alloy of sarcastic didacticism, attains a great intensity of bitterness and grief. Count Alexis Tolstoy's didacticism was directed against the materialistic tendencies of his time, especially against the habit of measuring works of art by the standard of practical usefulness. For his criticism he selected the form of old Russian ballads: this gives a very peculiar character to his satires where the novelty of the subject is combined with an archaism of folk-lore. When expressing pure feeling, Count Tolstoy's lyre is serene, ethereal, seraphic: he is the only poet after Poushkin who is entirely major; the minor tones in his harmony are transitory, and never leave any bitterness behind them. Strange as it may appear, in spite of the above-mentioned belligerent character of his poetry, peace is the predominating element of his lyricism; peaceful are his joys, peaceful his sorrows: no extremes; he dives into no abysses; he takes the æsthetical surface, rather the expression than the substance of feeling; his love is dreamy, his anger indulgent; there is much light in his poetry,—its rays vibrate and sparkle in multiple combinations of coloring and shadowing,—but they are not burning, their heat is mild, and they remind one of the long caressing beams of the sunset, whose glow is all color.

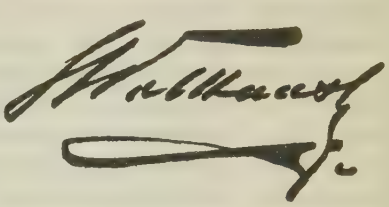
Two poets have communicated to their poetry a strong coloring of the political and scientific parties to which they belonged: these

are the two poets-Slavophiles, Homiakov (1804–1860) and Tutchev (1803–1873). The characteristic feature of the Slavophiles' doctrine — the ardent belief in the sacred mission of their fatherland, in its being predestined by Providence to be the instrument for the fulfillment of its plans — finds more or less decisive expression in Homiakov's and Tutchev's verses. The high qualities of their personal character preserved them from entering the direction of bombastic spread-eagleism, and communicate to their poetry a sort of religious gravity, which commands respect even to those who do not share their ideas: we may contest opinions, we always bow before faith. Homiakov's lyricism moves in the field of religious thought. Tutchev has a refined sense of nature; and his lyricism — differently from others who treat the same subject — is not so much a reflection of nature in the poet's personality as a participation with the phenomena, an infusion of the poet into nature. These are the poets in whose works the intellectual, political, and social currents of their time find active responsiveness; others give but a few occasional echoes to the problems of their time, and are all more or less contemplative.

Maykov (born in 1821), the Alma-Tadema of Russian poetry, resuscitates pictures of Greek and Roman antiquity; a lofty spirit emanates from his philosophical juxtapositions. His lyricism is cold: his lyric poems do not seem an immediate expression of feeling; the process of incarnation seems to remove the work from the artist; perhaps an exaggerated propensity towards antiquity has dried up the source of genuine feeling, which cannot gush but out of the soil of reality. Polonsky (born in 1820) is the poet of «psychological landscape»: the outside world is either reflected by the poet's personality, or participates with his feelings in a peaceful harmony of mood; nature seems to have no proper life nor any sense by itself,— it exists simply as man's perception. Quite different is the landscape of Count Golenischev-Koutousov (born in 1848): he is an observer, a spectator, not a participant of nature, and the latter has a complex and multiple life of its own, independently from man; she pursues her own way, with her own direction, and leaves man the choice of joining her after his death in a nirvanic fusion with impersonal cosmos. The most lyric of lyric poets is Fet (1820–1893): pure feeling, impalpable, immaterial, like effect without cause; imagine a picture without canvas, a sound without the chord which produces it, the perfume of a flower without the flower itself,— so free of matter is his poetry. He is the poet of indefinite emotions, unseizable shadowings; where others enter into silence, there he begins to talk; with a wonderful subtlety, and at the same time a great audacity of expression, he becomes the singer of lyrical twilight, of fugitive impressions, fading memories, vanishing sounds. For the usual chords of a poet's

lyre he substituted the palpitating rays of the moonlight and the rainbow.

Such is in brief lines the evolution of Russian lyricism to the end of the nineteenth century, and such is in concise formulas the character of its chief representatives.



THE BLACK SHAWL

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin: 1799–1837)

Like a madman I gaze on a raven-black shawl:
Remorse, fear, and anguish,—this heart knows them all.

When believing and fond, in the springtime of youth,
I loved a Greek maiden with tenderest truth.

That fair one caressed me—my life! oh, 'twas bright;
But it set, that fair day, in a hurricane night.

One day I had bidden young guests, a gay crew,
When sudden there knocked at my gate a vile Jew.

«With guests thou art feasting,» he whisperingly said,
«And *she* hath betrayed thee—thy young Grecian maid.»

I cursed him and gave him good guerdon of gold,
And called me a slave that was trusty and bold.

«Ho! my charger—my charger!»—We mount, we depart,
And soft pity whispered in vain at my heart.

On the Greek maiden's threshold in frenzy I stood:
I was faint, and the sun seemed as darkened with blood.

By the maiden's low window I listen, and there
I beheld an Armenian caressing the fair.

The light darkened round me; then flashed my good blade—
The minion ne'er finished the kiss that betrayed.

On the corse of the minion in fury I danced,
Then silent and pale at the maiden I glanced.

RUSSIAN CURSIVE WRITING.

A public document of Kamtschatka, written on birch bark.

Вышнегатайцу Большерецкую канцелярию извергнувшагося
шои приказной избы

Реестр

Ея Императорскаго Величества Камчатской
Большерецкой канцелярии ума мая 30 числа сего
768 года по 50 обоятных винных пропасов
сладкой травы настоящаго быть оную тра-
вою сладкой травы настоящаго быть оную тра-
вою на двух хлебных ядрах сторону Верхнюю пропасок про-
сего Авгия 18 дня получив; а остраго взяв Пра-
вой надо ожидалось, минувшаго мая 6 числа сего года
Верхнего указов Камчатской Большерецкой канцелярии
Дощано было: винных пропасов Правой стороны
нагалом своим обрезанных наличное число сладкой
травы против вышеписанной оной пятидесять тюдам;
Число оных пропасов обрезанной оставшей
равани сто пуд пошли рубли пуд на пять
рублев, пошлют здесь сего года пятьдесять пуд.
№ 222. пошли рубли девяносто пять пуд пятьдесять пуд на
девяносто рублев, итого пятьдесять пуд на
сто пятьдесять девяносто рублев, сколько травы сих
оставшее число сто пятьдесять девяносто рублев, оных
ных Правой надо столько нагалом обрезанных
сва Правой Верхней записать, а остаток
писанных пошлют винных Правой надо столь
осталось здесь сладкой травы пятьдесять вос-
пуд сфунтамк оно более оной травы здесь оставшу
остроге исповалось, сколь того винных Правой надо
столь мною сего мая 22 дня

Комиссар Марта

Авгия 18 дня
1768 года

I remember the prayers and the red-bursting stream —
Thus perished the maiden — thus perished my dream.

This raven-black shawl from her dead brow I tore —
On its fold from my dagger I wiped off the gore.

The mists of the evening arose, and my slave
Hurled the corpses of both in the Danube's dark wave.

Since then, I kiss never the maid's eyes of light,
Since then, I know never the soft joys of night.

Like a madman I gaze on the raven-black shawl:
Remorse, fear, and anguish, — this heart knows them all.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

THE ROSE

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Where is our rose, friends?
Tell if ye may!
Faded the rose, friends,
The Dawn-child of Day.
Ah, do not say,
Such is life's fleetness!
No, rather say,
I mourn thee, rose, — farewell!
Now to the lily-bell
Flit we away.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

TO ——

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Yes! I remember well our meeting
When first thou dawnedst on my sight,
Like some fair phantom past me fleeting,
Some nymph of purity and light.

By weary agonies surrounded
'Mid toil, 'mid mean and noisy care,
Long in mine ear thy soft voice sounded,
Long dreamed I of thy features fair.

Years flew; Fate's blast blew ever stronger,
Scattering mine early dreams to air,
And thy soft voice I heard no longer—
No longer saw thy features fair.

In exile's silent desolation
Slowly dragged on the days for me,—
Orphaned of life, of inspiration,
Of tears, of love, of deity.

I woke: once more my heart was beating—
Once more thou dawnèdst on my sight,
Like some fair phantom past me fleeting,
Some nymph of purity and light.

My heart has found its consolation;
All has revived once more for me,
And vanished life, and inspiration,
And tears, and love, and deity.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

MY STUDIES

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

In solitude my soul, my wayward inspiration
I've schooled to quiet toil, to fervent meditation.
I'm master of my days; order is reason's friend;
On graver thoughts I've learned my spirit's powers to bend:
I seek to compensate, in freedom's calm embraces,
For the warm years of youth, its joys and vanished graces,
And to keep equal step with an enlightened age.

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

CAUCASUS

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Beneath me the peaks of the Caucasus lie;
My gaze from the snow-bordered cliff I am bending;
From her sun-lighted eyrie the eagle ascending
Floats movelessly on in a line with mine eye.
I see the young torrent's first leaps towards the ocean,
And the cliff-cradled lawine essay its first motion.

Beneath me the clouds in their silentness go,
The cataracts through them in thunder down-dashing,
Far beneath them bare peaks in the sunny ray flashing;
Weak moss and dry shrubs I can mark yet below,
Dark thickets still lower; green meadows are blooming
Where the throstle is singing and reindeer are roaming.

Here man, too, has nested his hut, and the flocks
On the long grassy slopes in their quiet are feeding,
And down to the valley the shepherd is speeding,
Where Arágva gleams out from her wood-crested rocks.
And there in his crags the poor robber is hiding,
And Térek in anger is wrestling and chiding.

Like a fierce young wild beast, how he bellows and raves,
Like that beast from his cage when his prey he espieth;
'Gainst the bank, like a wrestler, he struggleth and plieth,
And licks at the rocks with his ravening waves.
In vain, thou wild river! dumb cliffs are around thee,
And sternly and grimly their bondage hath bound thee!

Translation of Thomas B. Shaw.

THE BARD

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Say, have you heard by night in woodland depths
The bard who sings his love, who sings his sorrow,
And when the fields at morning-hour were silent,
The plaintive simple accents of his pipe,—
Say, have you heard?

Say, have you met in empty forest shades
The bard who sings his love, who sings his sorrow?
Have you remarked his recent tears, his smiling,
His gentle eyes so full of pathos mild,—
Say, have you seen?

Say, have you sighed to hear his gentle voice,—
The bard who sings his love, who sings his sorrow?
When in the grove you saw the youthful poet
And met the glance of his pathetic eyes,—
Say, have you sighed?

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

A MONUMENT

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

I've raised myself no statue made with hands,—
The people's path to it no weeds will hide.
Rising with no submissive head, it stands
Above the pillar of Napoleon's pride.
No! I shall never die: in sacred strains
My soul survives my dust and flees decay;
And famous shall I be, while there remains
A single poet 'neath the light of day.
Through all great Russia will go forth my fame,
And every tongue in it will name my name;
And by the nation long shall I be loved,
Because my lyre their nobler feelings moved:
Because I strove to serve them with my song,
And called forth mercy for the fallen throng.
Hear God's command, O Muse, obediently,
Nor dread reproach, nor claim the poet's bay;
To praise and blame alike indifferent be,
And let fools say their say!

Translation of John Pollen.

YA PEREZHIL SVOÏ ZHELANYA

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

I've overlived aspirings,
My fancies I disdain;
The fruit of hollow-heartedness,
Sufferings alone remain.

'Neath cruel storms of Fate
With my crown of bay,
A sad and lonely life I lead,
Waiting my latest day.

Thus, struck by latter cold
While howls the wintry wind,
Trembles upon the naked bough
The last leaf left behind.

Translation of John Pollen.

THE FREE LIFE OF THE BIRD

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

Painful labors, grievous sorrows,
Never on God's birdling rest,
And it fears no dark to-morrows,
Builds itself no lasting nest.

On the bough it sleeps and swings
Till the ruddy sun appears;
Then it shakes its wings and sings,
For the voice of God it hears.

After spring's delightful weather,
When the burning summer's fled,
And the autumn brings together
For men's sorrow, for men's dread,

Mists and storms in gloomy legions,—
Then the bird across the main
Flies to far-off southern regions,
Till the spring returns again.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE ANGEL

(Aleksandr Sergyevich Poushkin)

At Eden's gates an angel holy
Was shining with bowed reverent head,
While o'er the abyss of hell soared slowly
A demon with black pinions dread.

The rebel spirit of doubt and lying
Beheld the sinless one; and then
The glow of tenderness, fast dying,
Awoke within his breast again!

"Farewell! my eyes have seen the vision:
Thou dost not shine in vain!" he cries.
"Not all on earth draws my derision,
Not all in heaven do I despise!"

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE PRISONER

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov: 1814–41)

Away from the prison shade!
Give me the broad daylight;
Bring me a black-eyed maid,
A steed dark-maned as night.
First the maiden fair
Will I kiss on her ruddy lips,
Then the dark steed shall bear
Me, like the wind, to the steppes.

But the heavy door hath a bar,
The prison window is high;
The black-eyed maiden afar
In her own soft bed doth lie;
In meadow green the horse,
Unbridled, alone, at ease,
Gallops a playful course
And tosses his tail to the breeze.

Lonely am I, unjoying
Amid bare prison walls;
The light in the lamp is dying,
Dimmer the shadow falls;
And only, without my room,
I hear the measured ring
Of the sentry's steps in the gloom,
As he treads unanswering.

Translation of A. E. Staley.

THE CLOUD

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov)

To the giant cliff's wide bosom straying
Came a golden cloud, and soon was sleeping
In the early dawn it woke, and leaping,
Hurried down the blue sky, gayly playing.

On the old cliff's wrinkled breast remaining,
Was a humid trace of dew-drops only.
Lost in thought the cliff stands, silent, lonely;
In the wilderness its tears are raining!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE CUP OF LIFE

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov)

We quaff life's cup with dim,
With covered eyes;
We blur its golden rim
With tears and sighs.

When from our brows at death
The bonds shall fall,
And with them vanisheth
False festival,—

Then shall we see that naught
The cup outpours;
A dream the draught so sought,
And that — not ours.

Translation of A. E. Staley.

THE ANGEL

(Mikhaïl Yurevich Lermontov)

Through the midnight heavens an angel flew,
And a soft low song sang he,
And the moon and the stars and the rolling clouds
Heard that holy melody.

He sang of the bliss of sinless souls
'Neath the tents of Eden-bowers;
Of God — the Great One — he sang; and unfeigned
Was his praise of the Godhead's powers.

A little babe in his arms he bore,
For this world of woe and tears;
And the sound of his song in the soul of the child
Kept ringing, though wordless, for years.

And long languished she on this earth below,
With a wondrous longing filled,
But the world's harsh songs could not change for her
The notes which that angel trilled.

Translation of John Pollen.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

(M. Y. Nekrassov: 1821–77)

Then up there comes a veteran,
With medals on his breast:
He scarcely lives, but yet he strives
To drink with all the rest.
«A lucky man am I,» he cries,
And thus to prove the fact he tries:
«In what consists a soldier's luck?
Pray listen while I tell.
In twenty fights or more I've been,
And yet I never fell.
And what is more, in peaceful times
Full weal I never knew;
Yet all the same, I have contrived
Not to give Death his due.
Again, for sins both great and small
Full many a time they've me
With sticks unmercifully flogged,
Yet I'm alive, you see!»

Translation of John Pollen.

THE PROPHET

(M. Y. Nekrassov)

Ah! tell me not he prudence quite forgot;
That he himself for his own fate's to blame.
Clearer than we, he saw that man cannot
Both serve the good and save himself from flame.

But men he loved with higher, broader glow;
His soul for worldly honors did not sigh;
For self alone he could not live below,
But for the sake of others he could die.

Thus thought he — and to die, for him, was gain.
He will not say that «life to him was dear»;
He will not say that «death was useless pain»:
To him long since his destiny was clear.

Translation of John Pollen.

HAPPINESS IN SLUMBER

(Vasili Andreyevich Zoukovsky: 1783–1852)

Along the road the maiden
Walked with her faithful youth;
Their eyes with grief were laden,
Their faces pale with ruth.

On eyes and lips with yearning
Their tender kisses rain;
And life and beauty returning
Bloom in their hearts again.

Their joy was quickly reckoned:
Twice rang a solemn bell!
She in a convent wakened—
He, in a prison cell!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE COMING OF SPRING

(Vasili Andreyevich Zoukovsky)

Deep silence in the sky;
The moon mysteriously
Through filmy haze is sinking;
The Star of Love is winking
Above the darkling hill,
And in the abyss so still
Things formless, fascinating,
Come flying, animating
The silence of the night,—
They bring the Spring's delight.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

NIGHT

(Vasili Andreyevich Zoukovsky)

Already now the weary day
Has through the purple waves descended;
The cooling shades have fast extended;
The azure arch of heaven grows gray!

And solemn Night with peaceful pinions
Comes winging through her vast dominions,
And Hesper with his glittering star
Is herald of her flight afar!

To us, O heavenly Night, draw near
With Slumber's welcome chalice hovering,
With magic curtain all things covering,
To weary hearts bring peace and cheer!
Soothe with thy presence so pacific,
With thy sweet music soporific,
As mothers soothe their babes to rest,
The soul by sorrow's pangs distrest.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE VESPER BELLS

(Ivan Ivanovich Kozlov: 1779–1840)

O vesper bells, O vesper bells!
My heart with sweet remberance swells
Ye bring me back to days of yore;
I see my father's home once more,
As when I left it for all time,
And heard your last, your parting chime.

The bright days of my traitorious spring,
How little profit did ye bring!
How many, once so young and gay,
No longer see the light of day.
Their sleep is deep where silence dwells,—
They do not hear the vesper bells!

Lay me too in the damp cold ground!
A song of melancholy sound
The breeze above my grave shall sigh;
Another singer shall pass by,—
Not I but he it is who tells
The meaning of the vesper bells!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

SPRING WATERS

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev: 1803–73)

Still on the fields the snow lies white,
But spring-like founts already spout:
Adown the banks in sunshine bright
They dash and gleam and shout!

They shout aloud to every side:
"The Spring is near, the Spring is near!
Her couriers, we have hither hied;
She sent us forward — we are here!"

The Spring is near, the Spring is near!
And in a ruddy brilliant throng
The warm sweet days of May appear,
To cheer her train with joy and song.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

SUNRISE

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev)

The East grew white — fast flew the shallop;
The joyous sails were full distended;
And like a heaven beneath us stretching,
The sea with misty light was blended.

The East grew red — the maiden worshipt,
Her veil from off her locks untying.
Heaven seemed to glow upon her features,
As on her lips the prayer was sighing.

The East grew fire — in adoration
She knelt, her beauteous head inclining.
And on her young cheeks, fresh and blooming,
The tear-drops stood like jewels shining.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

EVENING

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev)

How sweetly o'er the silent valley
The distant solemn bell-tones fly!
Like rustling flights of cranes they dally,
Then in the sighing of leaves they die.

And like a spring tide overflowing
The day grows bright, then slowly fades;
And swifter and more silent going,
Adown the valley creep the shades.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE LEAVES

(Fedor Ivanovich Tutchev)

Let pine-trees and cedars
All winter make show,
And sleep 'mid the snow-storms,
Wrapt fast in the snow.
Their needles are pallid
Like grass that is transient;
Though they never turn yellow
They always look ancient.

But we, tribes of lightness,
Though brief our abiding,
Are blooming with brightness
On our branches residing.
All the long lovely summer
In beauty we grew;
We played with the sunbeams,
We bathed in the dew.

But the birds have ceased singing,
The blossoms are dead,
The meadows are yellow,
The south wind has fled.
What use then in clinging
To the boughs all in vain?
'Twere best we should follow
O'er valley and plain.

O buffeting storm-winds!
Blow fiercer, blow harder,
And strip us from branches
We hate now with ardor.
Despoil us completely,—
We wish not to stay.
O whirl us and hurl us
Forever away!

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

RUSSIAN SONG

ALEKSEI STEPANOVICH HOMIAKOFF (1804–1860)

HAIL, lovely land of Saint Vladimir!
Thy strength is vast, thy cities mighty;
Thou hast a host of faithful people!
On azure mountains firm thou leanest;
In azure seas thy feet thou bathest.
Thou dost not fear the cruel foe,
But thou dost fear the wrath of God!

Hail, lovely land of Saint Vladimir!
My fathers' fathers gave thee service.
They won thee peace by fruitful reason,
Thy holy cities they embellisht,
Thy cruel foes they helpt to vanquish.
Recall the good deeds of my fathers.
They served thee with a faithful service,
And I with faithful heart have served thee.
On the steppes from my loins have peasants descended,
Have peasants descended, well-to-do little peasants;
Their place do they know, they know what is useful,
Their brethren they love, and God do they worship.
From me, in the courts, has justice been done
Has justice been done, unbought and impartial.
From me has gone forth to the whole world a rumor
That bluer skies are not to be seen,
That bluer seas are not to be plowed,
That beautiful is the land of Vladimir.
Admire her — thou wilt never sufficiently gaze;
Draw wisdom from her, thou ne'er wilt exhaust her.

Across the heavens the bright sun goes;
All the earth it warms, it lightens.
By night the crowded stars are shining,
And there is no counting the sand or the grass-blades,
And over the earth proceed the words of God—
It warms with life, with joy it shineth;
Bright gleam the churches' golden cupolas,
And the servants of the Lord and the pilgrims
Are countless like the grass-blades on the steppes,
Are countless like the sands upon the sea-shore.

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE EASTER KISS

(Apollon Nikolayvich Maykov: 1821–?)

Soon the sun-bright feast-day cometh,—
I will claim my Easter kiss;
Others then will stand around us:
Pray, my Dora, mark you this!

Just as if I never kissed you,
Blushing red before the rest,
You must kiss with downcast eyelids,
I will kiss with smile repressed.

Translation of John Pollen.

THE ALPINE GLACIER

(Apollon Nikolayvich Maykov)

Dank the darkness on the cliff-side;
Faintly outlined from below,
In their modest maiden gladness
Glaciers in the dawn's blush glow.

What new life upon me blowing
Breathes from yonder snowy height,
From that depth of liquid turquoise
Flashing in the morning light?

There I know, dread Terror dwelleth,
Track of man there is not there;
Yet my heart in answer swelleth
To the challenge, "Come thou here!"

Translation of John Pollen.

THE KISS REFUSED

(Apollon Nikolayvich Maykov)

I would kiss you, lover true!
But I fear the moon would spy;
Little bright stars watch us too.
Little stars might fall from sky
To the blue sea, telling all!
To the oars the sea will tell,
Oars, in turn, tell Fisher Eno—
Him whom Mary loveth well:
And when Mary knows a thing,
All the neighborhood will know;—
How by moonlight in the garden
Where the fragrant flowers grow,
I caressed and fondly kissed thee,
While the silver apple-tree
Shed its bloom on you and me!

Translation of John Pollen.

BELIEVE IT NOT

(Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy: 1817–75)

Believe it not, when in excess of sorrow
I murmur that my love for thee is o'er!
When ebbs the tide, think not the sea's a traitor,—
He will return and love the land once more.

I still am pining, full of former passion:
To thee again my freedom I'll restore,
E'en as the waves, with homeward murmur flowing,
Roll back from far to the beloved shore!

Translation of John Pollen.

RENEWAL

(Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoy)

Brighter look the early flowers,
Louder sounds the skylark's strain;
Blue the air and green the bowers,
And the heart feels young again.

Shaking off all bonds and fetters,
Flinging every chain aside,
Life in sunshine flows and glitters
Like the freely flowing tide.

Do you hear fresh voices singing,
And all pulses beating high,
As if chords unseen were ringing,
Tightly drawn from earth to sky?

Translation of S. N. Wolkonsky.

ON SKOBELEV

(Yakov Petrovich Polonsky: 1820–?)

He stood alone!
Around, from East, from West,
By Russia watched from far,
A giant—nay! a god of war.
Beneath the hostile fire he stood
Unmoved, in reckless hardihood.
His snow-white vest on battle-field
Seemed covered by St. Michael's shield.
And now his life is reft; that strength
Broken at length.

Translation of John Pollen.

TRYST

(A. Fet [Afanasi Afanasyevich Sheashin]: 1820–93)

A whisper, a gentle sigh,
Trills of the nightingale;
The silver flash of the brook
Asleep in the sleepy vale.

The shadow and shine of night
Shadows in endless race;
The sweep of a magical change
Over a sweet young face.
The blush of a rose in the mist,
An amber gleam on the lawn,
A rush of kisses and tears—
And oh, "the Dawn, the Dawn!"

Translation of John Pollen.

A RUSSIAN SCENE

(A. FET [AFANASI AFANASYEVICH SHEASHIN])

WONDROUS the picture,—
How homelike to me!
Distant plain whitening,
Full moon on the lea;
Light—in the heavens high,
And snow flashing bright;
Sledge in the distance
In its lonely flight.

Translation of John Pollen.

FOLK-SONGS

(ALEKSEI NIKOLAEVICH APUKHTIN: 1841–?)

MAY in the court! Begins now the planting;
Sings in his furrow the sower.
Songs of my fatherland, mournful, enchanting,
Sadly I hear you once more.

Yet in your cadences sad and pathetic,
Born of an infinite pain,
There is a something unknown and prophetic
Echoing through their refrain!

Conquering sorrow, their melodies swelling
Thrill with the vigor of youth;
Vanish the torments of years beyond telling
Under the sway of their truth.

Mayst thou, my Russia, for glory created,
Mayst thou, my fatherland dear—
No! Freedom's songs thy children ill-fated
Ne'er o'er these prairies shall hear!

Translation of Pauline W. Brigham.

SORROW

(Author Unknown)

Whither shall I, the fair maiden, flee from Sorrow?
If I fly from Sorrow into the dark forest,
After me runs Sorrow with an axe:
"I will fell, I will fell the green oaks;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I fly from Sorrow into the open field,
After me runs Sorrow with a scythe:
"I will mow, I will mow the open field;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
Whither then shall I flee from Sorrow?
If I rush from Sorrow into the blue sea,
After me comes Sorrow as a huge fish:
"I will drink, I will swallow the blue sea;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I seek refuge from Sorrow in marriage,
Sorrow follows me as my dowry;
If I take to my bed to escape from Sorrow,
Sorrow sits beside my pillow.
And when I shall have fled from Sorrow into the damp earth,
Sorrow will come after me with a spade;
Then will Sorrow stand over me, and cry triumphantly,
"I have driven, I have driven the maiden into the damp earth."

Translation of W. R. S. Ralston.

THE REALISTIC SCHOOL

BY EUGENE M. KAYDEN

It was the realistic school of poetry which ventured to speak about the life of the common people, the oppressed and the injured. And the master spirit of this social poetry was Nekrassov. Happily, the people had spoken before their champions rose, and had spoken truly, without platform or argument, pleading no cause, seeking no reform. Alexis Koltsov (1808–1842) came out of the heart of the people. From youth he was acquainted with life in village, field, and steppe. He knew little about the art of versification, and his songs seem to have been written more to the measure of folk poetry and to the music of the popular *balalaika*. But it was Koltsov who brought the peasant into literature, and a truer full-length peasant has never since been drawn. He sang what he knew of him, and his environment — the air of meadows and the smell of black furrows. We listen to songs of plowing and sowing, the joys of the peasant in his yellowing fields of rye, the happy busy days of the harvest; we have also songs about the sadness of the dark and cold days and the gloom of the long drought. We hear about the lot of the young farmhand without wife or house, the lover's disappointment, but everywhere the unreflecting courage to live and to endure, everywhere a hearty hope, like the dying and the blooming of nature itself.

If Koltsov was *of* the people, Nekrassov was *for* the people, the platform and inspiration of revolutionists and reformers. In the main his poetry was denunciatory, mocking in its bitterness against the social order, rank, and social morality; and uncompromising in its purpose. His burden was his mighty and continuous passion in the cause of social justice, a poetry «of vengeance and of grief.» He had an angry fancy, this poet of the masses trodden under foot; in the city he saw only unfortunate women, the slum and the gutter; in the villages — hunger and famine and never-ending suffering. It was only when he turned to the past story of heroic self-sacrifice of Russian men and women who gave up youth and career for freedom, or to the silent grief of mothers, or to peasant children, that his wrath was stilled; then purpose vanished, and he became wonderfully lyric, objective, rising to imaginative sublimity in his descriptions of nature and human passions. «Fancies! But I believe in the people!» he often repeated, and this dream of the future was the asylum of his distracted soul from the world of actuality.

After the death of Nekrassov, the problems of personal perfection and æsthetic idealism in poetry again seemed to lure men away from the

ugly business of the struggle with wrong. But this deflection was only temporary. The lyricism of Semeon Nadson (1862–1887), who was carried off by consumption at twenty-four, came like «a voice with a nervous tremor, like a brother's voice in a lonely hour» to the despairing men of the stagnant black days of reaction in the eighties. Tender, nervous, gloomy, feeling that he was dying hourly, he sang of the melancholy dreams of youth, disillusionment, and this strain filled his poetry like one long sob. He knew his own limitation. «My verse is barren of all strength, and pale, and delicate . . . I suffer and often weep in secret in the silence of the night,» but at least, he avowed, he never wrote to amuse or to chase away tedium. His morbid verse, magical in form, color and its emotional appeal, reflected the general weary feeling in society. But Nadson was also the poet of new effort, service, and hope. His message of deliverance, when the earth «weary of strife and the cries of the fallen will lift its eyes to all-comforting Love,» stirred his generation; and, popular beyond comprehension, he became the most representative poet of the end of the nineteenth century and the forerunner of the twentieth, — the Russia of revolution and change.

THE PEASANT'S MUSING

(Alexis Vassilevich Koltsov)

At my cheerless table
I a-musing sit:
How is one to be
In the world alone?
I, a stalwart youth,
Have no wife, no mate;
I, a stalwart youth,
Want a loving friend.
Want a harrow, share;
Want a kindly hearth;
Want a barn well-stocked,
And a good plough-horse.
One small heritage,
Joined with poverty,
My good father left, —
'Tis my lusty strength.
Even that how soon
Bitter need lays low,
Among strangers spent
In unfruitful toil.
At my cheerless table
I a-musing sit:
How is one to be
In the world alone?

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

SONG

(Alexis Vassilevich Koltsov)

Cease thy song, nightingale,
Here before my window!
Fly away, nightingale,
To my village grove.
And there light on the window
Of my sweetheart-love.
Sing to her there a song
Of my anguish, pain.
Say I wither, I die,
Here away from my lass,
As in autumn cold rain
Dies the meadow grass.

Dark the face of the moon
Without her at night,
And the red sun at noon
Wanders low and cold.
Who will call me, caress?
Who will love as she?
On whose breast shall I rest
From men's injury?
And with gladness whose words
Shall I rise to greet?
And whose song will my heart
Rise with joy to meet?
Why dost sing, nightingale,
At my window still?
Fly away, fly away,
To my sweetheart-love!

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG

(Alexis Vassilevich Koltsov)

Pull, my gray one, pull now!
Turning o'er the black clods,
Mother-earth will burnish
White the iron ploughshare.

Blushing dawn, the fair one,
Lo! on the bright horizon;
From the waking woodland
Comes the sun in glory.

Joyous rolls the ploughland!
Pull, my gray one, pull now!
Beast and man must toil here,
Comrade-like, together.

Toiling share and harrow
I with glad heart follow,
Fling the golden seed-corn
O'er the ground in showers.

Merry, ho, the toilers
Thrash will in the wide barn!
Merry 'tis to winnow!
Pull, my gray one, pull now!

Husbandman and gray one
Till the land at daybreak,
Consecrate a cradle
Fitting for the seed-corn.

Sun and rain will nourish,
Mother-earth sustain will,
Green the blades will spring up . . .
Pull, my gray one, pull now! . . .

Aye, green blades will spring up,
Stalks, full-eared, will bend low,
Yellowing and rip'ning,
Nod in summer breezes.

Reapers will come thronging;
Scythes will ring and glisten.
Large the joy, the rest sweet,
In the fragrant corn-ricks.

Oats I'll give thee freely,
And a cool drink, beastie,
From the well I'll bring thee.
Pull, my gray one, pull now!

Silently I, musing,
Plough the land and sow it.
Trustful, God, we pray Thee
Make the harvest prosper.

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

WHEN FROM THY SHAME DEGRADING DARK . . .

(Nickolai Alekseievich Nekrassov)

When from thy shame, degrading, dark, I drew
Thy fallen spirit out with words of flame;
And thou, with wringing hands, in anguish deep,
Didst curse the sin that compassed thee about;
When thou didst lash thy conscience, late and dull,
With story of thy past, confessing all
Which was before I came, and sudden, torn
By shame and fears, and trembling, crushed, I saw
Thee hide thy face and yield to floods of tears;
Believe: I pitied, yearned to hear each word,

I understood thee, woman of great sorrow,
And I forgave, and I forgot it all.
Then why, each hour, strive thus with secret doubt?
Art even thou the slave of sham opinion?
Fear not the careless insult of the crowd,
Their lying, empty words, and cherish not
Each sickly thought within thy frightened heart.
'Tis vain by sorrowing thus to suckle serpents
Upon thy breast; but enter, free and bold,
As glad and rightful mistress of my house!

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

HOME FROM WORK

(Nickolai Alekseievich Nekrassov)

«Well, wife, how are you? How are you, my little ones?
Ah, for a good drink of ale! Such a frost!» —
«Lately the last drop you drained with the constable,
Hast thou forgotten it?» — «Well, nothing lost!

I shall, poor sinner, get warm soon without it.
But first to Roan in the stable attend,
For in the springtime he starved, our helper,
When, you remember, the hay was at end. . . .

Eh, I am dead with the labor to-day! . . .
How? You have seen to him? He is all right?
Now for a plate of hot soup.» — «But, my darling,
We had no wood for the oven to-night.» —

«Anything, then; it will do for me — sinner.
But give a measure of oats to Roan.
He it was, wife, who had managed all summer, —
Four were the fields that he ploughed alone.

And even now it is hard with the carting
O'er rutted roads. . . . Not a morsel of bread?» —
«Finished our bread, dear! I've asked of our neighbor;
Early to-morrow she'll bake some, she said.» —

«Well, I can sleep without eating — poor sinner.
Mind, wife, to spread under Roanie some straw.
He it was this very winter, by count,
Four thousand logs to the sawmill did draw.»

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

MOTHERS

(Nickolai Alekseievich Nekrassov)

When war's wild blast affrights the land,
With each fresh prey by combat torn,
My heart bleeds not for wife, or friend,
Nor doth the fallen hero mourn.

Alas! fond wife soon solace gains,
And best of friends their friend forget;
One only soul on earth remains
That unto death remembers yet:

Amid life's empty, wretched show,
Amid black evil, cant, and folly,
Alone the sorrowing mothers know
Tear-bathèd grief, sincere and holy.

They ne'er forget their sons they bore.
Their boys gone down on fields of gore
They mourn, uncomforted, their days;
Nor shall the drooping willow raise
Her weeping boughs — No, nevermore!

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

WHEREFORE?

(Semeon Yakovlevich Nadson)

And was your love like mine? And were your nights
With bitter anguish filled, despoiled of sleep?
And did you pray for her with all the strength
Of chastened love; distracted, did you weep?

And since they laid her in a shroud of snow,
And you on her a final time did gaze,
Has all your life been broken since, and hope
Forever gone from you, the last of rays?

No, no! . . . You hoped, lived as in days before.
The past forgot, you went your placid way;
Perchance you sternly scorned the dying flame
Of pain and torment deep of yesterday.

Ah, favorite of fortune and of love!
You never could her depths of spirit know,
Nor measure all her tenderness, her peace,
As I did, I in sickness laid so low.

Then wherefore, in the doleful hour of parting,
You, only you, could stand in dumb distress
Beside her, and the flame of one last kiss
On lifeless marble of her hand impress?

And wherefore, when they laid her in the earth,
And choirs sang requiem for her, departed,
Should you bestrew her early grave with flowers,
And I like stranger watch afar, dull-hearted?

Oh, had you known my sullen, wild emotion,
My heart by tempest torn, my hopeless gloom,
You would have moved aside, and let me stand
Nearest to her, chief mourner at her tomb.

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

AH, TELL ME NOT HE PASSED AMONG THE DEAD . . .

(Semeon Yakovlevich Nadson)

Ah, tell me not he passed among the dead. . . . He lives!
The pyre is shattered, but the fire is blazing yet.
The rose, though cut, still blows, still sweet aroma gives;
The harp lies broken, but the chord is weeping yet.

Translation of Eugene M. Kayden.

HANS SACHS

(1494–1576)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

BETWEEN the brilliant age of Walther von der Vogelweide and the classic period of Goethe, the most national as well as the most winsome figure in the annals of German literature is Hans Sachs. He was a complete abstract of what his time actually contained, although he lacked the prophetic vision to see that he was living at the dawn of a new era. He represented the sixteenth century, and combined in himself all the homely virtues and amiable limitations of the burghers, who constituted the democracy in which the modern world took its rise. He was born on November 5th, 1494, at Nuremberg. His father was a tailor, and from the first Hans was destined for a trade. In his seventh year, nevertheless, he was sent to a Latin school, and passed through a rigid course of instruction. The knowledge thus acquired kept alive his sympathy with the Humanists, although he was himself deflected into the intellectually reactionary movement of Luther. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and it was from a linen-weaver that he received his first lessons in the mastersinger's art. In 1511 he went forth upon his travels as a journeyman; but upon his return five years later he settled in his native town, and there lived to celebrate his eighty-first birthday. He died on January 19th, 1576. During these sixty years he seems never to have left Nuremberg. His life ran the honorable, uneventful course of a citizen diligent in business and prosperous. He became master in his guild in 1517. In 1519 he married Kunigunde Kreuzer, who was so entirely a woman of human mold that in 'The Bitter-Sweet of Wedded Life,' Sachs is obliged to describe her by antitheses,—she was all things to him, at once his woe and weal; but the simple pathos of his sorrow when she died, in 1560, is very touching. Untrue, however, to the cautious principles

HANS SACHS

that Wagner has put into his mouth, the real Sachs married, one year and a half after his first wife's death, a widow of twenty-seven, whose charms he celebrates in song with refreshing frankness. He was then a hale and healthy man of sixty-eight. He continued to write with unremitting energy until 1573. His mastersongs numbered between four and five thousand; of tales and farces there were some seventeen hundred, besides two hundred and eight dramas. These writings filled thirty-four manuscript volumes, of which twenty have been preserved. Three volumes of a handsome folio edition of his complete works appeared before his death, and two more afterwards. This in itself is an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. No citizen of Nuremberg except Dürer ever won more honorable distinction in the annals of that ancient city than

«Hans Sachs, the Shoe-
Maker and Poet, too.»

The rise of cities, and of the bourgeoisie, had placed Germany in the front rank of commercial nations. For the products of the Orient, coming by way of Venice to the west, Nuremberg had become the mart and dépôt. With material wealth came luxury for merchants as well as nobles, and a higher cultivation in the arts of living. Through the Humanistic movement and the Reformation, Germany also assumed the spiritual leadership of Europe. Everywhere there was a deepening of the national consciousness. Of all these elements in their clearest manifestations, Hans Sachs was the representative. He was the type of the well-to-do, patriarchal citizen of the wealthiest among German cities. He had had glimpses of the austere charms of scholarship, and had himself translated Reuchlin's 'Henno' and Macropedius's 'Hecastus.' The Humanists therefore, although their successors despised the cobbler-bard, spoke to him in an intelligible tongue. And he stood in the forefront of the Reformation. Finally, Sachs was wholly and quintessentially German. In him that «incomprehensible century» found its most complete and characteristic expression.

And yet, although it was in the full flower of that municipal democracy that the seed of our modern civilization lay, Hans Sachs was a mediæval man. It is in this respect that he, and even Luther, were inferior to men like Dürer, Hutten, and Reuchlin. The Reformation was a matter of ecclesiastical administration: it marked no important intellectual advance. The man of the sixteenth century was interested in the Here and Now; he delighted in his daily life, and it presented no problems; theology was accepted as a fact, and no questions were asked. It was only in the souls of the Humanists that the future lay mirrored; and it was through them that the revival of the

eighteenth century was made possible. Sachs was the last of a passing generation. He did indeed advance the German drama until it far surpassed the contemporary drama of England; but he left behind him only the banal imitator of the English, Jacob Ayrer: while in England, before Sachs died, Shakespeare had been born. In Sachs the literary traditions of three centuries came to an end. Walther von der Vogelweide had lived to deplore the gradual degradation of courtly poetry: the peasants' life and love became the poet's theme. In the years that followed, it sank into hopeless vulgarity. From this it was rescued by Sachs. But the world meanwhile had traveled a long road: poetry had left the court and castle for the cottage and the chapel; the praise of women was superseded by the praise of God. It is a striking contrast between the knightly figure of Walther, with the exquisite music of his love lyrics, and the dignified but simple shoemaker, with the tame jog-trot of his homely couplets. But Walther was chief among the twelve masters whose traditions the mastersingers pretended to preserve; and the mastersong itself was the mechanical attempt of a matter-of-fact age to reproduce the melodious beauty of the old minnesang. Thus Hans Sachs, the greatest of the mastersingers, was in a sense the last of the minnesingers; and German literature, which had waited three centuries, had two more yet to wait before it should again bloom as in those dazzling days of the Hohenstaufen bards.

Hans Sachs was a most prolific and many-sided poet. Before his twentieth year he had fulfilled the exacting conditions of the mastersingers, and had invented a new air, which, after the affected manner of the guild, he called 'Die Silberweise' (Silver Air). Sixty years of uninterrupted productivity followed, during which he filled sixteen folios with mastersongs. These he never published, but kept for the use of the guild, of which he was the most zealous and distinguished member. But the strait-jacket of form imposed by the leathern rules of the «Tabulatur» impeded the free movement of the poet. The real Sachs is in the dramas and poetic tales. All are written in rhymed couplets. He read omnivorously; and chose his subjects from all regions of human interest and inquiry. He often treated the same theme in several forms. 'Die Ungleichen Kinder Evā' (Eve's Unlike Children), for instance, he took from a prose fable of Melanchthon's, and rendered in four different versions. It seeks to account for and justify the existence of class distinctions; and is perhaps the best as it is the most delightfully characteristic of all his compositions. It is one of the chief merits of Sachs that he purified the popular Fastnachtspiele (Shrovetide Plays). Of these plays Nuremberg was the cradle; and those of Hans Sachs are by far the best that German literature has to show. He shunned the vulgarity that had characterized them; and made them the medium of his homely wisdom, of

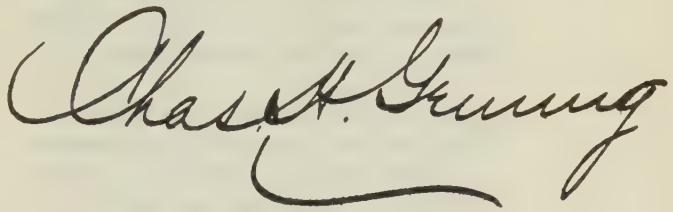
his humorous and shrewd observation of life, and of his simple philosophy. Each is a delicious *genre* picture of permanent historic interest.

As the Reformation advanced, there came a deeper tone into the poetry of Hans Sachs. He read Luther's writings as early as 1521, and two years later publicly avowed his adherence in the famous poem of 'Die Wittenbergisch Nachtigall' (The Nightingale of Wittenberg). It was a powerful aid in the spread of Lutheran ideas. The dialogue, so closely allied in form with the drama, was a popular form of propaganda in that age; and the four dialogues that Sachs wrote are among his most important contributions to literature. Their influence was as great as that of Luther's own pamphlets; and in form they were inferior only to the brilliant and incisive dialogues of Hutten. One of them was translated into English in 1548. The city council, alarmed at the strongly Lutheran character of these writings, bade the cobbler stick to his last; but the council itself soon turned Lutheran, and Sachs continued his work amid ever-increasing popular applause.

The impression made by Hans Sachs upon his time was ephemeral: his imitators were few and feeble; all literary traditions were obliterated by the Thirty Years' War. Goethe at last revived the popular interest in him by his poem, 'The Poetical Vocation of Hans Sachs'; and Wagner's beautiful characterization in 'The Mastersingers' has endeared him to thousands that have never read a single couplet from his pen. There is a natural tendency to overestimate a man whose real worth has long lain unrecognized; but when all deductions have been made, there remains a man lovable and steadfast, applying the wisdom of a long experience to the happenings of each common day, exhibiting a contagious joy in his work, and avowedly working for "the glory of God, the praise of virtue, the blame of vice, the instruction of youth, and the delight of sorrowing hearts." It is the manifest genuineness of the man, his amiable roguishness, his shrewd practical sense, that give to his writings their vitality, and to his cheerful hobbling measures their best charm. But the appeal is not direct; one must project oneself back into the sixteenth century, and live the life of Nuremberg in her palmiest days. That city was for Hans Sachs the world; in this concentration of his mind upon his immediate surroundings lay at once his strength and his limitations. He is at his best when he relates what he has himself seen and experienced. His humorous pictures have a sparkling vivacity, beneath which lurks an obvious moral purpose. The popularity of these simply conceited tales gives point to the description of the German peasant's condition at the time of the Reformation as "misery solaced by anecdote." It was such solace that Hans Sachs supplied in a larger quantity and of a better quality

than any other man of his time. A grateful posterity, upon the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, erected to his memory a stately statue in the once imperial city; and his humbler fame is as indissolubly associated with Nuremberg as is the renown of his greater contemporary.

«Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.»



UNDER THE PRESSURE OF CARE OR POVERTY

WHY art thou cast down, my heart?
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God; be not afraid:
He is thy Friend, who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers he doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need,
And heaven and earth are his;
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

Since thou my God and Father art,
I know thy faithful loving heart
Will ne'er forget thy child;
See, I am poor; I am but dust;
On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my trust abides;
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that he hath taught,—
Who trusts in God shall want for naught. . . .

Yes, Lord, thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast been and shalt be aye:
I rest on thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
That through thy bitter death
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me:
For this, for this, I cry to thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
The best that this world can bestow,
Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
That thou hast taught me by thy word
To know this truth and thee;
Oh, grant me also steadfastness
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honor, thanks, to thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
By thy great mercy, Christ.
This one thing only still I pray,—
Oh, cast me ne'er from thee away.

Translation of Catherine Winkworth.

FROM 'THE NIGHTINGALE OF WITTENBERG'

AWAKE, it is the dawn of day!
I hear a-singing in green byway
The joy-o'erflowing nightingale;
Her song rings over hill and dale.
The night sinks down the occident,
The day mounts up the orient,
The ruddiness of morning red
Glows through the leaden clouds o'erhead.
Thereout the shining sun doth peep,
The moon doth lay herself to sleep;

For she is pale, and dim her beam,
Though once with her deceptive gleam
The sheep she all had blinded,
That they no longer cared or minded
About their shepherd or their fold,
But left both them and pastures old,
To follow in the moon's wan wake,
To the wilderness, to the break:
There they have heard the lion roar,
And this misled them more and more;
By his dark tricks they were beguiled
From the true path to deserts wild.
But there they could find no pasturage good,
Fed on rankest weeds of the wood;
The lion laid for them many a snare
Into which they fell with care;
When there the lion found them tangled,
His helpless prey he cruelly mangled.
The snarling wolves, a ravenous pack,
Of fresh provisions had no lack;
And all around the silly sheep
They prowled, and greedy watch did keep.
And in the grass lay many a snake,
That on the sheep its thirst did slake,
And sucked the blood from every vein.
And thus the whole poor flock knew pain
And suffered sore the whole long night.
But soon they woke to morning light,
Since clear the nightingale now sings,
And light once more the daybreak brings.
They now see what the lion is,
The wolves and pasture that are his.
The lion grim wakes at the sound,
And filled with wrath he lurks around,
And lists the nightingale's sweet song,
That says the sun will rise ere long,
And end the lion's savage reign.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

THE UNLIKE CHILDREN OF EVE: HOW GOD THE LORD TALKS TO THEM

ACT I

The Herald comes in, bows, and speaks

HEALTH and grace from God the Lord
Be to all who hear his Word,
Who come from far or come from near
This little comedy to hear,
Which first in Latin speech was done
By good Philippus Melanchthon;
And now I put in good plain speech,
That so the commonfolk it reach;
And thus I go without delay
In brief the Argument to say.

When Adam out of Paradise
Was driven after God's device,
And set to labor in the field,
Then God did of his mercy yield
And came to pay him a visit,
And trust and comfort him a bit;
And specially to better know
If obediently or no
His children feared their heavenly Lord,
And rightly studied in his Word.
And so without more preparation
He came and held examination.
And when the Lord did Abel find,
He and his lads quite pleased his mind,
And straightway blessed He him on earth,
And all who from him should get birth.
But when thereafter did the Lord
His brother Cain see and his herd,
He found them all so stupid dumb
And godless that they ne'er might come
Into his favor, but must live
In hardest toil if they would thrive
At all, and at all times must be
Subject to Abel's mastery.
At this did Cain so angry get,
While Satan stirred still more his fit,

That out he went and Abel slew,
For nothing less his wrath let do.
And then to punish him God said
That wheresoe'er on earth he fled,
He ne'er should find a resting-place.
But when the angels by God's grace
Good Abel's body had interred,
Then came to Adam and Eve the word
That Seth should in his place be born,
Whose death had left them all forlorn,
And comfort them in this world's pain,
And be through loss the greater gain.
And this you all shall straightway see
In speech and act conveniently.

[Here follows the scene in the house of the First Pair. Eve, alone, laments the hardships of her lot, driven from Paradise, and condemned to bear children in pain and to be obedient to her husband. Adam enters and asks the reason for her unhappy looks, and learns that she bemoans their being doomed to live under the unending curse of the offended God. Adam comforts her with the assurance that after proper penance, God will pardon and restore them to happiness; and indeed that he has just heard from the angel Gabriel that the Lord will on the morrow pay them a visit.]

To-morrow will the Lord arrive
To look in and see how we thrive,
And give us pleasant holiday,
And leave his promise as I say;
He'll look around the house to find
If we do manage to his mind,
And teach the children as they need
To say their Bible and their Creed.
So wash the children well, and dress
Them up in all their comeliness,
And sweep the house and strew the floor,
That it may give him sweet odor,
When God the Lord, so morn begin,
With his dear angels shall walk in.

Eve speaks

O Adam, my beloved man,
I will do all the best I can;
If God the Lord will but come down,
And cheer the heart that fears his frown.

All praise to my Creator be,
That so in mercy pityeth me.
Quick will I make the children clean,
And all the house fit to be seen
By him who comes by morrow's light,
That he may find it sweet and right,
And so his blessing deign to leave.
That so he'll do I hope and b'lieve.

Adam speaks

And where is Abel, my dear son?

Eve speaks

He out to feed the sheep is gone.
Pious he is and fears his God,
Obedient to his every nod,
And with him do his children go,
Who are obedient also.

Adam speaks

And where is Cain, our other son,
That wretch for whom the halter's spun?

Eve speaks

Oh, when of him I hopeless think,
Woeful in me my heart does sink.
Belial's child, he's always done
The part of disobedient son.
When told to bring the wood from shed,
He cursed and out the house he fled;
And now with angry words and noise
Out in the street he fights the boys.
I can't endure him in the room:
Above him hangs each day his doom,
And with it I'm near overcome.

[Abel soon enters, and is asked by his mother to go and bring in Cain, from whom Abel fears violence. Encouraged by the news that the Lord is coming to visit them, Abel promises to go, and Adam thus closes the scene:—]

Adam speaks

So in the house we now will go,
And put it all in finest show.

To please God and the angels dear.
Sweet shall it smell and wear good cheer
With wreaths of green and May bedeckt
For the high Guests we dare expect.

[*They all go out.*

ACT II

[This act represents Abel's interview with Cain; in which, later, Adam and Eve both take part, urging him to come and be washed and ready for the expected Visitor.]

Abel speaks

Cain, Cain, come quickly here with me.
That you by mother washed may be!

Cain speaks

That fellow got well washed by me!
And could they catch me now, you'd see
What for a washing they'd me give!

Abel speaks

In quarrel wilt thou always live!
I fear a murderer thou'lt grow!

Cain speaks

And if I should, I'd prove it so
On thee, thou miserable knave!

Abel speaks

To-morrow to our house draws near
The Lord God with his angels dear;
So come and let yourself be dressed
To welcome him in all our best!

Cain speaks

The feast may go on high or low:
I care not for it, but will go
To play and with my comrades be. . . .
Who says that God will to us come?

Abel speaks

The mother just sent word from home.

Cain speaks

The Lord stay up there where he is!

Abel speaks

How can you blaspheme God that way!
That he will come do not we pray,
And keep us safe from every ill?

Cain speaks

I too have prayed, when 'twas my will,
But never that he should come near.
I take the life God gave us here,
But leave eternity to him.
Who knows what all up there may be!

Abel speaks

How dar'st thou speak so godlessly!
Hast thou no fear of endless hell?

Cain speaks

What you do call damnation's spell!
O boy, the father talketh so,
But little of it all I know.

Abel speaks

The more thou'rt likely to be there!

Cain speaks

Poor fool, thou mayest thy teaching spare!
I know quite well what I'll believe.
If God no angel wants to make me,
The Devil's glad enough to take me! . . .

Adam [*calls*]

Where art thou, Cain? Come quick to me!

Eve speaks

Come, Cain, thy father calls for thee.

Cain speaks

I'm sitting here: where should I be?

Adam speaks

Come, and be washed and combed and clean,
Fit by the Lord God to be seen,
To offer sacrifice and pray,
And hear what the good preachers say.

Cain speaks

Unwashed will I forsooth remain.
Just let those rogues catch me again,
My head will be in such a flood
That mouth and eyes shall run with blood!

Eve speaks

Just hear the idle fellow's speech:
What water can such vileness bleach?

Cain speaks

Yes, mother, there you speak the truth!
But so I will remain forsooth.

Eve speaks

Then, Abel, come and washèd be
With the other sons, obediently.
And when the Lord God shall come in,
Stand you before him pure and clean.
And then the Lord will find out Cain,
Where he all careless doth remain,
With those who to rebel incline,
And live as stupid as the swine:
There be they in the straw and rot,—
A ragged, miserable lot.

Abel speaks

Mother, unto my God and thee
I ever will obedient be;
With all good children will I strive
To please thee all days that I live.

ACT III

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *and afterward* Abel *and* Cain

Adam speaks

Eva, is the house set right,
So that in the Master's sight
All shall fine and festive stand,
As I gave you due command?

Eve speaks

In readiness was all arrayed
By time our vesper prayer was said.

Adam speaks

Children, behold the Lord draws near,
Surrounded by the angels dear;
Now stand all nicely in a row,
And when the Lord shall see you so,
Bow low and offer him the hand.
See how at the very end do stand
Cain and his gallows-doomèd herd,
As if to flee before their Lord.

The Lord *enters with two* Angels, *gives* Adam *his blessing, and speaks*

Peace, little ones, be to you all!

Adam raises his hand and speaks

O Father mine, who art in heaven,
We thank thee for this mercy given,
That thou in all our need and pain
Shouldst deign to visit us again.

Eve raises her hand and speaks

O thou true Father and true God,
Wherein have we deserved this lot?
That thou so graciously shouldst come
And visit this our humble home?

[The pious salutations continue; Adam bidding all his sons to offer the word of welcome, beginning with Cain, who offers the Lord his left hand, and forgets to take off his hat. Then follows the greeting of Abel and all the good

children, including Seth, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, and Lamech; each one repeating in turn a petition out of the Lord's Prayer, concluding with Lamech's:—]

Deliver us from evil, through
That blessed Seed thou'st promised true: Amen.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means that word "Amen"?

Abel speaks

That we may be assured then
That God will do our prayer, without
We yield to unbelieving doubt.

The Lord speaks

Seth, tell me how on earth you know
That all you pray will be heard so?

Seth speaks

We know it by thy promise sure,
Which ever faithful must endure;
For since the God of truth thou art,
Thy word is done at very start.

The Lord speaks

Jared, when God acts not so swift,
What shall a man do in the rift?

Jared speaks

Hope must he still in God's good word,
And trust him to his gracious Lord,
That in good time he'll find a way
Wherein his mercy to display. . . .

[So continues the catechizing on the Lord's Prayer; which being ended, that on the Ten Commandments is taken up.]

The Lord speaks

Abel, the First Commandment say!

Abel speaks

To one God shalt thou bow and pray,
Nor any strange God have in mind.

The Lord speaks

And in that word what dost thou find?

Abel speaks

God above all we honor must;
Fear him and love, and in him trust.

The Lord speaks

And Seth, how reads the Second Law?

Seth speaks

Thy God's name must thou have in awe,
And never speak in vanity.

[The children rehearse and explain the Ten Commandments in their turn. Then follows in like manner the recitation and explanation of the Creed.]

The Lord speaks

Your answers are in all ways good;
You speak as pious children should.
You now may show me if as right
You can the holy Creed recite.

[They all say Yes.]

The Lord speaks

Let each in turn his portion say.

Abel speaks

I b'lieve in God of highest worth,
Maker of heaven and the earth.

Seth speaks

The Savior too in faith I own,
Who was from heaven to earth sent down.
The head of Satan bruisèd he,
And so the human race set free.

Jared speaks

I trust too in the Holy Ghost,
Who peace and comfort giveth most.

Enoch speaks

And I in holy Church believe,
Who shall in heaven her place receive.

Methuselah speaks

All sins' forgiveness do we know,
For the good Lord hath promised so.

Lamech speaks

And that our bodies shall arise
And live forever in the skies.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means in God t' have creed?

Abel speaks

That we to him in all our need
Commit ourselves, and on him rest
In heart and soul as Father best. . . .

The Lord speaks

What is the bodies' rising up?

Lamech speaks

When we have drainèd sorrow's cup,
From realm of death we free shall go,
The bliss of endless life to know.

The Lord speaks

Children, right well my Word ye know,—
Now take ye heed therein to go.
Thereto shall ye my spirit share,
To teach and keep you free from care,
That so ye come above to live;
And here will I full blessing give:
On earth, health and prosperity,
That you a mighty folk shall be,
As kings and priests and potentates
And learned preachers and prelates,
So that the world shall know your fame,
And every land admire your name.
Thereto your father's blessing take,
Which nevermore shall you forsake.

The Angel Raphael speaks

To God arise your praises let
With harp and song and glad quintette,
The while his grace and mercy stand
Displayed to man on every hand,
To guide you to the heavenly land.

[*They all depart.*

ACT IV

[In this act Cain takes counsel with his evil companions Dathan, Nabal, Achan, Esau, Nimrod the Tyrant, and Satan the Devil, as to how they, who have always held the Lord's name and worship in contempt, shall answer his questions. Satan bids them instead to accept his rule and guidance, and assures them the possession of all worldly goods and pleasures in so doing.]

Enter the Lord *with* Adam *and* Eve. Satan *hides himself.*

The Lord speaks

Cain, come hither with thy crew,
And tell me how ye pray God to?

Cain speaks

O Lord, we've him forgotten quite.

The Lord speaks

If I thy speech can read aright,
Thou hast of him but little learned;
His Word in folly hast thou spurned.
But let me hear what you can say.

Cain speaks

O Father of our heaven, we pray,
Let us right here thy kingdom see;
Give us our debts and bread plenty,
And evil want and misery. Amen.

The Lord speaks

Who taught him such a twisted prayer?

Eve speaks

O Lord, to teach him I despair.
No whipping helped what I might say·
He drove it to the winds away;

And so did those who with him stand,—
All threw contempt on my command.

The Lord speaks

Thou, Dathan, canst thou say the Creed?

Dathan speaks

I believe in God and heaven and earth,
In woman who of him has birth;
And in the name of Holy Ghost.
Sin and flesh I b'lieve in most.

The Lord speaks

So briefly has thy faith been told?

Dathan speaks

And that is more than I can hold!

The Lord speaks

Nabal, tell me the Ten Commands.

Nabal speaks

Lord, none I know, for so it stands;
To learn I never thought 'twas need.

The Lord speaks

But Achan, thou canst tell me this:
Dost thou have hope of heavenly bliss?

Achan speaks

I know quite well how here it goes,
But up there what will be, who knows?
If God shall so forgiving be
That I that happy state shall see,
So good! What matters what I do?

The Lord speaks

Esau, now thou canst tell me true,
What good shall holy offerings do?

Esau speaks

I hold that God will take the price
Of endless life in sacrifice,

And so we can with offerings buy
Our right to his eternity!

The Lord speaks

Nimrod, now answer me this minute,
Eternal life, believ'st thou in it?

Nimrod speaks

Now I will tell you straight and plain,
My heart trusts what my eyes have seen.
I lift it not to things on high;
I take of earth's good my supply,
And leave to thee Eternity.

[After the Lord administers the Divine reproof for such godlessness and indifference, and warns these wicked children of the awful results of their profanity and idleness, he appoints Abel to the duty of instructing these his wicked brothers; and on his accepting the office with meek obedience, the angel Gabriel closes the Act with an exhortation to praise.]

The Angel Gabriel speaks

That so these poor souls may repent,
Come down ye hosts from heaven sent,
With all your loveliest melody,
To sound abroad God's majesty,
Who hath done all things righteously!

ACT V

Enter Cain *with* Satan, *and speaks*

My brother Abel is filled with glee
That he will now our bishop be.
The Lord with him will play great rôle
And give him over us control.
Him must we all in worship greet,
And be like slaves beneath his feet.

[Satan shows Cain that he, being the first-born, has the right to rule; and advises him to kill Abel. Cain admits that he has long had it in mind to do this. Abel entering asks Cain if they shall go and offer the sacrifice. As they are offering, the Lord comes and admonishes Cain, and departs. Abel kneels by his sacrifice.]

Cain, his brother, speaks

Brother, in swinging my flail about
My offering's fire have I put out;
But thine with fat of lambs flames high.

Abel speaks

In all be praised God's majesty,
Who life and good and soul doth give,
And by whose grace alone we live!

[Satan gives the sign to Abel; Cain strikes him down; Satan helps to conceal him, and flees. The Lord comes and speaks:—]

Cain, tell me where thy brother is!

Cain speaks

Shall I my brother's keeper be?
What is my brother's lot to me?

The Lord speaks

O Cain! Alas! What hast thou done?
Through heaven the voice of blood has run;
The earth the curse has understood,
In that she drank thy brother's blood!

Satan whispers in Cain's ear, and speaks

Now Cain, forever thou art mine,
And bitter martyr's lot is thine.
Within thy conscience endless pain
And biting grief without refrain.
The world for thee is all too small,—
Thou art accursed by one and all.
God and mankind are now thy foe,
And all creation this shall show,
For thou thy brother's blood hast taken:
Hence be thou hated and forsaken;
Thy doom by no deed can be shaken.

Cain speaks

My sin is far too great that I
Should dare for God's forgiveness cry.
So must I wander on and on,
My life the prey of every one.

The Lord speaks

No, Cain: who deals to thee a blow
Shall seven times its misery know.
And so I put a mark on thee,
That none may do thee injury.

Satan leads Cain away, and speaks

Cain, hang thyself upon a tree,
Or else in water drownèd be;
That so thyself from pain thou save,
And I in thee a firebrand have.

[*They both depart.*

[Adam and Eve now enter, weeping and lamenting the death of their good son. The Lord comforts them by ordering the angels to bury Abel's body, and by assuring them that Seth, who shall now be to them as their first-born, shall be the father of a blessed race.]

The Lord speaks

Till comes that day when shall be born
That holy Seed, of earth forlorn
And cursed with sin,— the Savior,
Whom every one shall bow before,—
So ye to heavenly kingdom come,
And find with me eternal home.

[*They all depart.*

The Herald *comes and concludes*

So is the Comedy at end,
And four good lessons may it send.
And first, all people that do live
We see in Adam and in Eve.
These are the fallen human race,
Accursed by God and in disgrace,
E'en as to-day we see it so.
We all in misery do go,
In sorrow eat our daily bread,
As God the same hath truly said.
And next in Abel may we see,
Described and pictured cleverly,
All people that do fear the Lord,
And give good heed unto his word.

And these by Holy Ghost do strive
In love with fellow-man to live,
In soul and body so to prove
What is the heavenly Father's love,
Whose mercy is to them always:
That do they to God's thank and praise.
Thirdly, however, by this Cain,
The godless people are made plain,
Who mock and jeer at holy grace,
And faithless are in every place;
By their own reason, flesh and blood,
Taught what is right and what is good.
And so they know no fear nor shame,
And cast themselves in passion's flame;
In sin and blasphemy forget
What love hath God upon them set.
To them it is but idle sport
That men should bid them heed God's Word;
And so with murder, envy, hate,
On Satan's wicked will they wait.
His word into their ear is blown,
And safe he claims them as his own.
Fourthly, in God we plainly see
How great is his benignity;
How he doth stoop to all mankind
A way from sin and curse to find,
Through that same holy Seed foretold
To Adam and to Eve of old:
And this is Christ, our Savior Lord,
Who by the heavenly Father's word
From Mary's body has come forth,
And crushed the serpent's head to earth.
By cruel death upon the cross
He took away all wrath that was
'Twixt God and man by Adam's fall,
That we after earth's pain may all
Forever come with him to live:
That God may this in mercy give,
When endless joy our soul awakes,
With angels all, so prays Hans Sachs.

Translated by Frank Sewall.

TALE. HOW THE DEVIL TOOK TO HIMSELF AN OLD WIFE

One day the Devil came to earth,
To try what is a husband's worth:
And so an aged wife he wed;
Rich but not fair, it must be said.
But soon as they two married were,
There rose but wretchedness and fear.
The old wife spent the livelong day
In nagging him in every way;
Nor could he rest when came the night,
For so the fleas and bugs did bite.
He thought, Sure here I cannot stay,—
To wood and desert I'll away;
There shall I find the rest I need.
So fled he out, and with all speed
Into the wood, and sat him down
Upon a tree, when passed from town
A doctor with his traveling-sack
Of remedies upon his back.
To him the Devil now did speak:—
"We both are doctors, and do seek
Men of their troubles to relieve,
And in one fashion, I believe."
"Who are you?" then the doctor said.—
"The Devil: and woe be on my head,
That I have taken to me a wife,
That makes a torment of my life;
Therefore take me to be your slave,
And I will handsomely behave."
He showed the doctor then the way
That he his devilish arts could play.
In short, they soon agreed, and so
The Devil said:—"Now I will go
Unto a burgher in your town,
Who's rich enough to buy a crown:
And I will give him such a pain
That soon as you come by again,
You enter in, and pray me out;
That is, upon a ransom stout,—
Some twenty gulden fair laid down,
At which the rich man will not frown.
So then between yourself and me
The money even shared shall be."

[The tale goes on to state how the plot was successfully carried out. The doctor, however, obtaining thirty instead of twenty gulden for his reward, thought to deceive the Devil, whom he found again in the wood; and he offered him the ten gulden as his share, retaining the twenty for himself. The Devil detecting the doctor's trick, to avenge himself purposes now to go and infest with pain the rich owner of a fortress near by; which being done, and the doctor being called in to allay the dreadful pain in the baron's stomach, the Devil now refuses to come out. In this unlooked-for emergency, the doctor now bethinks himself of the Devil's wife: and running into the chamber he cries out to the Devil, telling him that his wife is down-stairs with a summons from the court of justice, bidding him return to his marital duty; whereupon the Devil is so frightened that he flees without more delay, and hastens back to hell and to his companions there, where he finds more rest than he could ever hope to in the house of the old woman he had taken as a wife. Thereupon the poet adds this:—]

Conclusion

By this tale every one shall know
How it with man and wife will go,
When every day there's quarreling,
And neither yields in the least thing,
But ever one the other scolds,
In fear and hate and anger holds,
With endless fretting and complaining,
No peace nor sunshine entertaining.
Truly such married life might be
Of devils in hell for aught we see.
From which may God keep us away,
And grant us rather in our day,
In marriage peace and unity,
And kindness's opportunity,
That to this virtue e'er may wax
True wedded love,—so prays Hans Sachs.

Anno Salut. 1557. On the 13th day of July.

Translation of Frank Sewall.

SA'DĪ

(1184–1291 ?)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

SA'DĪ of Shīrāz, the moral teacher and didactic poet,—the "Nightingale of a Thousand Songs," as he has been termed in the Orient,—is one of the Persian authors whose name is best known in the Occident. He may rightly claim a place in "the world's best literature" for the excellence of his short moral stories in prose intermingled with rhyme, and for the merit of his poetical reflections, which abound in sound wisdom presented in a charming and appropriate style. His "discourse is commingled with pleasantry and cheerful wit," as he says of himself in his masterpiece, the 'Gulistān'; and he adds that "the pearls of salutary counsel are strung on the thread of his diction, and the bitter medicine of advice is mixed up with the honey of mirthful humor." These words of his own admirably characterize his work; because good sense, high thought, religious feeling, human sympathy, and knowledge of man, combined with a general naturalness and simplicity, mark his best productions.

Sa'dī has not the epic force nor the romantic strain of Firdausī or Nizāmī, nor again the mystic elevation and abstract introspection of Jāmī and Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, nor has he the lyric ecstasy for which Hāfiz is renowned; but he possesses certain qualities that none of the others can claim, and which give to his writings a peculiar attractiveness, an enduring element, that insures their lasting throughout time. Flourishing at a period when Europe had yet to feel the quickening touch of the revival of learning, Sa'dī stands in the East as a bright light of higher aim and nobler purpose, as a character of generous open-heartedness and liberal-minded thought. In his long life devoted to study and travel, or spent in productive activity and repose, he gave to the world a vast fund which he had gathered, of sound wisdom, wholesome philosophy, broad ethics, good judgment, and common-sense. Enjoying the personal favor of potentates, he seems to have availed himself of the privileges which money confers, chiefly for the purpose of bestowing gifts in charity or for advancing worthy causes; he religiously felt and practiced what he preached—the doctrine of contentment and resignation.

Sa'dī's life was of such unusual length that it could not but be somewhat eventful. He was born in 1184 at Shīrāz, then the capital of Persia. His father died while he was still a child, as we know from the touching lines on the orphan in the 'Būstān' (ii. 2, 11). The boy now received the exalted patronage of the ruling Atābeg Sa'd bin Zangī of Fars, and he was educated upon a fellowship foundation at the Nizāmiah College of Baghdad. For thirty years (1196–1226) he was a student and earnest worker, imbibing the principles of Sūfīism, and gaining a deep insight into the doctrines and tenets of the Moslem faith. It was his pious good fortune to make no less than fourteen pilgrimages, at different times, to the shrine of Mecca. The second period of his life, from the age of forty to seventy (1226–1256), was spent in travel, east and west, north and south. He not only visited the cities of the land of Iran, but he journeyed abroad to India, Asia Minor, and Africa. Among other places he resided at Damascus, Baalbec, and Jerusalem; and was taken prisoner by the Crusaders in Tripolis, as is shown by the incident connected with his married life that is recorded in the selections given below. When already a septuagenarian he returned to his native city of Shīrāz, and there he spent the third or remaining part of his life (1256–1291). He once more enjoyed courtly favor, this time from the son of his former royal patron; and he devoted his time to producing or completing the literary work which was prepared for, or doubtless partly composed, during the long preceding period of his career.

In the world of letters, therefore, Sa'dī presents the peculiar phenomenon of one whose writing seems to have been done late in life. The 'Būstān' (Garden of Perfume) was finished in one year (1257). It is written in verse, and comprises ten divisions. Sa'dī's themes are justice, government, beneficence and compassion, love, humility, good counsel, contentment, moral education and self-control, gratitude, repentance and devotion, or the like, as a summary of the titles of the work shows. The 'Gulistān' (Rose-Garden) was completed in the following year (1258); and this work, by which Sa'dī's name is best known, has been familiar to Western students since the days when Gentius published a Latin version entitled 'Rosarium Politicum,' in Amsterdam, 1651. The 'Gulistān' is written in prose, with intermingled verses, and it comprises eight chapters. Like the 'Būstān' it is didactic in tendency, but it is lighter and more clever; it is a perfect storehouse of instructive short stories with moral design, entertainingly presented, and abounding in aptly put maxims, aphorisms, or sententious sayings, which make the work entertaining reading. Sa'dī's productiveness, however, was not confined to the ethical and didactic field; he was also under the influence of the lyrical strain, and he composed a series of odes, dirges, elegies, and short poems,

which have warm feeling and a distinctly human touch. A book of good counsel, 'Pandnāmah,' bears Sa'dī's name; but its authenticity has been open to some doubt. Some jests of a lower order in poetical vein are said to be his; and he is also the author of several shorter prose treatises known as 'Risālah.' Besides his native Persian, he could compose in Arabic, and he was acquainted with Hindūstānī.

Sa'dī was twice married; and his lament over the loss of a beloved son, who died before him, is preserved in the 'Būstān.' His own death occurred at a very advanced age in 1291 (or 1292) in his native city, where his tomb is still seen; and Sa'dī's name and fame have contributed to making Shīrāz renowned in Persian literature.

Abundant material is accessible, in English and in other languages, to those who may be interested in Sa'dī. The best information on the subject is given by Ethé in Geiger and Kuhn's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' ii. 295–6. English translations of the 'Būstān' have been made by H. Wilberforce Clarke (London, 1879), and G. S. Davie, 'The Garden of Fragrance' (London, 1882); and selections have been rendered by S. Robinson, 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (Glasgow, 1883), specimens of which are given below. A. H. Edwards, 'Bustān of Sa'di' (London, 1911), may also be consulted. There are German renderings by K. H. Graf (Jena, 1850), by Schlechta-Wssehrd (Vienna, 1852), and by Fr. Rückert (Leipzig, 1882); and a French version by Barbier de Meynard (Paris, 1880). Among the English translations of the 'Gulistān' may be mentioned those by Dumoulin (Calcutta, 1807), Gladwin (London, 1822), J. Ross (London, 1823), Lee (London, 1827), J. T. Platts (London, 1873), the Kama Shastra Society (Benares, 1888); and the translation by Eastwick in Trübner's Oriental Series (London, 1880), which has also been drawn upon for the present article, as well as S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry' (Glasgow, 1883), mentioned above. Material in French and in German may easily be obtained, as a glance at Ethé's bibliography will show; Ethé should also be consulted by those who desire references on the subject of Sa'dī's lyrical and miscellaneous pieces.

A. V. Williams Jackson

A MEDITATION

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

In the name of the Lord, who created the soul; who gave to the tongue words of wisdom;

The Lord, the Benevolent, the Sustainer, who generously accepteth excuses and forgiveth sins;

The Mighty One, from whose door whoever turneth away will find Might at no other door;

In whose court the most exalted monarchs must humble themselves as suppliants;

Who is not quick to repress the arrogant, nor repulseth with violence those who sue for pardon;

Who, when he is angry for some evil deed, if thou turnest to him again, writeth it amongst the things of the past;

Who, when he beholdeth the sin, covereth it with the veil of his mercy; in the ocean of whose omniscience the universe is but a drop.

If a son is at variance with a father, thou wilt immediately behold the father in the glow of passion;

And if he doth not soon give him satisfaction, will drive him forth from his presence like a stranger.

If the slave doth not bestir himself actively at his work, his master will deem him but of little value;

Or if thou art not amiable amongst thy companions, thy companions will flee from thee to a mile's distance;

Or if a soldier deserteth his duty, his commander will speedily dismiss him from the service.

But he who is Lord of the high and of the low shutteth not the door of his riches against even the rebellious.

The expanse of the earth is the table of his people; and to his free banquet, friend and foe are alike welcome.

If he hurried to involve him in trouble, who would be secure from the hand of his power?

Independent in his essence of the judgment of any one of his creatures, his dominion is rich in the obedience of men and spirits.

Every thing and every person must bow down to his mandate: the sons of Adam, and the bird, and the ant, and the worm.

So broadly is the table of his bounty spread, that the vulture on the Caucasus receiveth his portion.

Benevolent and beneficent, and the dispenser of blessings, he is the Lord of Creation, and knoweth every secret.

This man he judgeth worthy of grandeur and a high destiny, for his kingdom is ancient, and his race is wealthy.

On the head of one he setteth the diadem of fortune; another he bringeth down from a throne to the dust.

On the head of one he placeth the crown of prosperity; another he clothes in the weeds of poverty.

For his friend [Abraham] he turned fire into a bed of roses, and cast into the flames the host from the waters of the Nile.

If he did that, it was marked with his favor; and if he did this, it was signed with his order.

He throweth his veil over evil deeds, and hideth behind it his own benefits;

If he unsheath his sword of power in wrath, the very Cherubim are dumb with terror;

But if he giveth victuals from the table of his bounty, even the Evil One says: "I too shall have a portion."

In the court of his benignity and greatness the greatest must lay their greatness aside;

But to such as are cast down he is nigh with his mercy, and he ever lendeth his ear to the prayer of the suppliant.

By his prescience he foreseeth what hath not yet been; in his goodness he provideth for what hath not yet been spoken.

By his power he is the keeper of the heights and the depths, and he is master of the Book of the Day of Account.

No one's back is strong enough to throw off obedience; nor is there room for any one to lay a finger on a letter.

The Ancient Benefactor is still ever beneficent; by decree upon decree he fashioned the beautiful image in the womb.

From east to west he set in motion sun and moon, and spread out the earth on the face of the waters.

And though it trembleth sometimes and dreadeth its ruin, he hath nailed down the roots of the mountains to its skirts.

He who hath imprinted its form upon the waters gave to the pearl its Peri-like semblance.

He hid the ruby and the turquoise in the bosom of the stone, and hung the ruby-colored rose on the turquoise-tinted branches.

Of one globule he maketh a pearl-white lily, and fashioneth another into the lofty cypress.

From his knowledge not an atom lieth concealed; for the hidden and open are both to him but one.

For the ant and for the serpent he hath alike provided its food; and for that which hath no hand, nor feet, nor strength.

At his decree non-existence hath been embellished with existence, for no one knoweth but he how to change nonentity into being.

So at one time he burieth an act in silence, and bringeth it forth again in the Plain of the Last Judgment.

The universe is agreed in the acknowledgment of his Deity, but is confounded when it attempteth to investigate his Essence.

Man cannot comprehend the extent of his majesty; the sight hath not penetrated to the limits of his excellence.

The wing of bird hath not soared to the summits of his knowledge, nor the hand of intelligence touched the skirts of his attributes.

In this whirlpool have been sunk a thousand vessels, of which not a single plank hath come to the shore.

How many a night have I sat completely lost, till I have exclaimed in terror: "Up, and be doing."

Of the kingdoms of the earth the knowledge is attainable; but the knowledge of him with thy measure thou canst not attain.

The bounds of his knowledge thy intellect cannot reach; nor can thy thoughts fathom the depths of his attributes.

To equal Sohlan in eloquence is possible: but innumerable are they who have fallen exhausted in the race.

To urge thy steed over every ground is impossible; and there are occasions on which thou must throw away thy shield.

If the traveler is forbidden to penetrate to the secret place, he will find the door barred, and will have to return.

To many a one at this banquet is offered the goblet, who findeth it to be but a stupefying drug.

Let every one tremble who hath trusted himself to this ocean of blood, from which no one yet ever brought back his vessel.

One falcon soareth up, but with bandaged eyes; another returneth, but with singed eyes and feathers.

No one hath found his way to the treasure of Karūn; or if he hath found it, hath he brought anything back.

Seekest thou to survey this country? as well mayest thou begin by hamstringing the horse on which thou wouldst return.

Let each one look into the mirror of his own soul, and gradually it will acquire the same clearness.

Perhaps the odor of love will inebriate thee, and seeking for a compact with the Divine, thou mayest thyself become divine.

Proceed on the road of inquiry on foot, till thou reach the goal, and thence fly upwards on the pinions of affection.

Truth will rend in twain the veils of illusion; yea, even the veil which concealeth the glory of God.

But the courser of intellect can run no further. Astonishment tighteneth the reins, and exclaimeth, "STAND!"

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

THE ORPHAN

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

CAST protection over the head of the one father-dead;
Scatter his dust of affliction, and pluck out his thorn.

Knowst thou not how very dejected his state was?
May a rootless tree be ever green?

When thou seest an orphan, head lowered in front [from grief],
Give not a kiss to the face of thy own son.

If the orphan weeps, who buys for his consolation?
And if he becomes angry, who leads him back [to quietude]?

Beware that he weep not; for the great throne of God
Keeps trembling when the orphan weeps.

Pluck out with kindness the tear from his pure eye;
Scatter with compassion the dust of affliction from his face.

If his [father's] protection departed from over his head,
Do thou cherish him with thy own protection.

I esteemed my head crown-worthy at that time
When I held my head in my father's bosom.

If a fly had sat on my body,
The heart of some would have become distressed.

If now enemies should bear me away captive,
None of my friends is a helper.

For me [there] is acquaintance with the sorrows of orphans,
For in childhood my father departed in death, from my head.

Translation of H. Wilberforce Clarke.

HUMILITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A YOUTH, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day:—

"Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque."

As soon as the young traveler heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying:—

"This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

The following day one of the society met him in the road, and said to him:—

"Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition. Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honor?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path,—to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

MORAL EDUCATION AND SELF-CONTROL

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

My theme is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits; not the practicing-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth with thyself; why seek in a stranger one to contend with?

He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Sām in valor.

Chastise thou thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

The body is a city full of good and evil; thou art the Sultan, and reason is thy wise Vizier.

In this city, side by side, live base men, self-exalted,—Pride and Sensuality, fierce Passions;

Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name; Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest?

Appetite, and Greediness, and Pride, and Envy, cleave to thyself as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals.

If these enemies have once obtained the mastery of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with appetite and passion, if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

Sultan Takish once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed: "Beware! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

"Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain? What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent?"

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

Thy jewels thou mayst consign to the keeping of thy treasurer; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it, when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchained demon in the pit of the heart; let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning," but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant:—

"Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

BRINGING UP A SON

From 'The Garden of Perfume'

WHEN a boy has passed ten years of age,
Say: "Sit apart from those not unlawful" [to him in marriage].

It is not right to kindle a fire on cotton;
For while thou wink'st the eye, the house is burned.

When thou wishest that thy name may remain in place [of honor]
Teach the son wisdom and judgment.

When his skill and judgment are insufficient
Thou wilt die, and none of thy family will remain.

He endures severity for much time,—
The son whom the father tenderly cherishes.

Keep him wise and abstinent;
If thou lovest him, keep him not by endearing expressions.

Rebuke and instruct him in childhood;
Exercise promise and fear as to his good deeds.

For the young student, commendation and reward
[Are] better than the master's reprimand and threatening.

Teach the one matured, hand-toil,
Even if, Kārūn-like, thou hast command as to wealth.

How knowest thou? The revolution of time
May cause him to wander in exile in the country.

Rely not on that resource which is;
For it may be that wealth may not remain in thy hand.

When for him there are the resources of trade,
How may he bear the hand of beggary before any one?

The purse of silver and gold reaches its limit;
The purse of the trader becomes not empty.

Know'st thou not how Sa'dī obtained his object?
He neither traversed the desert nor plowed the sea.

In childhood he suffered slaps from the great;
In matureness God gave him purity.

Whosoever places his neck [in submission] to order,
Not much time passes but he gives orders.

Every child who the violence of the teacher
Experiences not, will suffer the violence of time.

Keep the son good and cause ease to reach him
That his eyes [of expectation] may not remain on the hands of others.

Whosoever endured not grief for his son,
Another suffered grief and abused him.

Preserve him from the bad teacher,
For the unfortunate and road-lost one makes him like himself.

. . . . . .

Suffer not regret as to the destruction and ruin [of a wicked son],
For the degenerate son dead before his father [is] best.

Translation of H. Wilberforce Clarke.

HUMANITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A man found in the desert a thirsty dog, which from want of drink was at its last gasp.

The worthy man made a bucket of his cap, and twisted his muslin sash into a rope;

Then he girded his waist and extended his arms for service, and gave to the feeble dog a sup of water.

The Prophet revealed of his future condition, that the Supreme Judge had for this act pardoned his sins.

Oh, if thou hast been a hard man, bethink thee; learn to be kind, and make beneficence thy business!

If a kindness done to a dog is not lost, how should that be which is done to a worthy man?

Do good as you find it offered to your hand; the Master of the Universe hath closed against no one the door for doing some good.

To give from your treasury a talent of gold is of less worth than a carat bestowed by the hand of labor.

Each one shall bear the burthen proportioned to his strength: the foot of a locust would be heavy for an ant.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DI AND THE RING

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

I RECALL to my memory how, during the life of my father,—may the rain of mercy every moment descend upon him!—

He bought for me in my childhood a tablet and a writing-book, and for my finger a golden seal-ring.

As it happened, a peddler came to the door, and in exchange for a date carried off the ring from my hand;

For a little child cannot estimate the value of a seal-ring, and will easily part with it for anything sweet.

And thou too dost not estimate the value of a life, who throwest it away in luxurious indulgences.

In the Resurrection, when the righteous arrive at the lofty place, and are raised from the damp pit to the region of the Pleiades,

Will thy head not be bowed down in abasement, when all *thy* works shall be assembled before thee?

O brother, be ashamed now to do the deeds of the bad, that thou mayest not need to be ashamed in the face of the good.

On that day when inquest shall be made into deeds and words, and the body even of those who have striven after holiness shall tremble,

With what excuse for thy sins wilt thou hear *thy* summons, when the very Prophets will be overwhelmed with terror?

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DI AT THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

WHILST I was at Sanāa, I lost a child;—why talk of the blow which then fell upon my head?

Fate never formed an image of comeliness like Joseph's, that a fish did not become, like Jonah's, its tomb.

In this garden no cypress ever reached its full stature, that the blast of Destiny did not tear its trunk from the root.

It is not wonderful that roses should spring out of the earth, when so many rose-like forms sleep within its clay.

I said in my heart: "Die! for, shame to man, the child departeth unsullied, and the old man polluted!"

In my melancholy and distraction, whilst dwelling on his image, I erected a stone over the spot where he reposeth.

In terror of that place, so dark and narrow, my color paled, and my senses failed me.

When from that disturbance my understanding came back to me, a voice from my darling child struck mine ear:—

"If that dark spot make thee feel thy desolation, recall thy reason, and come out into the light.

"Wouldst thou make the night of the tomb bright as day, light it up with the lamp of good works."

The body of the gardener trembleth as in a fever, lest the palm-tree should not produce its date.

Crowds are there of those who, greedy of the world's pleasures, think that, not having scattered the grain, they can yet gather in the crop;

But Sa'dī telleth you: Only he who planteth a tree will eat the fruit of it; only he who casteth the seed will reap the harvest.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ THE CAPTIVE GETS A WIFE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

HAVING become weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis; till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way and recognized me, and said, "What state is this? and how are you living?" I replied:—

STANZA

"From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake;
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make."

COUPLET

Better to live in chains with those we love,
Than with the strange 'mid flow'rets gay to move.

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dīnārs redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter, whom he united to me in the marriage knot, with a portion of a hundred dīnārs. As time went on, the girl turned out to be of a bad temper, quarrelsome and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said:—

DISTICHS

In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well;
Save us, O God! from the pains of hell.

At length she gave vent to reproaches, and said, "Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dīnārs?" I replied, "Yes! he redeemed me with ten dīnārs, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred."

DISTICHS

I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he severed with a knife;
When thus complained the lamb's departing life:—
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then; but now,
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou."

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

HOW THE STUDENT SAVED TIME

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A DISCIPLE said to his spiritual master, "What shall I do? for I am in great straits because of the numbers of people who come to visit me; and my occupations are disturbed by their coming to and fro." He replied, "Lend something to those who are poor, and ask something of those who are rich, in order that they may not come about thee again."

If a mendicant were the leader of Islam's hosts,
The infidels would fly to China [itself] through fear of his soliciting something.

Translation of J. T. Platts.

A POWERFUL VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

ONCE on a time, in traveling through Arabia Petræa, a company of devout youths shared my aspirations and my journey. They used often to chant and repeat mystic verses; and there was a devotee *en route* with us, who thought unfavorably of the character of darweshes, and was ignorant of their distress. When we arrived at the palm grove of the children of Hallāl, a dark youth came out of one of the Arab families, and raised a voice which might have drawn down the birds from the air. I saw the camel of the devotee begin to caper, and it threw its rider, and ran off into the desert. I said, "O Shekh! it has moved a brute: does it not create any emotion in thee?"

VERSE

Knowest thou what said the bird of morn, the nightingale, to me?
"What meanest thou that art unskilled in love's sweet mystery?
The camels, at the Arab's song, ecstatic are and gay:
Feel'st thou no pleasure, then thou art more brutish far than they!"

COUPLET

When e'en the camels join in mirth and glee,
If men feel naught, then must they asses be.

COUPLET

Before the blast the balsams bend in the Arab's garden lone;
Those tender shrubs their boughs incline: naught yields the hard firm stone.

DISTICHS

All things thou seest still declare His praise;
The attentive heart can hear their secret lays.
Hymns to the rose the nightingale his name;
Each thorn's a tongue his marvels to proclaim.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

A VALUABLE VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A person was performing gratis the office of summoner to prayer in the mosque of Sanjāriyah, in a voice which disgusted those who heard him. The patron of the mosque was a prince who was just and amiable. He did not wish to pain the crier, and said, "O sir! there are Mūazzins attached to this mosque to whom the office has descended from of old, each of whom has an allowance of five dīnārs, and I will give thee ten to go to another place." This was agreed upon, and he departed. After some time he returned to the prince and said, "O my lord! thou didst me injustice in sending me from this place for ten dīnārs. In the place whence I have come they offered me twenty dīnārs to go somewhere else, and I will not accept it." The prince laughed and said, "Take care not to accept it, for they will consent to give thee even fifty dīnārs."

COUPLET

No mattock can the clay remove from off the granite stone
So well as thy discordant voice can make the spirit moan.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

FOR GOD'S SAKE! READ NOT

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A man with a harsh voice was reading the Kur'ān in a loud tone. A sage passed by and asked, "What is thy monthly stipend?" He replied, "Nothing." "Wherefore, then," asked the sage, "dost thou give thyself this trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." "Then," said the sage, "for God's sake! read not."

COUPLET

If in this fashion the Kur'ān you read,
You'll mar the loveliness of Islām's creed.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

THE GRASS AND THE ROSE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said, "Be still! and know,
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance,—true;
But in the garden of the Lord I grew."
His ancient servant I,
Reared by his bounty from the dust:
Whate'er my quality,
I'll in his favoring mercy trust.
No stock of worth is mine,
Nor fund of worship, yet he will
A means of help divine;
When aid is past, he'll save me still.
Those who have power to free,
Let their old slaves in freedom live,
Thou Glorious Majesty!
Me, too, thy ancient slave, forgive.
Sa'dī! move thou to resignation's shrine,
O man of God! the path of God be thine.
Hapless is he who from this haven turns;
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

A WITTY PHILOSOPHER REWARDED

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A poet went to the chief of a band of robbers and recited a panegyric upon him. He commanded them to strip off his clothes and turn him out of the village. The dogs, too, attacked him in the rear. He wanted to take up a stone, but the ground was frozen. Unable to do anything, he said, "What a villainous set are these, who have untied their dogs and tied up the stones." The chieftain heard this from a window, and

said with a laugh, "Philosopher! ask a boon of me." He replied, "If thou wilt condescend to make me a present, bestow on me my own coat."

COUPLET

From some a man might favors hope: from thee
We hope for nothing but immunity.

HEMISTICH

We feel thy kindness that thou lett'st us go.

The robber chief had compassion on him. He gave him back his coat, and bestowed on him a fur cloak in addition; and further, presented him with some dirhams.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

THE PENALTY OF STUPIDITY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A MAN got sore eyes. He went to a horse-doctor, and said, "Treat me." The veterinary surgeon applied to his eyes a little of what he was in the habit of putting into the eyes of quadrupeds, [and] he became blind. They carried the case before the judge. He said, "No damages are [to be recovered] from him: if this fellow were not an ass, he would not have gone to a farrier." The object of this story is, that thou mayst know that he who intrusts an important matter to an inexperienced person will suffer regret, and the wise will impute weakness of intellect to him.

The clear-seeing man of intelligence commits not
Momentous affairs to the mean.
Although the mat-weaver is a weaver,
People will not take him to a silk factory.

Translation of J. T. Platts.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR IS REPOSE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I NOTICED the son of a rich man, sitting on the grave of his father, and quarreling with a Dervish-boy, saying:—"The sarcophagus of my father's tomb is of marble, tessellated with turquoise-like bricks! But what resembles thy father's grave? it consists of two contiguous bricks, with two handfuls of mud thrown over it." The Dervish-boy listened to all this, and then observed: "By the time thy father is able to shake off those heavy stones which cover him, mine will have reached Paradise."

An ass with a light burden
No doubt walks easily.
A Dervish who carries only the load of poverty
Will also arrive lightly burdened at the gate of death;
Whilst he who lived in happiness, wealth, and ease,
Will undoubtedly on all these accounts die hard;
At all events, a prisoner who escapes from all his bonds
Is to be considered more happy than an Amir taken prisoner.

Translation of the Kama Shastra Society.

THY WORST ENEMY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I ASKED an eminent personage the meaning of this traditionary saying, "*The most malignant of thy enemies is the lust which abides within thee.*" He replied, "It is because every enemy on whom thou conferrest favors becomes a friend, save lust; whose hostility increases the more thou dost gratify it."

STANZA

By abstinence, man might an angel be;
By surfeiting, his nature brutifies:
Whom thou obligest will succumb to thee—
Save lusts, which, sated, still rebellious rise.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

MAXIMS

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I saw with my eyes in the desert,
That a slow man overtook a fast one.
A galloping horse, fleet like the wind, fell back
Whilst the camel-man continued slowly his progress.

Nothing is better for an ignorant man than silence; and if he were to consider it to be suitable, he would not be ignorant.

If thou possess not the perfection of excellence,
It is best to keep thy tongue within thy mouth.
Disgrace is brought on a man by his tongue.
A walnut having no kernel will be light.

A fool was trying to teach a donkey,
Spending all his time and efforts in the task;
A sage observed: "O ignorant man, what sayest thou?
Fear blame from the censorious in this vain attempt.
A brute cannot learn speech from thee,
Learn thou silence from a brute."

He who acquires knowledge and does not practice it, is like him who drives the plow and sows no seed.

Translations of the Kama Shastra Society and J. T. Platts.

SHABLI AND THE ANT

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

Listen to one of the qualities of good men, if thou art thyself a good man, and benevolently inclined!

Shabli, returning from the shop of a corn dealer, carried back to his village on his shoulder a sack of wheat.

He looked and beheld in that heap of grain an ant which kept running bewildered from corner to corner.

Filled with pity thereat, and unable to sleep at night, he carried it back to its own dwelling, saying:—

"It were no benevolence to wound and distract this poor ant by severing it from its own place!"

Soothe to rest the hearts of the distracted, wouldst thou be at rest thyself from the blows of Fortune.

How sweet are the words of the noble Firdausi, upon whose grave be the mercy of the Benignant One! —

"Crush not yonder emmet as it draggeth along its grain; for it too liveth, and its life is sweet to it."

A shadow must there be, and a stone upon that heart, that could wish to sorrow the heart even of an emmet!

Strike not with the hand of violence the head of the feeble; for one day, like the ant, thou mayest fall under the foot thyself!

Pity the poor moth in the flame of the taper; see how it is scorched in the face of the assembly!

Let me remind thee that if there be many who are weaker than thou art, there may come at last one who is stronger than thou.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ'S INTERVIEW WITH SULTAN ĀBĀQĀ-ĀN

From 'The Risālahs'

[Sa'dī, after describing the circumstances of his introduction to the Sultan, adds: —]

"WHEN I was about to take my leave, his Majesty desiring me to give him some counsel for his guidance, I answered: "'In the end you will be able to carry nothing from this world but blessings or curses: now farewell.'"

The Sultan directed him to compose the purport of this in verse, on which he immediately repeated the following stanzas: —

"Sacred be the revenue of the king who protects his subjects from injury; for it is the earned hire of the shepherd.

"But poison be the portion of the prince who is not the guardian of his people; for whosoever he devours is a capitation tax exacted from the followers of Mohammed."

Ābāqā-ān wept, and several times said: "Am I the guardian of my subjects or not?" To which the Shaikh as often replied: "If you are, the first stanza is in favor of you; but if not, the second is applicable."

On taking his final leave, Sa'dī repeated the following verses:

"A king is the shadow of the Deity; and the shadow must be attached to the substance on which it depends.

"His people are incapable of doing good except under his all-governing influence.

«Every good action performed on earth is affected by the justice of its rulers.

«His kingdom cannot abound in rectitude, whose counsel is erroneous.»

Ābāqā-ān highly applauded the above and the preceding verses; [and the Persian biographer adds a remark, that] «in these times none of the learned men or Shaikhs of the age would venture to offer such even to a shopkeeper or butcher; which accounts indeed for the present state of society!»

Translation of J. H. Harington.

SUPPLICATION

From 'The Garden of Perfume'

My body still trembleth when I call to memory the prayers of one absorbed in ecstasy in the Holy Place,

Who kept exclaiming to God, with many lamentations: Cast me not off, for no one else will take me by the hand!

Call me to thy mercy, or drive me from thy door; on thy threshold alone will I rest my head.

Thou knowest that we are helpless and miserable, sunk under the weight of low desires,

And that these rebellious desires rush on with so much impetuosity, that wisdom is unable to check the rein.

For they come on in the spirit and power of Satan; and how can the ant contend with an army of tigers?

O lead me in the way of those who walk in thy way; and from those enemies grant me thy asylum!

By the essence of thy majesty, O God; by thine attributes without comparison or likeness;

By the «Great is God» of the pilgrim in the Holy House; by him who is buried at Yathreb — on whom be peace!

By the shout of the men of the sword, who account their antagonists in the battle as woman;

By the devotion of the aged, tried, and approved; by the purity of the young, just arisen;

In the whirlpool of the last breath, O save us in the last cry from the shame of apostasy!

There is hope in those who have been obedient, that they may be allowed to make intercession for those who have not been obedient.

For the sake of the pure, keep me far from contamination; and if error escape me, hold me excused.

By the aged, whose backs are bowed in obedience, whose eyes, through shame of their past misdeeds, look down upon their feet,

Grant that mine eye may not be blind to the face of happiness; that my tongue may not be mute in bearing witness to the Faith!

Grant that the lamp of Truth may shine upon my path; that my hand may be cut off from committing evil!

Cause mine eyes to be free from blindness; withhold my hand from all that is unseemly.

A mere atom, carried about by the wind, O stay me in thy favor!

Mean as I am, existence and non-existence in me are but one thing.

From the sun of thy graciousness a single ray sufficeth me; for except in thy ray, no one would perceive me.

Look upon my evil; for on whomsoever thou lookest, he is the better; courtesy from a king is enough for the beggar.

If in thy justice and mercy thou receive me, shall I complain that the remission was not promised me?

O God, drive me not out on account of my errors from thy door, for even in imagination I can see no other door.

And if in my ignorance I became for some days a stranger to thee, now that I am returned shut not thy door in my face.

What excuse shall I bring for the disgrace of my sensuality, except to plead my weakness before the Rich One?

Leave me not — the poor one — in my crimes and sins! The rich man is pitiful to him who is poor.

Why weep over my feeble condition? If I am feeble, I have thee for my refuge.

O God, we have wasted our lives in carelessness! What can the struggling hand do against the power of Fate?

What can we contrive with all our planning? Our only prop is apology for our faults.

All that I have done thou hast utterly shattered! What strength hath our self-will against the strength of God?

My head I cannot withdraw from thy sentence, when once thy sentence hath been passed on my head.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

BE CONTENT

From 'The Rose-Garden'

I NEVER complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor suffered my face to be overcast at the revolution of the heavens, except once, when my feet were bare and I had not the means of obtaining shoes. I came to the chief mosque of Kūfah in a state of much dejection, and saw there a man who had no feet. I returned thanks to God and acknowledged his mercies, and endured my want of shoes with patience, and exclaimed:—

STANZA

Roast fowl to him that's sated will seem less
Upon the board than leaves of garden-cress;
While, in the sight of helpless poverty,
Boiled turnip will a roasted pullet be.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

(1804–1869)

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, who was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23d, 1804, and died at Paris, October 13th, 1869, was one of the most brilliant French essayists and one of the finest critical minds of the world's literature. He takes in the France of the nineteenth century the place that Dr. Johnson held in the England of the eighteenth; while his culture was as delicate as, and his sympathies wider than, those of Matthew Arnold, with whom it is natural to compare him in our own day. He gave himself so wholly to the humane life, to the joy that he found in books, and to the views of human nature that they opened to him, that his literary studies, his 'Portraits' and 'Monday Chats,' form his best biography, and almost make superfluous the recollections of his secretaries, Levallois, Pons, and Troubat, or the labored biography of his fellow academician Haussonville. It is worth noting however that his first studies were medical; for it was to this that he attributed "the spirit of philosophy, the love of exactness and physiological reality," that always marked his critical method,—even in those first contributions to the Globe, the present 'Premiers Lundis,' where, as he said himself in later years, "youth painted youth."

C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE

The landmarks in Sainte-Beuve's uneventful life are his meeting with Victor Hugo in 1827, his election to the Academy in 1845, his nominations as Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1859 and as Senator in 1865. For a half-century he was almost continuously a resident of Paris. Twice he left it, to lecture at Lausanne and at Liège; but wherever he was and whatever his functions,—journalist, professor, senator,—he was always the unwearied "naturalist of human minds," the clear-sighted critic and generous advocate of literary freedom.

To most men, Sainte-Beuve is known as the author of fifteen volumes of 'Monday Chats' (the 'Causeries du Lundi') and of their continuation in the thirteen volumes of the 'New Monday Chats,' the 'Nouveaux Lundis.' And it is for these that he best deserves to be known; but before we turn to an attempt to estimate their qualities and worth, the reader may be reminded that he is also the author of two volumes of poetry (originally three), which are very significant in the history of French prosody, where his signature can often be recognized in the verses of Baudelaire and Banville, and in that of the lyric of democracy as it afterward came to be represented by Manuel and Coppée. He wrote also a novel, 'Volupté,' which found "fit audience though few"; and a 'History of Port-Royal,' the Jansenist seminary made illustrious by Pascal, of which the seven volumes are a monument of astounding industry and critical acumen. But the 'Monday Chats' by no means exhaust his purely literary work; which under various titles—'Literary Critiques and Portraits,' 'Literary Portraits,' 'Contemporary Portraits,' 'Portraits of Women,' 'Châteaubriand and his Literary Group'—makes up a total of from forty to fifty volumes.

This imposing mass is divided by the Revolution of 1848. Before that date he is striving for the critical mastery, but making incursions also into other fields. After his return from Liège in 1849 he is the critical autocrat, always honored though not always beloved. Yet the work of his apprentice years was of great importance in its day. The portraits have not indeed the charm and winning grace of the mature artist who wrote the passages that have been chosen here to illustrate his genius; but they are full of art as well as scholarship, and constructed almost from the very first on the critical lines that he has laid down in his essay on Châteaubriand. To the young Sainte-Beuve is due, more than to any of his contemporaries, the revival of interest in the sixteenth century and in Ronsard. These studies influenced, and for a time guided, the development of romanticism, and stirred in Sainte-Beuve himself a faint poetic flame; but even in verse he was a critic of his own sensations, and wooed a refractory Muse.

With the weekly 'Monday Chats,' begun in Le Constitutionnel newspaper in 1850, and continued in various journals with but one considerable interruption until his death, began the epoch-making work that will long keep his memory green among all lovers of the humanities. Already he had made criticism a fine art; but he had been too generous in his praise of his fellow romanticists. Now the critical touch became more precise, the shading more exact. Nor was the least remarkable thing about these essays the speed and regularity of their production. Week after week, for year after year

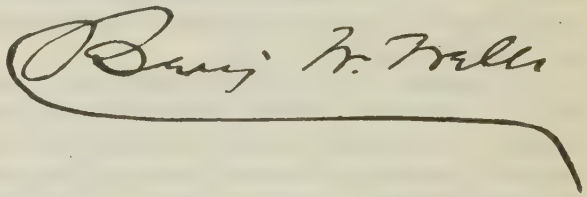
saw its acute and learned study of from 7,000 to 7,500 words, full of minute research and profound erudition, written, corrected, published. He became, as he said of himself, «a workman by the piece and the hour.» This method of production left no place for correction and repentance. As the tree fell so it must lie. But this only seemed to enhance the spontaneity of his essays. As a contemporary said, «He had no time to spoil them.» And under this pressure his style grew ever more supple, more concise and yet more popular, though it never ceased to be scholarly and profound.

What other writing has ever appeared in daily journals at regular intervals for a score of years, and has left such a permanent impress on the world of letters as this? In France Sainte-Beuve's works form the nucleus of every critical library. In England and in America selections continue to be translated and read; among which the most recent and perhaps the most representative are the ‹Essays on Men and Women› edited by William Sharp (London, 1890); ‹Select Essays› translated by A. J. Butler (London, 1894); and the translation in eight volumes by E. J. Trechmann (New York, 1909–11). The references to Sainte-Beuve in the memoirs and critical writings of the nineteenth century are beyond numbering.

The subjects of his criticism were as world-wide as literature; and into everything that he touched he put, as he said he sought to do, «a sort of charm and at the same time more reality.» To all his work he brought the calm temper of the scientific mind, rarely crossed by querulous clouds or heated by the passion of controversy, and not often roused to a glowing and self-forgetful enthusiasm. «I have but one diversion, one pursuit,» he said: «I analyze, I botanize. I am a naturalist of minds. What I would fain create is literary natural history.»

This mood is naturally drawn to the serious and austere. And so Pascal, Bossuet, Shakespeare, and the Lake Poets attract Sainte-Beuve more than Rabelais and Molière, or Chaucer and Byron. But nothing human is wholly foreign to this collector of talents. He passes with easy flight from Firdausī to General Jomini, from Madame Desbordes-Valmore to the Comte de Saxe. He is naturally tolerant of rising talent and of eccentric natures, and perhaps too stern to those contemporaries who have achieved success and need correction rather than encouragement. The unclassified attracts him; for to the last he remains essentially subjective in his judgments, praising what pleases him without measuring it on the procrustean bed of any critical code. And yet he felt that his method had in it the possibilities of an exact science; and with this prophetic vision he prepared the chosen people of literature to enter (with Taine for their Joshua) the Canaan of critical naturalism.

Sainte-Beuve was more consistent in criticism than in ethics. Fundamentally he thought he had most in common with the materialists of the eighteenth century: but while he was under the romantic spell of Hugo, the smiles of a fair proselyter almost won him to Catholicism; and later his restless mind seemed to sympathize, now with the communism of Saint-Simon, now with the spiritual absolutism of Calvin, now with the liberalism of Lamennais. But from each of these moral experiments he came back to his first conception of life; and in it he found perhaps as much mental repose as so restless a mind could hope to enjoy or attain. He was not, and did not aspire to be, a model of the distinctively Christian virtues; but he was always honorable, single-minded, kindly, cheerful, and ready to make great sacrifices for the integrity of his critical independence. If his manifold ethical experiments suggest a facile morality, yet they contributed to give him a deep insight into human nature and a catholic sympathy with it. Men may differ in their judgment of the man, but they are constrained to unite in their admiration of the critic.



A CRITIC'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN CRITICAL METHOD

From the 'Nouveaux Lundis'

It is understood then that to-day [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature — literary production — is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its environment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.

A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations,— a day when the science [of criticism] will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one

can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. To-day it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu and comparative anatomy before Cuvier,—in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when mental science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skillful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practices it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments,—to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment,—the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his

talent was revealed, took material form and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group; they make centres themselves; people gather around them: but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas, — a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers, — that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance, — its historic, literary significance; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation: and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring; nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date! Ineffable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators, — its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he

should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days.—I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Æschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Æneas in Virgil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man,—the young man confident and proud,—one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit. Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everybody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work,—that is to say, a book into which he enters at all. . . .

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last

easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. . . . Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. . . . The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Châteaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little further off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough to-day about the natural method in literature.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

From 'Causeries du Lundi,' May 11th, 1857. (Abridged.)

It is the duty of each generation, as it is of an army, to bury its dead and to do them the last honors. It would not be just that the charming poet who has just been taken away should disappear without receiving — amid all that has been said

and what will be said, true and heart-felt, of his talent — some special words of farewell from an old friend, from a witness of his first steps. The melodious strain of Alfred de Musset was so familiar to us, so dear from the very first; it had so penetrated our hearts in its freshness and buoyant novelty; it was, though more youthful, so part of our own generation, — a generation then all poetry and all devoted to feeling and expression. It is nineteen years ago; and I see him still making his entry in the literary world, — first in the intimate circle of Victor Hugo, then in that of Alfred de Vigny and the Deschamps brothers. What a début! What easy graciousness! and at the very first verses that he recited, — his 'Andalouse,' his 'Don Paez,' and his 'Juana,' — what surprise, what rapture he aroused among us! It was spring itself; a whole springtime of poetry that budded before our eyes. He was not eighteen. His forehead was strong and proud. His downy cheek still preserved the roses of childhood, his nostrils swelled with the breath of desire. He advanced with firm tread and eye upcast, as though sure of conquest and full of the pride of life. No one at the first sight gave a better idea of adolescent genius. All those brilliant couplets, those outpourings of verse that their very success has since caused to be outworn, but which were then so new in French poetry; all those passages marked as if with a Shakespearean accent, those furious rushes mingled with petulant audacities and smiles, those flashes of heat and precocious storm, — seemed to promise a Byron to France.

The graceful delicate songs that flitted each morning from his lips, and presently were running over the lips of all, were indeed of his age. But passion was to him a divination. He breathed it in with might, he sought to outrun it. He asked its secret of friends richer in experience, still dripping from their shipwreck. . . . At the dance, at receptions and gay festivals, when he met pleasure he did not restrain himself; he sought by reflection to distill its sadness, its bitterness. He said to himself, even as he gave himself up with an appearance of self-surrendering transport, and even as it were to increase its savor, that this was only a fleeting instant, soon to be irreparable, that would never recur in this same light. And in all he sought a stronger, keener sensation, in accord with the key to which he had tuned his soul. He found that the roses of a day did not fade fast enough. He would gladly uproot them all that

he might the better breathe them in and press from them their essence. . .

I only touch the subject; but if we take up and glance over again, now that he is no more, many of the pieces and personages of Alfred de Musset, we shall now perceive in this child of genius just the opposite of Goethe: of that Goethe who detached himself in time from his creations, even from those most intimate in their origin; who worked out his characters only to a certain point; who cut the bond in time, abandoned them to the world, being already himself altogether elsewhere; and for whom "poetry was a deliverance." Goethe, even from his youth, from the time of Werther, was preparing to live till past eighty. For Alfred de Musset, poetry was the opposite of that. His poetry was himself. He was riveted wholly to it. He cast himself into it recklessly. It was his youthful soul, it was his flesh and blood that flowed; and when he had cast to others these shreds, these glorious limbs of the poet, that seemed at times like limbs of Phaëthon and of a young god (recall, for instance, the magnificent apostrophes and invocations of 'Rolla'), he kept still his own shred, his bleeding heart, his burning weary heart. Why was he not patient? All would have come in due time. But he hasted to condense and to devour the years. . . .

Musset was poet only. He wished to feel. He was of a generation whose password, the first wish inscribed at the bottom of their hearts, had been, Poetry for its own sake, Poetry above all. "In all the period of my fair youth," one of the poets of that same epoch has said, "there was nothing that I desired or summoned so with prayers or adored as I did holy Passion,"—passion; that is to say, the living substance of poetry. So Musset was superlatively prodigal above all. Like a reckless soldier, he would not provide in advance for the second half of the journey. He would have disdained to accept what men call wisdom, and what seemed to him the gradual ebbing of life. It was not for him to transform himself. When he attained the summit, and even while he was still climbing the hillside, it seemed to him that he had reached and passed the goal of all desires. Satiety had laid hold on him. . . .

Recall his first songs of page or knightly lover, . . . and put opposite to this that admirable and pitiful final sonnet: the whole poetic career of Alfred de Musset is embraced between these two,—Glory and Pardon. What a brilliant track, boldly

traced; what light, what eclipse, and what shadow! Poet who was but a dazzling type of many obscurer souls of his age, who has symbolized their flights and their falls, their grandeurs and their miseries,—his name will not die. Let us guard it engraven with peculiar care; us to whom he left the burdens of age, and who could say that day, with truth, as we returned from his funeral, "For years our youth was dead, but we have just buried it with him." Let us admire, let us continue to love and honor in its better part, the spirit, deep or fleeting, that he breathed into his songs. But let us draw from it also this witness to the infirmity that clings to our being, and never let us presume in pride on the gifts that human nature has received.

GOETHE: AND BETTINA BRENTANO

From 'Portraits of Men'

It may be remembered that we have already seen Jean Jacques Rousseau in correspondence with one of his admirers, whose partiality towards him ultimately developed into a warmer sentiment. After reading 'La Nouvelle Heloïse,' Madame de la Tour-Franqueville became extremely enthusiastic, believing herself to be a Julie d'Etange; and thereupon indited somewhat ardent love-letters to the great author, who in his misanthropical way treated her far from well. It is curious to note, in a similar case, how differently Goethe, the great poet of Germany, behaved to one of his admirers who declared her love with such wild bursts of enthusiasm. But not more in this case than in the other must we expect to find a true, natural, and mutual affection, the love of two beings who exchange and mingle their most cherished feelings. The adoration in question is not real love: it is merely a kind of worship, which requires the god and the priestess. Only, Rousseau was an invalid,—a fretful god, suffering from hypochondria, who had fewer good than bad days; Goethe, on the other hand, was a superior god, calm and equable, in good health and benevolent,—in fact, the Olympian Jupiter, who looks on smiling.

In the spring of 1807 there lived at Frankfort a charming young girl nineteen years of age,* though of such small stature

*She was in fact twenty-two, having been born April 4, 1785.—Ed.

that she only appeared to be twelve or thirteen. Bettina Brentano, the child of an Italian father, who had settled and married at Frankfort, came of a family noted for its originality, each member having some singular or fantastic characteristic. It was said in the town that "madness only began in the Brentano family where it ended in other people." Little Bettina considered this saying as a compliment. "What others call eccentricity is quite comprehensible to me," she would remark, "and is part of some esoteric quality that I cannot define." She had in her much of the devil and the imp; in fact, all that is the reverse of the *bourgeois* and conventional mind, against which she waged eternal war. A true Italian as regards her highly colored, picturesque, and vivid imagination, she was quite German in her dreamy enthusiasm, which at times verged on hallucination. She would sometimes exclaim, "There is a demon in me, opposed to all practical reality." Poetry was her natural world. She felt art and nature as they are only felt in Italy; but her essentially Italian conceptions, after having assumed all the colors of the rainbow, usually ended in mere vagaries. In short, in spite of the rare qualities with which little Bettina was endowed, she lacked what might be called sound common-sense,—a quality hardly in keeping with all her other gifts. It seemed as if Bettina's family, in leaving Italy for Germany, had instead of passing through France come by the way of Tyrol, with some band of gay Bohemians. The faults to which I have just alluded grow sometimes graver the older one becomes; but at nineteen they merely lend an additional charm and piquancy. It is almost necessary to apologize in speaking so freely in relation to Bettina; for Signorina Brentano—having become Frau d'Arnim, and subsequently widow of Achim d'Arnim, one of the most distinguished poets of Germany—is now living in Berlin, surrounded by some of the most remarkable men of the day. She receives a homage and consideration not merely due to the noble qualities of her mind, but to the excellency of her character. This woman, who was once such a frolicsome imp, is now known as one of the most unselfish and true-hearted of her sex.

However, it was she herself who in 1835, two years after Goethe's death, published the correspondence that enables us to glean an accurate knowledge of her character; allowing us—in fact, compelling us—to speak so unconstrainedly in relation to her. This book—translated into French by a woman of merit,

who has concealed her identity under the *nom de plume* of "St. Sebastien Albin"—is a most curious work, enabling us to realize the difference that distinguishes the German genius from our own. The preface, as written by the authoress, is thus worded: "This book is intended for good, not bad people." This is similar to saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It was quite suddenly that Bettina fell in love with the great poet Goethe; but her romantic feeling was of a purely ideal nature, for as yet she had never seen him. While musing alone one summer morn in the redolent and silent garden, Goethe's image presented itself to her mind. She only knew him through his renown and his works,—in fact, through the very evil she heard spoken in relation to his cold and indifferent character. But the idea instantly captivated her imagination; she had discovered an object for her worship. Goethe was then fifty-eight years of age. In his youth he had conceived a slight affection for Bettina's mother. For many years he had lived at Weimar, at the small court of Charles Augustus; in favor or rather intimate friendship with the prince. There he calmly pursued his vast studies, forever creating with prolific ease; he was then at the height of contentment, genius, and glory.

Goethe's mother lived at Frankfort. She and Bettina became great friends; and the young girl began to love, study, and understand the son in the person of this remarkable mother, so worthy of him to whom she had given birth. Goethe's aged parent,—"Goethe's Lady Counselor," as she was called,—with her noble (I was about to say august) character, and her mind so replete with great sayings and memorable conversations, liked nothing better than to converse about her son. In speaking of him "her eyes would dilate like those of a child," and beam with contentment. Bettina became the old lady's favorite; and on entering her room would take a stool at her feet, rush at random into conversation, disturb the order of everything around her, and being certain of forgiveness, would allow herself every freedom. The worthy Frau Goethe, being gifted with great discernment and common-sense, perceived from the very first that Bettina's love for her son would lead to no serious consequences, and that this flame would injure no one. She would laugh at the child's fancy, and in so doing would profit by it. Not a day passed without this happy mother thinking of her son; "and these thoughts," she would say, "are gold to me." If not to Bettina,

to whom could she express them, before whom could she count her gold — this treasure not intended for the ears of the profane? So, when the frolicsome young creature was absent, running along the banks of the Rhine, and playing the truant in every old tower and rock, she would be greatly missed by her dear "Lady Counselor." The old lady would write to her in the following manner: —

"Hasten homeward. I do not feel so well this year as last. At times I long, with a certain foreboding, for your presence, and for hours together I sit thinking of Wolfgang" (Goethe's Christian name); "of the days when he was a child playing at my feet, or relating fairy tales to his little brother James. It is absolutely necessary that I should have some one with whom I can converse in relation to all this, and *nobody listens to me as well as yourself.* I truly wish you were here."

On returning to the mother of the man she adored, Bettina would hold long conversations with the venerable lady about Goethe's childhood, his early promise, the circumstances attendant on his birth; about the pear-tree his grandfather planted to celebrate its anniversary, and which afterwards flourished so well; about the *green arm-chair* where his mother would sit, relating to him tales that made him marvel. Then they would speak about the first signs of his awakening genius. Never was the childhood of a god studied and watched in its minutest details with more pious curiosity. One day, while he was crossing the road with several other children, his mother and a friend, who were at the window, remarked that he walked with "great majesty," and afterwards told him his upright bearing distinguished him from the other boys of his age. "That is how I wish to begin," he replied: "later on I shall distinguish myself in many different ways." "And this has been realized," his mother would add on relating the incident.

Bettina knew everything about Goethe's early life better than he did himself, and later on he had recourse to her knowledge when wishing to write his memoirs. She was right in saying, "As to me, what is my life but a profound mirror of your own?"

In his boyhood Goethe was considered one of the finest fellows of his age. He was fond of skating, and one fine afternoon he persuaded his mother to come and watch him sporting on the ice. Goethe's mother, liking sumptuous apparel, arrayed herself

in "a pelisse, trimmed with crimson velvet, that had a long train and gold clasps," and she drove off in a carriage with friends.

"On arriving at the river Mein, we found my son energetically skating. He flew like an arrow through the throng of skaters; his cheeks were rosy from the fresh air, and his auburn locks were denuded of their powder. On perceiving my crimson pelisse, he immediately came up to the carriage, and looked at me with a gracious smile. 'Well, what do you require?' I said to him. 'Mother, you are not cold in the carriage, so give me your velvet mantle.'—'But you do not wish to array yourself in my cloak, do you?'—'Yes, certainly.'—There was I, taking off my warm pelisse, which he donned; and throwing the train over his arm, he sprang on the ice like a very son of the gods. Ah, Bettina! if you had only seen him! Nothing could have been finer. I clapped my hands with joy. All my life I shall see him as he was then, proceeding from one archway and entering through the other, the wind the while raising the train of the pelisse, that had fallen from his arm."

And she added that Bettina's mother was on the bank, and it was her whom her son wished to please that day.

Have you not perceived in this simple tale told by the mother, all the pride of a Latona? "He is a son of the gods!" These were the words of a Roman senator's wife, of a Roman empress, or Cornelia, rather than the utterance of a Frankfort citizen's spouse! The feeling that then inspired this mother in regard to her son, ultimately permeated the heart of the German nation. Goethe is "the German fatherland." In reading Bettina's letters, we find ourselves, like her, studying Goethe through his mother; and in so doing we discover his simple and more natural grandeur. Before the influence of court etiquette had distorted some of his better qualities, we see in him the true sincerity of his race. We wish his genius had been rather more influenced by this saying of his mother,—"There is nothing grander than when the man is to be felt in the man."

It is said that Goethe had but little affection for his mother; that he was indifferent towards her,—not visiting her for years, though he was only a distance of about forty miles from where she lived. And on this point he has been accused of coldness and egotism. But here, I think, there has been exaggeration. Before denying any quality to Goethe it is necessary to think twice. At first sight we imagine him to be cold; but this very

coldness often conceals some underlying quality. A mother does not continue to love and revere her son when he has been guilty of a really serious wrong towards her. Goethe's mother did not see anything wrongful in her son's conduct, and it does not beseem us to be severer than she. This son loved his mother in his own way; and though his conduct could not perhaps be exactly regarded as the model of filial behavior, it cannot be said that he was in any wise ungrateful. "Keep my mother's heart warm," he would say in writing to Bettina. . . . "I should like to be able to reward you for the care you take of my mother. A chilling *draught* seemed to emanate from her surroundings. Now that I know you are near her I feel comforted —I feel warm." The idea of a *draught* makes us smile. Fontenelle could not have expressed himself better. I have sometimes thought Goethe might be defined as a *Fontenelle invested with poetry.*

At the time of his mother's death, Bettina wrote to him, alluding to the cold disposition that was supposed to characterize him —a disposition inimical to all grief: "It is said that you turn away from all that is sad and irreparable: do not turn away from the image of your dying mother; remember how loving and wise she was up to the last moment, and how the *poetic element* predominated in her." By this last touch, Bettina evinced her knowledge of how to affect the great poet. Goethe responded in words replete with gratitude for the care she had shown his mother in her old age. But from that day their relationship suffered by the loss of the being who had forged the link between them. However, as I have already mentioned, Bettina was in love with Goethe. We might ask what were the signs of this feeling. It was not an ordinary affection; it was not even a passionate love, which, like that of Dido, Juliet, or Virginia, burns and consumes until the desire is satisfied. It was an ideal sentiment; better than a love purely from the imagination, and yet dissimilar to one entirely from the heart. I scarcely know how to explain the feeling, and even Bettina herself could hardly define what she felt. The fact is that, gifted with a vivid imagination, exquisite poetical feeling, and a passionate love of nature, she personified all her tastes and youthful inspirations in Goethe's image, loving him with rapture as the incarnation of all her dreams. Her love did not sadden her, but on the contrary, rendered her happier. "I know a secret," she would say: "the

greatest happiness is when two beings are united, and the Divine genius is with them."

It generally sufficed her to be thus united in spirit. Goethe, whose insight into life and human nature was as profound as his knowledge of the ideal, had from the first understood the quality of this love, and did not shun it, though at the same time he avoided too close a contact. The privilege of the gods is, as we all know, the possession of eternal youth: even at fifty-eight years of age, Goethe would not have been able to endure every day with impunity the innocent familiarities and enticements of Bettina. But the girl lived far away. She wrote him letters, full of life, brilliant with sensibility, coloring, sound, and manifold fancies. These epistles interested him, and seemed to rejuvenate his mind. A new being, full of grace, was revealing herself to the observation of his poetical and withal scientific mind. She opened for his inspection "an unlooked-for book, full of delightful images and charming depictions." It seemed to him as much worth his while reading this book as any other; especially as his own name was to be found on every page, encircled with a halo of glory. He called Bettina's letters "the gospel of nature." "Continue," he would say, "preaching your gospel of nature." He felt that he was the *god-made man* of that evangel. She recalled to his mind (and his artistic talent needed it) the impressions and the freshness of the past, all of which he had lost in his somewhat artificial life. "All you tell me brings me back remembrances of youth; it produces the effect of events gone by, which all of a sudden we distinctly remember, though for a long time we may have forgotten them."

Goethe never lavished his attention on Bettina, although he never once repulsed her. He would reply to her letters in a sufficiently encouraging way for her to continue writing. There was a strange scene the very first time Bettina met Goethe; and from the way she describes the meeting, we perceive that she does not write for the benefit of the cynical scoffer. Towards the end of April, in 1807, she accompanied her sister and her brother-in-law to Berlin, and they promised to return by the way of Weimar. They were obliged to pass through the regiments that were then occupying the land. On this journey Bettina was arrayed in male attire, and sat on the box of the coach in order to see farther; while at every halting-place she assisted in harnessing and unharnessing the horses. In the morning she would

shoot off a pistol in the forests, and clamber up the trees like a squirrel, for she was peculiarly agile (Goethe called her the Little Mouse). One day, when in an uncommonly frolicsome mood she had ascended into one of the Gothic sculptures of the Cologne Cathedral, she commenced a letter in the following way to Goethe's mother:—

"Lady Counselor, how alarmed you would be to see me now, seated in a Gothic rose."

Somewhere else she says: "I prefer dancing to walking, and I prefer flying to dancing."

Bettina arrived at Weimar after passing several sleepless nights on the box of the coach. She immediately called on Wieland, who knew her family; and obtained from him a letter, introducing her to Goethe. On arriving at the house of the great poet, she waited a few minutes before seeing him. Suddenly the door opened, and Goethe appeared.

"He surveyed me solemnly and fixedly. I believe I stretched out my hands towards him — I felt my strength failing me! Goethe folded me to his heart, murmuring the while, 'Poor child! have I frightened you?' These were the first words he uttered, and they entered my soul. He led me into his room, and made me sit on the sofa before him. We were then both speechless. He at last broke the silence. 'You will have read in the paper,' he said, 'that a few days ago we sustained a great loss through the death of the Duchess Amelia' (the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Weimar). 'Oh!' I answered, 'I never read the papers.'—'Indeed! I imagined that everything in relation to Weimar interested you.'—'No, nothing interests me excepting yourself; moreover, I am much too impatient to read a newspaper.'—'You are a charming child.' Then came a long pause. I was still exiled on that fatal sofa, shy and trembling. You know it is impossible for me to remain sitting like a well-bred person. Alas! mother" (it was Goethe's mother to whom she was writing), "my conduct was utterly disgraceful. I at last exclaimed, 'I cannot remain on this couch!' and I arose suddenly. 'Well, do as you please,' he replied. I threw my arms round his neck, and he drew me on his knee, pressing me to his heart."

In reading this scene, we must remember that it took place in Germany, not in France! She remained long enough on his shoulder to fall asleep; for she had been traveling for several nights, and was exhausted with fatigue. Only on awakening did

she begin conversing a little. Goethe plucked a leaf off the vine that clustered round his window, and said, "This leaf and your cheek have the same freshness and the same bloom." My readers may be inclined to think this scene quite childish; but Goethe soon divulged to her his most serious and intimate thoughts. He became nearly emotional in speaking of Schiller, saying that he had died two springs ago; and on Bettina interrupting him to remark that she did not care for Schiller, he explained to her all the beauties of this poetical nature,—so dissimilar to his own, but one of infinite grandeur; a nature he himself had the generosity to fully appreciate.

The evening of the next day Bettina saw Goethe again at Wieland's; and on her appearing to be jealous regarding a bunch of violets he held, which she supposed had been given him by a woman, he threw her the flowers, remarking, "Are you not content if I give them to you?" These first scenes at Weimar were childlike and mystic, though from the very first marked by great intensity; it would not have been wise to enact them every day. At their second meeting, which took place at Wartburg after an interval of a few months, Bettina could hardly speak, so deep was her emotion. Goethe placed his hand on her lips and said, "Speak with your eyes—I understand everything;" and when he saw that the eyes of the charming child, "the dark, courageous child," were full of tears, he closed them, adding wisely, "Let us be calm—it beseems us both to be so!" But in recalling these scenes, are you not tempted to exclaim, "What would Voltaire have said?"

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE

(1798–1865)

SAINTINE, the author of the familiar classic 'Picciola,' was in many respects a fortunate man. He was endowed with a contagious optimism, which made him friends and brought him success. From his earliest efforts in authorship, he won readers by the cheering spirit of his pages and his refined sympathy with his fellows. He had no long apprenticeship of failure. His first work, entitled 'Bonheur de l'Étude,' brought him a prize from the French Academy when he was only twenty-one. Two years later he received a second prize from the Academy, for a discourse upon mutual instruction. A volume of pleasing verse — 'Poésies' — appeared in 1823, which was characterized by the fresh romantic spirit, kept within bounds by classical influences.

SAINTINE

Saintine was a contributor to many journals; among them the Revue de Paris, the Siècle, the Constitutionnel, and La Revue Contemporaine. He did some interesting historical work,— 'Histoire des Guerres d'Italie'; and made a study of German folk-lore,— 'Mythologie du Rhin': but he was best known for his stories. 'Seul,' one of the most interesting, is the story, simply and vividly told, of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

But by far his most famous work was 'Picciola,' which brought him more fame and more money than all the others. It has been republished more than forty times, and translated into many languages, and is still a favorite everywhere. The Academy awarded it the Montyon prize of three thousand francs, and decorated its author with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The story is exquisitely told,— of the rich and scholarly but *blasé* young nobleman, who, while a State prisoner in the fortress of Fenestrella, finds a little plant springing between the paving-stones of his court, watches it, loves it, makes it his companion, and is gradually regenerated by its revelation to him of natural and divine law. Picciola the plant becomes to him

Picciola the ideal maiden of his heart and imagination. There is a charming love tale too. Thérèse, a beautiful unselfish girl, is watching over her father, who is also a prisoner. Picciola is likely to die unless the paving-stones pressing on her stem are removed. It is Thérèse who takes charge of the Count's despairing petition to Napoleon. After the gloom and suffering comes the happy ending. In this book, Saintine's own love of nature is revealed in delicate descriptive touches.

For a Parisian — he was born at Paris in 1798, and died there in 1865 — he had an unusual sympathy with nature. His mind had a healthy turn toward all that was alive and growing, and hence the high moral tone and nobility of his work. He was a man whose vigorous appreciation of life was refined and strengthened by education. He was acquainted with books, and versed in natural science; and he wrote with scholarly finish as well as with spontaneity.

To read the touching story of Picciola makes it seem incongruous to think of Saintine as a humorist. Yet with the pseudonym of «Xavier» he was a comic dramatist of great popularity. In collaboration with leading writers of vaudeville, he composed over two hundred such works. 'Julien' and 'L'Ours et le Pacha,' witty vaudevilles written with Eugène Scribe, were particularly brilliant successes.

In his old age Saintine gave up writing, and passed a peaceful happy leisure, with abundant means and surrounded by friends.

FROM 'PICCIOLA'

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[The Count of Charney, a rich, young, and intellectual nobleman, has vainly and successively tried to find satisfaction in literature, science, metaphysics, and dissipation. In disgust with existing social conditions, he conspires against the government of Napoleon, is arrested, and cast into the fortress of Fenestrella. He is allowed neither books, pens, nor paper; and is forced to exercise all his ingenuity to find the slightest diversion from his hopeless thoughts.]

One day at the prescribed hour Charney was walking in the court-yard; his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs; and to live free, and be master of the soil and of space, seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, — doubtless to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them, — when he perceived, there under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, and slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive: in the most indifferent objects and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work underground; perhaps a tunnel, which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore him to life and liberty.

He listened attentively, and fancied he heard a low, rumbling noise under ground; he raised his head, and the tremulous air bore to him the rapid stroke of the tocsin, and the continued roll of drums along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and with a trembling hand wiped from his forehead great drops of sweat.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

This dream was only a flash. Reflection destroyed the illusion. He had no accomplices, and had never had friends. He listened again: the same sounds struck his ear, but gave rise to other thoughts. This stroke of the tocsin, and the roll of the drum, were only the distant sound of a church bell that he heard every day at the same hour, and the accustomed call to arms, which need only excite emotion in a few straggling soldiers of the citadel.

Charney smiled bitterly, and looked upon himself with pity, when he thought that some insignificant animal — a mole who had without doubt lost his way, or a field-mouse who had scratched up the earth under his feet — had caused him to believe for an instant in the affection of men and the overthrow of a great empire.

In order to make his mind quite clear about it, however, he stooped over the little mound and carefully removed some of the particles of earth; and saw with astonishment that the wild agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with

claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn was wafted to him,—as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which perhaps one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant—so tender, soft, and fragile, that a touch might break it—to raise, separate, and throw out earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed?

He bent over it again, and examined it with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of a double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enable them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

"Ah," said he to himself, "behold all the secret. It receives from nature this principle of strength; like the young birds, who before they are born are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner! thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom."

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly; and surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly pallor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself,—colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. "Yes, its leaves, without doubt," thought he, "will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be? Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the

same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind indeed," repeated he. "I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight: of what use are they?"

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached. The two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves against his reproach: they drew closer together, and inclosed in their bosom — to protect it against the cold and the attacks of insects — the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun; and which, thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings that the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained.

This strange colloquy between thought on one side and action on the other — between the man and the plant — was not to end here. Charney had been too long occupied with metaphysical discussions to surrender himself easily to a good reason.

"This is all very well," said he: "here as elsewhere a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favored this feeble creation. It was born armed with a lever to lift the soil, and a buckler to protect its head,— two conditions necessary to its existence: if it had happened that these had not been fulfilled, the plant must have died, stifled in its germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species whom Nature has no doubt created,— unfinished, imperfect, incapable of preserving and reproducing themselves, and who have had but an hour of life on earth. Who can calculate the number of false and impotent combinations Nature has made, before succeeding in producing one single specimen fitted to endure? A blind man may hit the mark, but how many arrows must he lose before he attains this result! For thousands of ages matter has been triturated by the double movement of attraction and repulsion: is it then strange

that chance should so many times produce the right combinations? I grant that this envelope can protect these first leaves; but will it grow and enlarge so as to shelter and preserve also the other leaves against the cold and the attacks of their enemies? Next spring, when new foliage will be born as fragile and tender as this, will it be here to protect it again? No. Nothing then has been planned in all this; nothing is the result of intelligent thought, but rather of a happy chance."

Sir Count, Nature has more than one response with which to refute your argument. Have patience, and observe that feeble and isolated production, sent forth and thrown into the court of your prison, perhaps less by a stroke of chance than by the benevolent foresight of Providence. These excrescences, in which you have divined a lever and a shield, had already rendered other services to this feeble plant. After having served it as envelope in the frozen ground through the winter, the right time having arrived, they lent it their nourishing breast,—as it were suckling it when, a simple germ, it had not yet roots with which to seek moisture from the ground, or leaves to breathe the air and the sun. You were right, Sir Count: these protecting wings which have until now brooded so maternally over the young plant, will not be developed with it,—they will fall; but not till they have accomplished their task, and when their ward will have gained strength sufficient to do without their aid. Do not be anxious about its future! Nature watches over this as over its sister plants; and as long as the north winds—the chilly fogs and snowflakes—descend from the Alps, the new leaves yet in the bud will find there a safe asylum; a dwelling arranged for them, closed from the air by a cement of gum and resin which will expand according to their need, only opening under a favorable sky and atmosphere. They will not come out without a warm covering of fur,—a soft cottony down which will defend them from the late frosts or any atmospheric caprices. Did ever mother watch more lovingly over the preservation of her child? Behold, Sir Count, what you might have known long since, if, descending from the abstruse regions of human science, you had deigned to lower your eyes to examine the simple works of God. The further north your steps had turned, the more these common marvels would have manifested themselves to you. Where the danger is greater, there the cares of Providence are redoubled.

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had ever an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which,—thanks to them,—kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived: she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilet of green; and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages, the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew; and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came: and by a new manœuvre the leaves, rising along the stem and shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their under side to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles; in their union was their strength. This time the plant had come forth from the combat not without some slight mutilations; but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is chance then intelligent?" said Charney: "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

One day, after he had contemplated it for a long time, he was surprised to find that he had been lost in thought; that his reveries had an unaccustomed tenderness, and that his happy thoughts continued during his walk in the court. Raising his head, he saw at the barred window of the great wall the "fly-catcher," who seemed to be observing him. At first he blushed, as if the man could read his thoughts; but then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. Had he the right to do so? Was not his mind also absorbed in the contemplation of one of the lowest ranks of creation?

«Who knows,» said he, «but this Italian may have discovered in a fly as much worthy of study as I in my plant?»

On returning to his chamber, that which first struck his eye was this maxim of the fatalist, inscribed by him upon the wall two months before:—

«CHANCE IS BLIND, AND IS THE SOLE AUTHOR OF CREATION»

He took a bit of charcoal and wrote underneath:—

«PERHAPS!»

. . . . . .

One day soon after, at the appointed hour, Charney was at his post near his plant, when he saw a heavy black cloud obscuring the sun, hanging like a gray floating dome over the towers of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain began to fall: he started to go quickly under shelter, when hailstones mingled with the rain pattered on the pavement of the court. *La Povera*, whirled and twisted by the storm, seemed on the point of being uprooted from the earth; her wet leaves, fretting one against the other, trembling with the tossing of the wind, uttered as it were plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney paused. He remembered the reproaches of Ludovic, and looked eagerly around for some object with which to protect his plant; he found nothing: the hailstones became larger and fell more quickly, and threatened its destruction. He trembled for her;—for her whom he had seen so lately resist so well the violence of the wind and the hail; but now he loved his plant too well to suffer it to run any risk of injury, for the sake of getting the better of it in an argument.

Taking then a resolution worthy of a lover,—worthy of a father,—he drew near; he placed himself before his protégée, and interposed himself as a wall between her and the wind; he bent over her, serving as a shield against the shock of the hail: and there, motionless, panting from his struggles with the storm, from which he sheltered her,—protecting her with his hands, with his body, with his head, with his love,—he waited till the cloud had passed.

The storm was over. But might not a similar danger menace it when he, its protector, was held from it by bolts and bars? Moreover, the wife of Ludovic, followed by a large dog, sometimes

came into the court. This dog in his gambols might, with one snap of his mouth or a stroke of his paw, destroy the darling of the philosopher. Charney spent the rest of the day in meditating upon a plan; and the next day prepared to put it in execution.

The small portion of wood allowed him was scarcely enough for his comfort in this climate, where the evenings and mornings are so chilly. What matter? has he not the warmth of his bed? He can retire earlier and rise later. In this way, sparing his wood, he soon amassed enough for his purpose. When Ludovic questioned him about it, he said, "It is to build a palace for my mistress." The jailer winked his eye as if he understood; but he did not.

During this time Charney split, shaped, and pointed his sticks, laid together the most supple branches, preserved carefully the flexible osier which was used to tie together his daily bundle of fagots. Then he found the lining of his trunk to be of a coarse, loosely woven fabric: this he detached, and drew from it the coarsest and strongest threads. His materials thus prepared, he set himself bravely to work as soon as the laws of the jail and the scrupulous exactness of the jailer would allow.

Around his plant, between the pavement of the court, he carefully inserted the sticks of various sizes,—making them firm at their base by a cement, composed of earth gathered bit by bit here and there in the interstices between the stones, and of plaster and saltpetre purloined from the old moat of the castle. The principal framework thus arranged, he interlaced it with light twigs; thus making a sort of hurdle, capable in case of need of protecting *La Povera* from any blow, or the approach of the dog.

He was greatly encouraged during this work to find that Ludovic — who at the commencement, shaking his head with a low grumbling sound of evil augury, had seemed uncertain whether to allow him to continue his work — had now decided in his favor: and sometimes, while quietly smoking his pipe, leaning against the door at the entrance of the court, he would smilingly watch the inexperienced worker; occasionally taking his pipe from his mouth to give him some counsel, which Charney did not always know how to profit by.

But inexpert as he was, his work progressed. In order to complete it, he impoverished himself, by robbing his scanty bed of straw with which to make a sort of matting, to use when needed for the protection of his tender plant from the sharp gusts of

Alpine wind which threatened it on one side, or the midday rays of the sun reflected from the granite.

One evening the wind blew violently. Charney from his window saw the court strewed with bits of straw and little twigs. The matting of straw and the twigs had not been firmly enough bound to resist the wind. He promised himself to repair the misfortune the next day; but the next day, when he descended, it was all rebuilt. A hand more skillful than his had firmly interlaced the straw and the branches, and he knew well whom to thank in his heart.

Thus, against all peril, thanks to him, thanks to *them*, the plant was sheltered by rampart and roof; and Charney became more and more warmly attached to it, watching with delight its growth and development, as it unceasingly opened to him new marvels for admiration.

Time gave firmness and solidity to the plant; the covering of the stem, at first so delicate, gave from day to day assurance of increasing fitness to endure: and the happy possessor of the plant was seized with a curious and impatient desire to see it blossom.

At last then, he desired something: this man of a worn-out heart and frozen brain — this man so priding himself in his intellect — stoops from the proud heights of science to be absorbed in the contemplation of an herb of the field.

But do not hasten to accuse him of puerile weakness or of lunacy. The celebrated Quaker, John Bertram, after having passed long hours in examining the structure of a violet, determined to devote the powers of his mind to the study of the vegetable wonders of nature; and so gained a place among the masters of science.

If a philosopher of India became mad in seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive-plant, perhaps Charney on the contrary will learn from this plant true wisdom. Has he not already found in it the charm which has the power to dissipate his ennui and enlarge his prison?

"Oh, the flower! the flower!" said he; "that flower whose beauty will expand only for my eyes, whose perfume will exhale for me alone,— what form will it take? What shades will color its petals? Without doubt it will offer me new problems to solve, and throw a last challenge to my reason. Well, let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at all points: I will not shrink from the contest. Perhaps only then shall I be

able to comprehend in her completeness that secret which her imperfect formation has thus far hidden from me. But wilt thou flower,—wilt thou show thyself to me one day in all the glory of thy beauty and its adornment, Picciola?"

Picciola! that is the name by which he called her, when, in the necessity of hearing a human voice, he conversed aloud with the companion of his captivity, while lavishing upon her his cares. "Povera Picciola!" (poor little one): such had been the exclamation of Ludovic, moved with pity for the poor little thing, when it had nearly died for want of water. Charney remembered it.

"Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?" repeated he, while carefully opening the leaves at the extremities of the stems to see if there was any promise of blossom. And this name, Picciola, was very pleasant to his ear; for it brought to his mind at once the two beings who peopled his world,—his plant and his jailer.

One morning, when at the hour of his daily promenade he interrogated Picciola leaf by leaf, his eyes were suddenly arrested by something peculiar in its appearance; his heart beat violently; he laid his hand upon it, and the blood suffused his face. It was a long time since he had experienced so keen an emotion. What he saw was at the end of the main stem: a new excrescence, green, silky, of a spherical form, covered with delicate scales placed one upon the other, like the slates upon the rounded dome of a kiosk.

He cannot doubt,—it is the bud: the flower will soon be here.

[Under the influence of Picciola, Charney softens to friendliness for his fellow captive, the Italian Girhardi, and for the young daughter Thérèse, who is voluntarily sharing his imprisonment. He learns too to appreciate the gruff conscientiousness and genuine kindness of Ludovic, his jailer.

Picciola grows larger, and the paving-stones between which it is forcing its way, lacerate its stem, and threaten its destruction. After a struggle with his pride, Charney writes on a handkerchief a petition to Napoleon, which Girhardi agrees to forward. At much risk to herself, Thérèse, after vainly seeking Napoleon, who is on the field of Marengo, presents the petition to Josephine.]

While Josephine was giving her orders, an opening in the crowd showed her Thérèse, imploring, restrained by strong arms, yet resisting. At a gracious sign from the Empress, which every

one about her knew how to interpret, they released the captive, who finding herself free sprang forward, threw herself panting on her knees at the foot of the throne, and drawing quickly from her bosom a handkerchief, which she waved in the air, cried, "Madame, madame, a poor prisoner!"

Josephine could not understand the meaning of this handkerchief offered to her.

"Do you wish to present a petition to me?" said she.

"This is it, madame, this is it: the petition of a poor prisoner." And the tears sprang from the eyes of the supplicant, while a smile of hope illuminated her countenance. The Empress replied to her by another smile, gave her her hand, forced her to rise, and bending towards her with a manner full of kindness, said, "Come, come, my child, be reassured. He interests you very much, then, this poor prisoner?"

Thérèse blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I have never spoken to him," replied she; "but he is so unhappy! Read, madame!"

Josephine unfolded the handkerchief, moved to pity in thinking how much misery and privation this linen, so painfully written upon with an artificial ink, bore witness to; then stopping at the first line,—"But it is addressed to the Emperor."

"What matters! are you not his wife? Read, read, madame, in mercy read! it is so urgent!"

The combat was at its height. The Hungarian column, although under fire from the artillery of Marmont, renewed its forward movement. Zach and Desaix were face to face, and the result of their encounter was to decide the salvation or the loss of the army.

The cannon thundered on every side; the field of battle was aflame; the shouts of the soldiers, mingled with the clang and roar of battle, caused an agitation of the air as if a tempest was raging.

The Empress read that which follows:—

Sire:

Two stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favor that I ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself that I ask your protection; but in this desert of stones, where I am expiating my offenses against you, one single being has brought some solace to my pain,—one single being has thrown some charm upon my life. It is a plant, Sire, which

has spontaneously sprung up between the pavements of the court where I am permitted sometimes to breathe the air and see the sky. Accuse me not of delirium or folly. This flower has been for me an object of study so sweet and so consoling! My eyes fixed upon this plant have been opened to the truth; to it I owe reason, repose, life perhaps. I love it as you love glory.

At this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space in the ground; it is dying, and I cannot succor it;—the commandant of Fenestrella would send my complaint to the governor of Turin, and when they have decided, my plant will be dead. Therefore, Sire, I address you: you who by one word can do all, can save my plant. Permit the lifting of these two stones, which weigh upon me as upon it. Save it from destruction—save me from despair! Give the order: it is the life of my plant that I ask of you. I implore, I entreat you upon my bended knees, and I swear to you that on my heart shall be inscribed the record of your goodness.

Why should it die? It has, I acknowledge, lightened the punishment that your powerful hand has inflicted upon me; but it has also humbled my pride, and brings me now, a suppliant, to your feet. From the height of your double throne look down upon us. Can you comprehend what ties may bind a man to a plant, in this isolation which leaves for a man only a vegetable existence? No, you cannot know; and may God guard you from ever knowing what effect imprisonment may produce upon the firmest and proudest spirit. I do not complain of my captivity: I support it with resignation; prolong it, let it continue through my life: but mercy for my plant!

Remember, Sire, that this mercy that I implore of your Majesty is in vain if it is not granted immediately—even to-day. You may hold the sword suspended for a time over the head of the condemned one, and raise it at last to grant him pardon. But nature follows other laws than the justice of man: two days more, and even the Emperor Napoleon can do nothing for the flower of the captive of Fenestrella.

CHARNEY.

On the evening of that day, Josephine and Napoleon, after the official dinner at which they had been present, were in one of the apartments that had been prepared for them in the Hôtel de Ville of Alessandria: the one dictating letters to his secretary, pacing the room, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; the other before a lofty mirror, admiring with naïve coquetry the elegance of her robes, and the splendor of the jewels with which she was adorned.

When the secretary was dismissed, Napoleon seated himself; and leaning both his elbows upon a table covered with crimson

velvet fringed with gold, rested his head on his hands, and fell into a revery,—the subject of which was far from painful, judging from the expression of his face.

But Josephine soon wearied of the silence which ensued. He had already once that day treated her rudely in the matter of the petition; and aware that she had been maladroit in too great precipitation, she resolved to choose the moment more wisely next time. She believed that now the right time had come: and seating herself on the other side of the table opposite her husband, she too leaned upon her elbows, and like him affected an air of abstraction; soon their eyes met with a smile.

"What are you thinking of?" said Josephine to him, with a caressing tone and look.

"I am thinking," said he, "that the diadem is very becoming to you, and that it would be a great pity if I had neglected to place one in your jewel casket."

The smile of Josephine gradually faded; while that of Napoleon became more decided, for he loved to combat the painful apprehensions which always took possession of her when she contemplated the height to which they had lately risen. Noble woman! it was not for herself that she trembled.

"Are you not better pleased to see me Emperor than General?" pursued he.

"Certainly: as Emperor you have the right to grant mercy, and I have a favor to ask of you."

Now it was on the face of the husband that the smile faded, to brighten on the face of the wife. Knitting his brows, he prepared to be firm, fearing that the influence which Josephine exercised upon his heart might lead him into some foolish weakness.

"Again, Josephine! You have promised me not to attempt in this way again to interrupt the course of justice. Do you think that the right to exercise mercy is granted us only to satisfy the caprices of our hearts? No: we ought to use it only to soften the too rigorous punishment of the law, or to repair the errors of the tribunal. Always to extend the hand of forgiveness to one's enemies is only to augment their number and their insolence."

"Nevertheless, Sire," replied Josephine, with difficulty restraining a burst of laughter, "you will accord me the favor that I implore of your Majesty."

"I doubt it."

"And I do not doubt it. First and before all, I demand the removal of two oppressors! Yes, Sire, let them be displaced; let them be driven out, forced away, if necessary!"

And speaking thus, she covered her mouth with her handkerchief; for, seeing the astonished face of Napoleon, she could no longer restrain her mirth.

"How? you urge me to punish! you, Josephine! And who are the guilty ones?"

"Two paving-stones, Sire, which are in the way in a court-yard."

And the laughter so long restrained broke forth in a merry peal.

He rose quickly, and crossing his arms behind him, regarded her with an air of doubt and surprise.

"How? what do you mean? Two paving-stones! Are you jesting?"

"No," said she; and rising, she approached him, and with her graceful Creole nonchalance leaning her two clasped hands on his shoulder, said: "On these two stones depends a precious existence. Listen to me, Sire; I invoke all your good-will while I speak."

She then recounted to him the whole story of the petition, and all that she had learned from the young girl concerning the prisoner (whose name however she did not mention), and of the devotion of the poor child; and in speaking of the prisoner, of his flower, and the love which he bore it, the words flowed from her lips gracious, tender, caressing, full of charm and of that eloquence in which her heart so naturally expressed itself.

In listening, the Emperor smiled; and the smile was born of admiration of his wife.

At last Charney said adieu to the priest and the colonel. One day, when he least expected it, the prison doors opened for him.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, importuned by Josephine (who in her turn probably yielded to the importunities of another interceding for the prisoner of Fenestrella), caused an account to be rendered to him of the seizure made by the officers in their visit of search. They brought to the Emperor the cambric manuscripts, until then deposited in the archives of the Minister of Justice. He read them over carefully, and declared

loudly that the Count of Charney was a madman; but a harmless one.

"He who can so abase his thoughts as to be absorbed in a weed," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but not a conspirator. I grant his pardon. Let his estates be restored to him; and let him cultivate them himself, if such is his good pleasure."

Charney, in his turn, left Fenestrella; but he did not go alone. Could he be separated from his first, his constant friend? After having her transplanted into a large case of good earth, he took Picciola in triumph with him; his Picciola,—Picciola to whom he owed reason; Picciola to whom he owed his life; Picciola from whose bosom he had drawn consoling faith; Picciola through whom he had learned friendship and love; Picciola, finally, through whom he was to be restored to liberty!

As he was about to cross the drawbridge, a large rough hand was extended towards him.

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, trying to conceal his emotion, "give me your hand: now we can be friends, since you are going, since you leave us; since we shall see you no more—thank God."

Charney interrupted him: "We shall see each other again, my dear Ludovic! Ludovic, my friend!"

And after having embraced him and pressed his hand again and again, he left the citadel.

He had crossed the esplanade, left behind him the hill on which the fortress is built, crossed the bridge over the Clusone, and turned into the road to Suza, when a voice from the ramparts reached him, crying "Adieu, Signor Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months after, one sunny day in spring, a rich equipage drew up at the gates of the prison of Fenestrella. A traveler alighted and inquired for Ludovic Ritti.

It was his former captive who came to pay a visit to his friend the jailer. A young lady leaned lovingly on the arm of the traveler. That young lady was Thérèse Girhardi, Countess of Charney.

Together they visited the court, and the chamber where once abode ennui, skepticism, disillusion.

Of all the despairing sentences which had been inscribed upon the white walls, one alone remained:—

«LEARNING, WIT, BEAUTY, YOUTH, FORTUNE—ALL ARE POWERLESS TO GIVE HAPPINESS»

Thérèse added:

«—WITHOUT LOVE»

The kiss which Charney pressed upon her brow gave confirmation to the truth of what she had written.

Before leaving the count asked Ludovic to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola. Then saying farewell, the husband and wife returned to Turin, where Girhardi awaited them in his country-seat of La Colline.

There, near the house, in a rich parterre, brightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had ordered his plant to be placed,—alone, that no other might interfere with its development. By his order, no hand but his might touch it or care for it. He alone would watch over it: it was an employment, a duty, a debt imposed upon him by his gratitude.

How rapidly the days flowed by! Surrounded by extensive grounds, on the borders of a beautiful river, under a genial sky, Charney tasted the wine of this world's happiness. Time added a new charm, new strength, to all these ties; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy. The friendship of Girhardi, the love of Thérèse, the blessings of all who lived under his roof,—nothing was wanting to his happiness; and yet that happiness was to be made still greater. Charney became a father.

Oh, then his heart overflowed with felicity. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he felt for his wife. He was never weary of gazing upon and adoring them both. To be separated a moment from them was pain.

Ludovic arrived to fulfill his promise. He wished to visit his first godchild, that of the prison. But alas! in the midst of these transports of love, of the prosperity and happiness with which La Colline abounded,—the source of all these joys, of all this happiness, *La Povera* Picciola, was dead,—dead for want of care!

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE

(1737–1814)

One of the most beautiful works in romantic literature is 'Paul and Virginia,' by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Upon this short tale rests his literary fame. In bulk, its few score pages are not one twentieth of his collected writings; yet while the others are almost forgotten, this has become a classic. Its success oddly illustrates the fallibility of educated opinion. When composed in 1784, the author read it before a brilliant assemblage at Madame Necker's. As he proceeded, they yawned; one by one they deserted the room; only some of the ladies present wept. This chilling reception caused him to throw it aside, and very nearly to burn it. In 1788, when he was induced to publish this apparent trifle, it quickly passed through more than three hundred editions, and was translated into every civilized language. Themes for dramas, romances, pictures, and statues were drawn from it; new-born children were named after its young lovers. Napoleon slept with a copy under his pillow during the Italian campaign, "as Homer under that of Alexander"; and Joseph Bonaparte settled a pension of six thousand francs on the author. Perhaps with 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' it has been among the novels that have enjoyed the greatest immediate and lasting popularity. Strangely, too, 'Robinson Crusoe' had so profoundly influenced Saint-Pierre as a boy, that after several vain trips to find a desert isle, he made various attempts for the rest of his life to describe it; one of which resulted in this book.

Saint-Pierre

The precision with which it satisfied contemporary longings and tastes was the secret of its wide circulation. Externally it continued the tradition of Richardson, who had launched the novel of sentiment in 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and after whom the doctrine had been evolved that a love story should be of necessity pathetic and end unhappily; and it fell into line directly with the sense of the beauty of nature, and the desire for escape from social conventionalities, recently aroused by Rousseau. But fundamentally it was the work of

a poet who selected, as the form to body forth his thought, prose instead of verse; but a prose of finely chosen, richly set words, warm with imaginative life and color. Prior to its publication, the popular ideas and ideals then current, while powerfully presented in prose, had failed to reach any worthy expression in poetry. Yet a desire existed that would fly to welcome such a contribution. 'Paul and Virginia,' a poem in so many essentials, answered at least the purpose of poetry to its generation; hence its enthusiastic reception. The sorrows of the two young lovers, whose isolated existence sprang from misfortune and was ended by it; the loveliness of their lifelong devotion through childish pleasures and youthful dreams; the luxuriant verdure of their environment, whose rich tropical splendor made the milder French landscape seem pale and wan,—these poetic elements, deeply as they still move us, yet more profoundly affected its contemporaries of all classes. Its pathos gripped their hearts; its gorgeous scenery fired their imaginations. Marie Antoinette, masquerading as shepherdess at Laucret, as farmeress at the Trianon, saw in it a vista of peaceful retirement, dear also to the aristocracy about her; the people, a realm devoid of prince, tyrant, or law; all were stirred at its narration of naïve, perfect love, piteously frustrated. In this modern analogue of the Greek pastoral 'Daphnis and Chloe,' Saint-Pierre succeeded in being, as he wished, "the Theocritus and Virgil of the tropics." He has written the first novel where the background is as important as the characters themselves, and dowered the world of fiction with two types of perennial interest.

Curiously enough, his life is at utter variance with the spirit of his work. Instead of being suave, contented, and tolerant, he was restless and ambitious, in constant vicissitude from his wayward temper. Born at Havre in 1737, he studied engineering, and went to serve in Malta, but was discharged for insubordination. With a few francs, eked out by the bounty of those with whom he lodged, he traveled to Russia, where his handsome mien won him a position in the army. Failure to interest Catherine in a scheme of Siberian colonization, however, caused his resignation; after which, disgusted with foreign favors, he returned to besiege the home government with petitions and memoirs. These brought finally an appointment to Madagascar. The expedition there he abandoned, upon learning that its object was the barter of negroes at the Isle of France. His 'Voyage to the Isle of France' (1773), and his 'Studies of Nature' (1784–88),—a medley of the social philosophy of his friend Rousseau, and his own crude, pseudo-scientific theories,—made him famous. Louis XVI. created him supervisor of the Jardin des Plantes as Buffon's successor. While the Revolution stripped him of his honors and position, it made him a professor at the École Normale. After

enjoying the uninterrupted favor of Napoleon and King Joseph, he died in 1814 at Eragny-sur-Oise, where was his country-seat.

Aside from the composition of 'Paul and Virginia,' Saint-Pierre occupies an important position in the history of literature as a great colorist in words. A minute, sensitive observer of nature, he felt the need of a picturesque vocabulary in French, and this he supplied and handled so effectually that his forest vistas and storm scenes have individualized themselves indelibly on the memory; a rare thing in literature. An ingenious savant has calculated that his palette employs fifty-four distinctly named shades of color; certain it is, his influence upon Châteaubriand, Lamartine, George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and Pierre Loti has been decided. Unfortunately his pupils' fame has overshadowed his own; but notwithstanding, he is by right of priority the father of descriptive writing of nature in France during the nineteenth century.

THE HOME IN MARTINIQUE

From 'Paul and Virginia.' Copyright 1867, by Hurd & Houghton

IN THE rainy season the two families met together in the cottage, and employed themselves in weaving mats of grass and baskets of bamboo. Rakes, spades, and hatchets were ranged along the walls in the most perfect order; and near these instruments of agriculture were placed its products,—sacks of rice, sheaves of corn, and baskets of plantains. Some degree of luxury is usually united with plenty; and Virginia was taught by her mother and Margaret to prepare sherbet and cordials from the juice of the sugar-cane, the lemon, and the citron.

When night came, they all supped together by the light of a lamp: after which Madame de la Tour or Margaret told stories of travelers lost during the night in forests of Europe infested by banditti; or of some shipwrecked vessel, thrown by the tempest upon the rocks of a desert island. To these recitals their children listened with eager sensibility, and earnestly begged that Heaven would grant they might one day have the joy of showing their hospitality toward such unfortunate persons. At length the two families would separate and retire to rest, impatient to meet again the next morning. Sometimes they were lulled to repose by the beating rains which fell in torrents upon the roofs of their cottages; and sometimes by the hollow winds, which brought to their ear the distant murmur of the waves

breaking upon the shore. They blessed God for their own safety, of which their feeling became stronger from the idea of remote danger.

Madame de la Tour occasionally read aloud some affecting history of the Old or New Testament. Her auditors reasoned but little upon these sacred books, for their theology consisted in sentiment, like that of Nature; and their morality in action, like that of the gospel. Those families had no particular days devoted to pleasure, and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple, where they forever adored an Infinite Intelligence, Almighty, and the friend of human kind. A sentiment of confidence in his supreme power filled their minds with consolation for the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the future. Behold how these women, compelled by misfortune to return to a state of nature, had unfolded in their own bosoms, and in those of their children, the feelings which Nature gives us, our best support under evil.

But as clouds sometimes arise which cast a gloom over the best-regulated tempers, whenever any member of this little society appeared sad the rest gathered around, endeavoring to banish painful thoughts rather by sentiment than by arguments. Each used in this their especial character. Margaret exerted her gayety, Madame de la Tour employed her mild theology, Virginia her tender caresses, Paul his cordial frankness. Even Mary and Domingo hastened to offer their succor, and to weep with those that wept. Thus weak plants are interwoven in order to resist the tempests.

During the fine season they went every Sunday to the church of the Shaddock Grove, the steeple of which you see yonder upon the plain. Rich planters used to come to church in their palanquins; these several times sought the acquaintance of families so bound up in each other, and would have invited them to parties of pleasure. But they always declined such overtures with respectful politeness; persuaded that the powerful seek the weak only to feed their own complacency, and that the weak cannot please them without flattering them, whether they are good or evil. On the other hand, they avoided with equal care too intimate an acquaintance with the small planters, who are as a class jealous, calumniating, and gross. They thus acquired with some the character of being timid, and with others of being

proud; but their reserve was accompanied with so much obliging politeness, above all toward the unfortunate, that they insensibly acquired the respect of the rich and the confidence of the poor. After service the poor often came to require some kind office at their hands. Perhaps it was a person troubled in mind who sought their advice, or a child led them to its sick mother in the neighborhood. They always took with them remedies for the ordinary diseases of the country, which they administered in that soothing manner which stamps so much value upon the smallest favors. Above all, they succeeded in banishing the disorders of the mind, which are so intolerable in solitude and under the infirmities of a weakened frame. Madame de la Tour spoke with such sublime confidence of the Divinity, that the sick, while listening to her, believed that he was present. Virginia often returned home with her eyes wet with tears, and her heart overflowing with delight, at having had an opportunity of doing good. After these visits of charity, they sometimes prolonged their walk by the valley of the Sloping Mountain, till they reached my dwelling, where I used to prepare dinner for them upon the banks of the little river which glides near my cottage. I procured for these occasions some bottles of old wine, in order to heighten the gayety of our Indian repast by the more genial productions of Europe. At other times we met upon the seashore, at the mouth of other little rivers, which are here scarcely larger than brooks. We brought from the plantation our vegetable provisions, to which we added such as the sea furnished in great variety. We caught on these shores the mullet, the roach, and the sea-urchin, lobsters, shrimps, crabs, oysters, and all other kinds of shell-fish. In this way we often enjoyed the most tranquil pleasures in situations the most frightful. Sometimes, seated upon a rock under the shade of the velvet sunflower-tree, we saw the enormous waves of the Indian Ocean break beneath our feet with a tremendous noise. Paul, who could swim like a fish, would advance on the reefs to meet the coming billows; then, at their near approach, would run back to the beach, closely pursued by the foaming breakers, which threw themselves with a roaring noise far on the sands. But Virginia at this sight uttered piercing cries, and said that such sports frightened her too much.

Our repasts were succeeded by the songs and dances of the two young people. Virginia sang the happiness of pastoral life,

and the misery of those who were impelled by avarice to cross the furious ocean, rather than cultivate the earth and enjoy its peaceful bounties. Sometimes she performed a pantomime with Paul, in the manner of the negroes. The first language of man is pantomime; it is known to all nations, and is so natural and so expressive that the children of the European inhabitants catch it with facility from the negroes. Virginia, recalling from among the histories which her mother had read to her those which had affected her most, represented the principal events in them with beautiful simplicity. Sometimes at the sound of Domingo's tamtam she appeared upon the greensward, bearing a pitcher upon her head, and advanced with a timid step toward the source of a neighboring fountain to draw water. Domingo and Mary, who personated the Shepherds of Midian, forbade her to approach, and repulsed her sternly. Upon this Paul flew to her succor, beat away the shepherds, filled Virginia's pitcher, and placing it upon her head, bound her brows at the same time with a wreath of the red flowers of the Madagascar periwinkle, which served to heighten the delicacy of her complexion. Then, joining their sports, I took upon me the part of Raguel, and bestowed upon Paul my daughter Zephora in marriage.

Another time she represented Ruth, accompanying Naomi who returns poor and widowed to her own country, where she finds herself a stranger after her long absence. Domingo and Mary personated the reapers. Virginia followed their steps, pretending to glean here and there a few ears of corn. She was interrogated by Paul with the gravity of a patriarch, and answered with a faltering voice his questions. Soon, touched with compassion, he granted an asylum to innocence and hospitality to misfortune. He filled Virginia's lap with all kinds of food; and leading her toward us as before the old men of the city, declared his purpose to take her in marriage. At this scene, Madame de la Tour, recalling her widowhood and the desolate situation in which she had been left by her relations, succeeded by the kind reception she had met with from Margaret, and now by the soothing hope of a happy union between their children, could not forbear weeping; and these mixed recollections of good and evil caused us all to join in her tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were performed with such an air of reality, that you might have fancied yourself transported to the plains of Syria or of Palestine. We were not unfurnished with either

decorations, lights, or an orchestra, suitable to the representation. The scene was generally placed in an opening of the forest, where such parts of the wood as were penetrable formed around us numerous arcades of foliage, beneath which we were sheltered from the heat during the whole day; but when the sun descended toward the horizon, its rays, broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged among the shadows of the forest in strong lines of light, which produced the most sublime effect. Sometimes the whole of its broad disk appeared at the end of an avenue, spreading one dazzling mass of brightness. The foliage of the trees, illuminated from beneath by its saffron beams, glowed with the lustre of the topaz and the emerald. Their brown and mossy trunks appeared changed into columns of antique bronze; and the birds, which had retired in silence to their leafy shades to pass the night, surprised to see the radiance of a second morning, hailed the star of day with innumerable carols.

Night soon overtook us during those rural entertainments; but the purity of the air, and the mildness of the climate, admitted of our sleeping in the woods secure from the injuries of the weather, and no less secure from the molestation of robbers. At our return the following day to our respective habitations, we found them exactly in the same state in which they had been left. In this island, which then had no commerce, there was so much simplicity and good faith that the doors of several houses were without a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many of the natives.

There were, however, some days in the year celebrated by Paul and Virginia in a more peculiar manner; these were the birthdays of their mothers. Virginia never failed the day before to prepare some wheaten cakes, which she distributed among a few poor white families born on the island, who had never eaten European bread; and who, uncared for by the blacks, forced to live in the woods on tapioca roots, had not for the sustaining of their poverty either the stupidity which attends slavery or the courage which springs from education. These cakes were all the gifts that Virginia could offer to ease their condition; but she gave them in so delicate a manner that they were worth vastly more. In the first place Paul was commissioned to take the cakes himself to these families, and get their promise to come and spend the next day at Madame de la Tour's and Margaret's. They might then be seen coming: a mother of a family, perhaps,

with two or three thin, yellow, miserable-looking daughters, so timid that they dared not lift their eyes from the ground. Virginia soon put them at their ease. She brought them refreshments, the excellence of which she endeavored to heighten by relating some particular circumstance which in her own estimation greatly improved them: this drink had been prepared by Margaret; this other by her mother; her brother had himself picked this fruit from the top of the tree. She would get Paul to dance with them, nor would she leave them till she saw that they were happy. She wished them to partake of the joy of her own family. "We are happy," she would say, "only when we are seeking the happiness of others." When they left, she would have them carry away some little thing that appeared to please them; enforcing their acceptance of it by some delicate pretext, that she might not appear to know that they were in want. If she remarked that their clothes were much tattered, she obtained her mother's permission to give them some of her own, and then sent Paul to leave them secretly at their cottage doors. She followed thus the example of God, concealing the benefactor and revealing only the benefit.

You Europeans, whose minds are imbued from infancy with prejudices at variance with happiness, cannot imagine all the instruction and pleasure which Nature has to give. Your soul, confined to a little round of human knowledge, soon reaches the limit of its artificial enjoyment; but Nature and the heart are inexhaustible.

Paul and Virginia had neither clock nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hours of the day by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit, and the years by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. "It is time to dine," Virginia would say to the family: "the shadows of the plantain-trees are at their roots;" or, "Night approaches: the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come to see us?" some of her companions in the neighborhood would inquire. "At the time of the sugar-canes," Virginia would answer. "Your visit will be then still more delightful," her young acquaintances would reply. When she was asked what was her own age, and that of Paul, "My brother," said she, "is as old as the great

cocoa-tree of the fountain; and I am as old as the little cocoa-tree. The mangoes have borne fruit twelve times, and the orange-trees have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I came into the world." Their lives seemed linked to the trees like those of fauns or dryads. They knew no other historic epochs than that of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good and resigning themselves to the will of God.

After all, what need had these young people of riches or learning after our sort? Even their necessities and their ignorance added to their happiness. No day passed in which they did not do one another some service or give some knowledge; and while there might be some errors in this last, yet man in a simple state has no dangerous ones to fear.

Thus grew those children of Nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety were each day unfolding the beauty of their souls, disclosing matchless grace in their features, their attitudes, and their motions. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming freshness; and surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw, approached, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the figure of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

THE SHIPWRECK

From 'Paul and Virginia.' Copyright 1867, by Hurd & Houghton

Indeed, everything presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The clouds in the zenith were of a frightful blackness, and their edges copper-colored. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic birds,—frigate-birds, cutwaters, and a multitude of other marine birds, which, notwithstanding the fogginess of the atmosphere, came from all points of the horizon, seeking shelter on the island.

About nine in the morning, we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains.

Every one exclaimed, "There is the hurricane!" and in an instant a furious gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The Saint Géran was presented to our view,—her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmast lowered to the deck, her flag at half-mast; she was moored by four cables at the bow and one at the stern, anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland,—within that belt of reefs which encircles the Isle of France, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her front to the waves, which rolled in from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait, her prow was so lifted that the keel could be seen,—the stern plunging into the sea, disappearing from view as if it were swallowed by the surges. In this position, driven by the wind and waves toward the land, it was equally impossible for her to return through the passage by which she had entered, or by cutting her cables to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks and reefs of rock. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up the shingle to the distance of fifty feet on the land; then rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, rolling down the stones with a harsh and frightful sound. The sea, swollen by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was one vast sheet of white foam full of yawning black depths. Heaps of this foam more than six feet high were piled up at the lower part of the bay, and the wind which swept the surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank on to the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the sea. The horizon showed all the signs of a long tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Dense, horrifying clouds swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others seemed motionless as rocks. Not a spot of blue sky could be seen in the whole firmament; a wan olive light alone made visible the earth, the sea, and the skies.

In the violent rolling of the vessel, what we all dreaded happened. The cables which held her bow broke; and then, held only by a single hawser, she was dashed upon the rocks at half a cable's length from the shore. One cry of horror burst from

us all. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son," said I, "would you perish?" "Let me go to save her," cried he, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist and held it fast by the end. Paul precipitated himself toward the vessel, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching it; for the sea, by the reflux of its waves, left it at times almost dry, so that one could walk around it; but immediately returning with renewed fury, buried it beneath mountains of water, raising it again upon its keel and throwing the unfortunate Paul far upon the shore, his legs bleeding, his breast torn and wounded, and himself half dead. When the youth had scarcely recovered the use of his senses, he would arise and return with new ardor toward the vessel, whose joints the sea was now opening by the terrible blows of its waves.

The crew, despairing then of safety, precipitated themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we saw an object worthy of infinite pity: a young girl in the gallery of the stern of the Saint-Géran, stretching out her arms toward him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had recognized her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this lovely girl exposed to such horrible danger filled us with grief and despair. As for Virginia, with a noble and dignified bearing, she waved her hand to us as if bidding us an eternal adieu. All the sailors had thrown themselves into the sea except one who remained upon the deck, who was naked, and strong as Hercules. He approached Virginia with respect; we saw him kneeling at her feet, and attempt to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with dignity and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her! save her! do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain of water of frightful size was compressed between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced roaring toward the vessel, which it menaced with its black flanks and foaming summit. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself alone into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, with one hand held her robe about her, pressing the other upon her heart, and raising upward her serene eyes, seemed an angel ready to take her flight to the skies.

Oh, day of horror! alas! all was engulfed. The wave threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance toward Virginia, far up on the beach, as well as the sailor who had wished to save her in swimming. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeled on the sand, saying, "O my God, thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it gladly for that noble young lady." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul from the waves senseless, the blood flowing from his mouth and ears. The governor put him in the hands of the surgeons, while we searched along the shore, hoping that the sea might have thrown up the body of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it often does in hurricanes, we had the grief of feeling that we could not even bestow upon the unfortunate girl the last rites of sepulture. We retired from the spot, overwhelmed with consternation; our minds wholly occupied by a single loss, although in the shipwreck so many had perished. Many went away doubting, after witnessing such a terrible fate for this virtuous girl, whether there was a Providence; for there are evils so terrible and unmerited that even the faith of the wise is shaken.

In the mean time Paul, who had begun to return to consciousness, had been carried into a neighboring house, till he was in a fit state to be taken to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo, to prepare Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event. When we were at the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended to it, and one of the first objects I saw upon the beach was the body of Virginia; it was half covered with sand, and lay in the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, but her brow still retained its expression of serenity, and on her cheeks the livid hue of death blended with the blush of virgin modesty. One hand still held her robe; and the other, which was pressed upon her heart, was firmly closed and stiffened. With difficulty I disengaged from its grasp a small case: how great was my emotion when I saw that it was the picture of St. Paul, which she had promised never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last evidence of the constancy and love of the unfortunate girl I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast and pierced the air with his cries of grief.

We carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women to wash away the sand.

While they were performing this sad office, we ascended the hill with trembling steps to the plantation. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret in prayer, awaiting news from the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me, she cried, "Where is my daughter — my dear daughter — my child?" My silence and my tears leaving her no doubt as to her misfortune, she was instantly seized with a convulsive stopping of the breath and agonizing pain, and her voice was no longer heard but in sighs and sobs. Margaret cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and fainted. We ran to her assistance, and I assured her that Paul was living, and cared for by the governor. As soon as she recovered consciousness, she devoted herself to the care of her friend, who was roused from one fainting fit only to fall into another. Madame de la Tour passed the whole night in the most cruel sufferings, which caused me to feel that there is no grief like a mother's grief. When she returned to consciousness she turned a sad fixed look toward heaven. In vain her friend and I pressed her hand in ours; in vain we called her by the tenderest names. She appeared wholly insensible to these testimonials of our affection, and no sound issued from her oppressed bosom but deep hollow moans.

In the morning Paul was brought home in a palanquin; he had recovered the use of his reason, but was unable to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had dreaded, produced a better effect than all my cares. A ray of consolation appeared on the countenances of these two unfortunate mothers. They pressed close to him, clasped him in their arms, and kissed him; and their tears, which had been held back by their excessive grief, began to flow. Paul mingled his tears with theirs; and nature having thus found relief in these three unfortunate creatures, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive expression of their grief, and afforded them a lethargic repose, resembling in truth that of death.

M. de la Bourdonnais sent privately to inform me that the corpse of Virginia had been by his order carried to the town, from whence it would be transferred to the church of Shaddock Grove. I immediately went down to Port Louis, where I found a multitude assembled from all parts of the island in order to

be present at the funeral, as if the island had lost in her that which was most dear. The vessels in the harbor had their yards crossed and their flags at half-mast, and they fired guns at short intervals. A body of grenadiers led the funeral procession, with their muskets reversed, and the drums covered with crape giving only muffled, mournful sounds. Dejection was depicted on the countenances of these warriors, who had so often faced death in battle without a change of countenance. Eight young ladies of the principal families of the island, dressed in white, carrying palm branches in their hands, bore the body of their young companion covered with flowers. They were followed by a choir of children chanting hymns. After them came the governor, his staff, and all the principal inhabitants of the island, and an immense crowd of people.

This was what had been ordered by the administration to do honor to the virtues of Virginia. But when the corpse arrived at the foot of this mountain, in sight of those cottages of which she had been so long the joy, and that her death filled now with despair, all the funeral pomp was interrupted; the hymns and chants ceased, and nothing was heard throughout the plain but sighs and sobs. Then many young girls from the neighboring habitations were seen running to touch the coffin of Virginia with handkerchiefs, chaplets, and crowns of flowers, invoking her as a saint. Mothers asked of Heaven a daughter like Virginia; lovers, a heart as faithful; the poor, a friend as tender; slaves, a mistress as good.

DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON

(LOUIS DE ROUVROY)

(1675–1755)

As Louis XVIII. was leaving chapel one Sunday, he was stopped by his favorite and efficient general, the Duke of Saint-Simon, a descendant of the annalist.

"Sire," he said, "I have a favor to ask of your Majesty."

"M. de Saint-Simon, I know your recent and valuable services: you may ask what you please."

"Sire, it is a matter of grace to a prisoner in the Bastille."

"You jest, I think, M. de Saint-Simon."

"About the Bastille, yes, Sire; but not about the original manuscripts of the Duke de Saint-Simon seized in 1760, and your Majesty's prisoners of State at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"I know of them, M. de Saint-Simon, and you shall have these manuscripts. I give you my word for it."

This conversation occurred in 1819, when Louis de Rouvroy, the famous Duke of Saint-Simon, had been dead for over sixty years. His vast collection of memoirs,— which Sainte-Beuve says "forms the greatest and most valuable body of memoirs existing up to the present," which he had bequeathed by will explicitly to his cousin, the Bishop of Metz, had been all that time in the hands of government officials. A vigorous wrangle over their possession had followed the duke's death in 1755, and for six years they were in the possession of a notary. The Bishop of Metz died in 1760 without having obtained them; and by most people they were forgotten and left unmolested at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which was first in an obscure upper room "almost under the roofs" of the old Louvre, and later moved to different parts of the city.

The existence of this astonishing mass of historical material had not been entirely ignored. Marmontel and Duclos obtained access to it, and gleaned many extracts for their own histories. Voltaire had read it, in part at least. Much of it had been read aloud to Madame du Deffand, as she sat old and blind in her arm-chair. Brilliant gossip herself, she wrote enthusiastically to her friend Horace Walpole of this unrivaled gossip of an earlier generation.

Even after receiving the King's authorization, General de Saint-Simon had great difficulty in obtaining his ancestor's valuable papers; and at first only four of the eleven portfolios comprising the memoirs were grudgingly yielded to him. We know just how they looked, those leather portfolios fourteen inches long by nine and a half wide, with the Saint-Simon coat of arms in gilt on the outside. They are still in existence, with their closely written folio pages headed by the inscription in capitals, 'Mémoires de Saint-Simon.' There was no division into chapters or books, but the several thousand pages form one continuous narrative.

A garbled three-volume edition of extracts had appeared in 1789; but it was not until 1829 that a reliable edition, revised and arranged in chapters, appeared in forty volumes. It created a stir. The critics fell upon its erratic French, its solecisms, its unconscionable digressions; but all readers admitted the charm of the vivid narrative and keen description. "He wrote like the Devil for posterity," said Châteaubriand. In various abridged and unabridged forms it has been popular ever since, and widely read and quoted by the French nation. No other work affords such a revelation of life at the court of Louis XIV., and during the succeeding regency. Macaulay found material in it for more than one of his historical sketches.

Louis de Rouvroy, Vidame de la Ferté, and later Duke of Saint-Simon and peer of France, was born in Paris, January 16th, 1675, of an ancient family which claimed descent from Charlemagne. His father, as a young page of Louis XIII., had gained royal favor, chiefly by adroitness in helping the King to change horses without dismounting. The King enriched him, made him duke and peer, and in return received his lifelong devotion. Louis, born when his father was sixty-nine, the only child of a young second wife, had Louis XIII. and Marie Thérèse as sponsors, and was early introduced to the court where most of his life was passed. He tells us that he was not a studious boy, but fond of history; and that if he had been allowed to read all he wished of it, he might have made "some figure in the world."

At nineteen he entered a company of the musketeers, and served honorably in several campaigns; witnessing the siege of Namur, and active in the battle of Neerwinden. But with his lifelong propensity to consider himself slighted, he resented his lack of advancement, and retired from the army after five years. The jealous courtier had a strongly domestic side, as is shown in his devotion to his mother and in grateful tributes to his wife. His marriage in 1695 to a beautiful blonde, eldest daughter of the Marshal de Lorges, was purely a marriage of *convenance*, but proved a delightful exception to the usual family intrigues of the period. He soon grew to love his

wife: «She exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped.»

He received Jesuit training in youth, and was always a strict Catholic; retiring once a year to the monastery of La Trappe for a period of prayer and meditation, and to confess and receive absolution from his dear friend, the Abbé de La Trappe. Then feeling himself morally purged for the time being, he returned to his usual life with apparently never a thought of changing his conduct or avoiding the faults he had just confessed. Like his fellow courtiers who could quarrel over questions of precedence at the communion table, he made no clear distinction as to the relative value of religious feeling and religious observances.

He was primarily a courtier, and frankly self-seeking; but too tactless to win royal favor. Louis XIV. never cordially liked him, but he maintained a place at court chiefly through the friendship of the princes. The early death of the dauphin — previously Duke of Burgundy — he felt as most disastrous to his fortunes. But he allied himself to the Duke of Orléans, and was of the council of the Regency. He did his best to reform the profligate prince, and in return was offered the position as governor of young Louis XV., or that of Guard of the Seals, both of which he refused. He had entered upon public life very young, and most of his early associates who were older died before him. So did his wife and eldest son. Left to himself, he fell into debt. Finally it was intimated to him that his presence was no longer desired at court; and he went away to spend his remaining years either at his country seat, La Ferté, or at his hotel in Paris, and to busy himself in revising his memoirs.

In writing these, Saint-Simon had found the greatest interest of his life. He was only nineteen when, while serving upon one of his German campaigns, he began the work that was to extend over nearly thirty years, — from 1694 to 1723. Memoirs had a peculiar fascination for him; and after reading those of Marshal de Bassompierre, he decided to keep a close account of people and events. He was too shrewd not to realize that no sincere expression would be possible if his enterprise were known; so throughout his long life he accomplished his daily record in secret. He wrote for a posterity whom he wished to have know the truth. Even Voltaire thought it unpatriotic to dim the glory of Versailles by showing what was base in its royal inmates. But Saint-Simon was no idealist. He considered himself a philosopher, a statesman, a historian; but he hardly merits these titles. Like La Bruyère, this «little duke with his cruel, piercing, unsatisfied eyes,» was pre-eminently a portrait painter. But La Bruyère was not a nobleman, nor of the company he describes, but there on sufferance as a retainer of the haughty Condés. Saint-Simon, on

the contrary, felt his noble birth as a fact of vital importance, for which he must force recognition. The ruling thought of all his work is this insistence upon precedence. All his life he labored to extend the privileges of the peerage; and bitterly resented any social advance on the part of a bourgeois, as though with instinctive presentiment of the change even then impending. Even talent, when of humble origin, was contemptible in his eyes. Of Voltaire — whom he calls Arouet — he says slightingly: "The son of a notary who was my father's lawyer, and has been mine." He was supremely happy when he had brought about the Bed of Justice and effected the abasement of the illegitimate princes. He had long hated them because they took precedence of peers. To him the lower classes, the mass of the nation, only existed as a pedestal for nobility, and he never considers them as a factor in society.

What would they all have done, — selfish adulated Louis, dignified Madame de Maintenon, hiding her resolute will under determined tact, the hoydenish princesses, the toadying lords and ladies, — if they had known of the presence of this "spy" upon their every gesture? He cared little for nature. Even Lenôtre's beautifully conventionalized gardens pleased him less than a salon. "I examined everybody with my eyes and ears." He notes the courtly manners, the gorgeous robes, the royal magnificence; and he also notes the underlying treachery and corruption. "He is like those dogs, which, without seeing him, scent and discover a robber hidden under a piece of furniture," said Sainte-Beuve.

He excels in sketching individuals, and in communicating to us their manner, appearance, personality. He can paint a great canvas too, and show us the entire court gathered for a ball in the Salle de Glaces, or about the bed of a dying prince. Instead of the flawless, magnificent pageant others have shown as the court life of Louis XIV., he stamped verisimilitude upon his glittering yet grewsome representations.

THE MARRIAGE

From the 'Memoirs'

All this winter my mother was solely occupied in finding a good match for me. Some attempt was made to marry me to Mademoiselle de Royan. It would have been a noble and rich marriage; but I was alone, Mademoiselle de Royan was an orphan, and I wished a father-in-law and a family upon whom I could lean. During the preceding year there had been some

talk of the eldest daughter of Maréchal de Lorges for me. The affair had fallen through, almost as soon as suggested; and now, on both sides, there was a desire to recommence negotiations. The probity, the integrity, the freedom of Maréchal de Lorges pleased me infinitely, and everything tended to give me an extreme desire for this marriage. Madame de Lorges by her virtue and good sense was all I could wish for as the mother of my future wife. Mademoiselle de Lorges was a blonde, with complexion and figure perfect, a very amiable face, an extremely noble and modest deportment, and with I know not what of majesty derived from her air of virtue and of natural gentleness. The Maréchal had five other daughters; but I liked this one best beyond comparison, and hoped to find with her that happiness which she since has given me. As she has become my wife, I will abstain here from saying more about her, unless it be that she has exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped.

My marriage being agreed upon and arranged, the Maréchal de Lorges spoke of it to the King, who had the goodness to reply to him that he could not do better, and to speak of me very obligingly. The marriage accordingly took place at the Hôtel de Lorges, on the 8th of April, 1695; which I have always regarded, and with good reason, as the happiest day of my life. My mother treated me like the best mother in the world. On the Thursday before Quasimodo the contract was signed; a grand repast followed; at midnight the curé of St. Roch said mass, and married us in the chapel of the house. On the eve, my mother had sent forty thousand livres' worth of precious stones to Mademoiselle de Lorges, and I six hundred louis in a *corbeille* filled with all the knick-knacks that are given on these occasions.

We slept in the grand apartment of the Hôtel de Lorges. On the morrow, after dinner, my wife went to bed, and received a crowd of visitors, who came to pay their respects and to gratify their curiosity. The next evening we went to Versailles, and were received by Madame de Maintenon and the King. On arriving at the supper-table, the King said to the new duchess, « Madame, will you be pleased to seat yourself? »

His napkin being unfolded, he saw all the duchesses and princesses still standing: and rising in his chair, he said to Madame de Saint-Simon, « Madame, I have already begged you to be seated; » and all immediately seated themselves. On the

morrow, Madame de Saint-Simon received all the court in her bed,—in the apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajon, as being more handy, being on the ground floor. Our festivities were finished by a supper that I gave to the former friends of my father, whose acquaintance I had always cultivated with great care.

THE PORTRAIT

From the 'Memoirs'

I had, as I have already mentioned, conceived a strong attachment and admiration for M. de La Trappe. I wished to secure a portrait of him; but such was his modesty and humility that I feared to ask him to allow himself to be painted. I went therefore to Rigault, then the first portrait-painter in Europe. In consideration of a sum of a thousand crowns, and all his expenses paid, he agreed to accompany me to La Trappe, and to make a portrait of him from memory. The whole affair was to be kept a profound secret; and only one copy of the picture was to be made, and that for the artist himself.

My plan being fully arranged, I and Rigault set out. As soon as we arrived at our journey's end, I sought M. de La Trappe, and begged to be allowed to introduce to him a friend of mine, —an officer, who much wished to see him. I added that my friend was a stammerer, and that therefore he would be importuned merely with looks and not words. M. de La Trappe smiled with goodness, thought the officer curious about little, and consented to see him. The interview took place. Rigault, excusing himself on the ground of his infirmity, did little during three-quarters of an hour but keep his eyes upon M. de La Trappe; and at the end went into a room where materials were already provided for him, and covered his canvas with the images and the ideas he had filled himself with. On the morrow the same thing was repeated; although M. de La Trappe, thinking that a man whom he knew not, and who could take no part in conversation, had sufficiently seen him, agreed to the interview only out of complaisance to me. Another sitting was needed in order to finish the work; but it was with great difficulty M. de La Trappe could be persuaded to consent to it. When the third and last interview was at an end, M. de La Trappe testified to me his

surprise at having been so much and so long looked at by a species of mute. I made the best excuse I could, and hastened to turn the conversation.

The portrait was at length finished, and was a most perfect likeness of my venerable friend. Rigault admitted to me that he had worked so hard to produce it from memory, that for several months afterwards he had been unable to do anything to his other portraits. Notwithstanding the thousand crowns I had paid him, he broke the engagement he had made by showing the portrait before giving it up to me. Then, solicited for copies, he made several; gaining thereby, according to his own admission, more than twenty-five thousand francs: and thus gave publicity to the affair.

I was very much annoyed at this, and with the noise it made in the world; and I wrote to M. de La Trappe, relating the deception I had practiced upon him, and sued for pardon. He was pained to excess, hurt, and afflicted; nevertheless he showed no anger. He wrote in return to me, and said I was not ignorant that a Roman Emperor had said, "I love treason but not traitors;" but that as for himself, he felt on the contrary that he loved the traitor but could only hate his treason. I made presents of three copies of the picture to the monastery of La Trappe. On the back of the original I described the circumstance under which the portrait had been taken, in order to show that M. de La Trappe had not consented to it; and I pointed out that for some years he had been unable to use his right hand, to acknowledge thus the error which had been made in representing him as writing.

MADAME DE MAINTENON AT THE REVIEW

From the 'Memoirs'

The King wished to show the court all the manœuvres of war; the siege of Compiègne was therefore undertaken, according to due form, with lines, trenches, batteries, mines, etc. On Saturday, the 13th of September, the assault took place. To witness it, the King, Madame de Maintenon, all the ladies of the court, and a number of gentlemen, stationed themselves upon an old rampart, from which the plain and all the disposition of the

troops could be seen. I was in the half-circle very close to the King. It was the most beautiful sight that can be imagined, to see all that army, and the prodigious number of spectators on horse and foot, and that game of attack and defense so cleverly conducted.

But a spectacle of another sort — that I could paint forty years hence as well as to-day, so strongly did it strike me — was that which from the summit of this rampart the King gave to all his army, and to the innumerable crowd of spectators of all kinds in the plain below. Madame de Maintenon faced the plain and the troops in her sedan chair, alone, between its three windows drawn up; her porters having retired to a distance. On the left pole in front sat Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne; and on the same side, in a semicircle, standing, were Madame la Duchesse, Madame la Princesse de Conti, and all the ladies, — and behind them again, many men. At the right window was the King, standing, and a little in the rear a semicircle of the most distinguished men of the court. The King was nearly always uncovered; and every now and then stooped to speak to Madame de Maintenon, and explain to her what she saw, and the reason of each movement. Each time that he did so she was obliging enough to open the window four or five inches, but never halfway; for I noticed particularly, and I admit that I was more attentive to this spectacle than to that of the troops. Sometimes she opened of her own accord to ask some question of him: but generally it was he who without waiting for her, stooped down to instruct her of what was passing; and sometimes, if she did not notice him, he tapped at the glass to make her open it. He never spoke save to her, except when he gave a few brief orders, or just answered Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne, who wanted to make him speak, and with whom Madame de Maintenon carried on a conversation by signs, without opening the front window, through which the young princess screamed to her from time to time. I watched the countenance of every one carefully: all expressed surprise, tempered with prudence, and shame that was, as it were, ashamed of itself; every one behind the chair and in the semicircle watched this scene more than what was going on in the army. The King often put his hat on the top of the chair in order to get his head in to speak; and this continual exercise tired his loins very much. Monseigneur was on

horseback in the plain with the young princes. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the weather was as brilliant as could be desired.

Opposite the sedan chair was an opening with some steps cut through the wall, and communicating with the plain below. It had been made for the purpose of fetching orders from the King, should they be necessary. The case happened. Crenan, who commanded, sent Conillac, an officer in one of the defending regiments, to ask for some instructions from the King. Conillac had been stationed at the foot of the rampart, where what was passing above could not be seen. He mounted the steps; and as soon as his head and shoulders were at the top, caught sight of the chair, the King, and all the assembled company. He was not prepared for such a scene; and it struck him with such astonishment that he stopped short, with mouth and eyes wide open,—surprise painted upon every feature. I see him now as distinctly as I did then. The King, as well as the rest of the company, remarked the agitation of Conillac, and said to him with emotion, "Well, Conillac! come up." Conillac remained motionless, and the King continued, "Come up. What is the matter?" Conillac, thus addressed, finished his ascent, and came towards the King with slow and trembling steps, rolling his eyes from right to left like one deranged. Then he stammered something, but in a tone so low that it could not be heard. "What do you say?" cried the King. "Speak up." But Conillac was unable; and the King, finding he could get nothing out of him, told him to go away. He did not need to be told twice, but disappeared at once. As soon as he was gone, the King looking round said, "I don't know what is the matter with Conillac. He has lost his wits: he did not remember what he had to say to me." No one answered.

Towards the moment of the capitulation, Madame de Maintenon apparently asked permission to go away; for the King cried, "The chairmen of Madame!" They came and took her away; in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards the King retired also, and nearly everybody else. There was much interchange of glances, nudging with elbows, and then whisperings in the ear. Everybody was full of what had taken place on the ramparts between the King and Madame de Maintenon. Even the soldiers asked what meant that sedan chair, and the King every moment stooping to put his head inside of it. It became necessary gently to silence these questions of the troops. What

effect this sight had upon foreigners present, and what they said of it, may be imagined. All over Europe it was as much talked of as the camp of Compiègne itself, with all its pomp and prodigious splendor.

A PARAGON OF POLITENESS

From the 'Memoirs'

The Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by this leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back;—he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be

imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

There was no end to the outrageous civilities of M. de Coislin. On returning from Fontainebleau one day, we — that is, Madame de Saint-Simon and myself — encountered M. de Coislin and his son, M. de Metz, on foot upon the pavement of Ponterry, where their coach had broken down. We sent word, accordingly, that we should be glad to accommodate them in ours. But message followed message on both sides; and at last I was compelled to alight and to walk through the mud, begging them to mount into my coach. M. de Coislin, yielding to my prayers, consented to this: M. de Metz was furious with him for his compliments, and at last prevailed on him. When M. de Coislin had accepted my offer, and we had nothing more to do than to gain the coach, he began to capitulate, and to protest that he would not displace the two young ladies he saw seated in the vehicle. I told him that the two young ladies were chambermaids, who could well afford to wait until the other carriage was mended, and then continue their journey in that. But he would not hear of this; and at last, all that M. de Metz and I could do was to compromise the matter by agreeing to take one of the chambermaids with us. When we arrived at the coach, they both descended, in order to allow us to mount. During the compliments that passed, — and they were not short, — I told the servant who held the coach-door open, to close it as soon as I was inside, and to order the coachman to drive on at once. This was done; but M. de Coislin immediately began to cry aloud that he would jump out if we did not stop for the young ladies: and he set himself to do so in such an odd manner that I had only time to catch hold of the belt of his breeches and hold him back; but he still, with his head hanging out of the window, exclaimed that he *would* leap out, and pulled against me. At this absurdity I called to the coachman to stop; the duke with difficulty recovered himself, and persisted that he would have thrown himself out. The chambermaid was ordered to mount, and mount she did, all covered with mud, which daubed us; and she nearly crushed M. de Metz and me in this carriage fit only for four.

M. de Coislin could not bear that at parting anybody should give him the "last touch": a piece of sport, rarely cared for except in early youth, and out of which arises a chase by the person touched, in order to catch him by whom he has been touched.

One evening when the court was at Nancy, and just as everybody was going to bed, M. de Longueville spoke a few words in private to two of his torch-bearers; and then touching the Duc de Coislin, said he had given him the last touch, and scampered away, the duke hotly pursuing him. Once a little in advance, M. de Longueville hid himself in a doorway, allowed M. de Coislin to pass on, and then went quietly home to bed. Meanwhile the duke, lighted by the torch-bearers, searched for M. de Longueville all over the town; but meeting with no success, was obliged to give up the chase, and went home all in a sweat. He was obliged of course to laugh a good deal at this joke, but he evidently did not like it overmuch.

With all his politeness, which was in no way put on, M. de Coislin could when he pleased show a great deal of firmness, and a resolution to maintain his proper dignity worthy of much praise. At Nancy, on this same occasion, the Duc de Créqui, not finding apartments provided for him to his taste on arriving in town, went in his brutal manner and seized upon those allotted to the Duc de Coislin. The latter, arriving a moment after, found his servants turned into the street, and soon learned who had sent them there. M. de Créqui had precedence of him in rank; he said not a word, therefore, but went to the apartments provided for the Maréchal de Créqui (brother of the duke), and serving him exactly as he himself had just been served, took up his quarters there. The Maréchal de Créqui arrived in his turn, learned what had occurred, and immediately seized upon the apartments of Cavoye, in order to teach him how to provide quarters in future so as to avoid all disputes.

On another occasion, M. de Coislin went to the Sorbonne to listen to a thesis sustained by the second son of M. de Bouillon. When persons of distinction gave these discourses, it was customary for the princes of the blood, and for many of the court, to go and hear them. M. de Coislin was at that time almost last in order of precedence among the dukes. When he took his seat, therefore, knowing that a number of them would probably arrive, he left several rows of vacant places in front of him, and sat himself down. Immediately afterward, Novion, Chief President of the Parliament, arrived and seated himself in front of M. de Coislin. Astonished at this act of madness, M. de Coislin said not a word, but took an arm-chair; and while Novion turned his head to speak to Cardinal de Bouillon, placed that arm-chair

right in front of the Chief President, in such a manner that he was as it were imprisoned, and unable to stir. M. de Coislin then sat down. This was done so rapidly that nobody saw it until it was finished. When once it was observed, a great stir arose. Cardinal de Bouillon tried to intervene. M. de Coislin replied, that since the Chief President had forgotten his position he must be taught it; and would not budge. The other presidents were in a fright; and Novion, enraged by the offense put on him, knew not what to do. It was in vain that Cardinal de Bouillon on one side, and his brother on the other, tried to persuade M. de Coislin to give way. He would not listen to them. They sent a message to him to say that somebody wanted to see him at the door on most important business. But this had no effect. "There is no business so important," replied M. de Coislin, "as that of teaching M. le Premier Président what he owes me; and nothing will make me go from this place unless M. le Président, whom you see behind me, goes away first."

At last M. le Prince was sent for; and he with much persuasion endeavored to induce M. de Coislin to release the Chief President from his prison. But for some time M. de Coislin would listen as little to M. le Prince as he had listened to the others, and threatened to keep Novion thus shut up during all the thesis. At length he consented to set the Chief President free, but only on condition that he left the building immediately; that M. le Prince should guarantee this; and that no "juggling tricks" (that was the term he made use of) should be played off to defeat the agreement. M. le Prince at once gave his word that everything should be as he required; and M. de Coislin then rose, moved away his arm-chair, and said to the Chief President, "Go away, sir! go away, sir!" Novion did on the instant go away, in the utmost confusion, and jumped into his coach. M. de Coislin thereupon took back his chair to its former position, and composed himself to listen again.

On every side M. de Coislin was praised for the firmness he had shown. The princes of the blood called upon him the same evening, and complimented him for the course he had adopted; and so many other visitors came during the evening that his house was quite full until a late hour. On the morrow the King also praised him for his conduct, and severely blamed the Chief President. Nay more: he commanded the latter to go to M. de Coislin, at his house, and beg pardon of him. It is easy to

comprehend the shame and despair of Novion at being ordered to take so humiliating a step, especially after what had already happened to him. He prevailed upon M. de Coislin, through the mediation of friends, to spare him this pain; and M. de Coislin had the generosity to do so. He agreed therefore that when Novion called upon him he would pretend to be out, and this was done. The King, when he heard of it, praised very highly the forbearance of the duke.

He was not an old man when he died; but was eaten up with the gout, which he sometimes had in his eyes, in his nose, and in his tongue. When in this state, his room was filled with the best company. He was very generally liked, was truth itself in his dealings and his words, and was one of my friends, as he had been the friend of my father before me.

A MODERN HARPY

From the 'Memoirs'

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling, — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal, — she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a Harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity: moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined; was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the Devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She was never in the least embarrassed, however, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish-fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her out of malice to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going: but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself: "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel!" Down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the princess in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder; and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfiture. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the princess flew out of her half-faint into a sort of fury: said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale: "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you

were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day.— This, madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this, everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both to continue their game; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the court for several days; for this beautiful princess was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The duke and duchess bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the *salon*, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time — and these scenes were always at Marly — they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the Captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It had snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings; and in order to be better supplied, waked up to assist them the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted

her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon: and as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the princess would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the duchess would allow herself to be melted, and the princess was more villainously treated than ever; for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything: neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her: yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly that they concocted a return. One fine day they drew up on the Pont Neuf; the coachmen and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found she had been again left by her servants on the Pont Neuf. It was volume second of that story; and

even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress's room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the princess was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their beds in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed wealth for them, and made herself feared even by the prince and minister.

ADAM DE SAINT VICTOR

(Twelfth Century)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

The Latin hymns or sequences of Adam de Saint Victor came from that great period, the Middle Ages, so wonderful and so misconceived. They belong to literature because they reflect the vital motive of the time, Faith; because they are expressions of the personality of their author; and because their style is governed by delicate canons of art little understood by the modern world of poetry-lovers.

To the strict classicist, to the man who reverences Horace and Catullus, their rhymes are an abomination. But to one who approaches these sacred poems of the twelfth century remembering that they were part of that greater religious poem, the daily sacrifice of the Catholic Church, they are worthy of critical study, and they will amply repay it. They can neither be studied nor even dimly appreciated through the medium of translations. They are as intricate and technical as the Gothic architecture of the time which produced them; they have the sonorousness and aspirational cadence, without the simplicity, of the Gregorian chant which their music seems to echo; and above all, they are musical.

The sequence was sung between the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass. It was called "a prose," too, because in no regular metre; but in the Middle Ages these sequences, which were at first merely prolongations of "the last note of the Alleluia," were arranged for all feasts of the Church in such profusion that much weak and careless "prose" crept in. The consequence was that by the revision of the Roman Missal in the sixteenth century, only the 'Victimæ Paschali' (for Easter), the 'Veni Sancte Spiritus' (for Pentecost), 'Lauda Sion' (for Corpus Christi), and 'Dies Iræ' (in masses for the dead), were retained. In this revision, the thirty-nine sequences of Adam de Saint Victor disappeared from general usage. M. Félix Clément, in an enthusiastic notice of Saint Victor's poetry, regrets this, and welcomes M. Charles Barthélemy's edition of the sequences as an act of reparation to a genius too long misunderstood.

There is no doubt that the almost merciless precision of Adam de Saint Victor's rhyme had a great influence on French poetry,

although neither his rhythm nor rhyme ever reaches the monotony of the later French recurrences; and some of the poems are most exquisitely lyrical, artificial, and intricate, yet with an appearance of simplicity that might easily deceive the unlearned in the metrical modes of the twelfth century. Take for instance the sequence beginning 'Virgini Mariæ Laudes.' It is a marvel of skill; it has the quaintness of an old ballad and the play on words of a rondeau. It is modeled on the Easter sequence of the monk Notker, with, as M. Clément says, "extraordinary skill." It is untranslatable: no prose version can represent it, and no metrical imitation reproduce its unique shades of verbiage. In the sequence 'Of the Holy Ghost,' occur the famous lines which were part of the liturgy of France for four centuries:—

"Thou who art Giver and the gift,
Who from the naught all good didst lift,
Incline our hearts thy name to praise,
And form our words thy songs to raise,—
Thee, thee high lauding."

(Tu qui dator es et donum,
Tu qui condis omne bonum,
Cor ad laudem redde pronum,
Nostræ linguæ formans sonum,—
In tua præconia.)

Adam de Saint Victor was born in the twelfth century, and he died in either 1177 or 1192. It is certain that he was a canon regular of the Abbey of Saint-Victor-les-Paris; he composed certain treatises, and lived, honored and admired, for a part of his life under the rule of the Abbot Guérin, and was regarded as the foremost poet of his time. He drew his inspiration from the sacred Scriptures; and he applied both the teachings and the splendid figures of the Bible with the force and fervor of Dante. Modern hymn-writers — who seem to grow weaker every year — would do well to study the elevation and harmony of Adam de Saint Victor: he is a mine of riches. In the 'Carmina e Poetis Christianis' (Songs from Christian Poets), etc., by M. Félix Clément (Paris, Gaume & Co.), and in an appendix to M. Charles Barthélemy's translation into French of the 'Rationale Divinorum Officiorum' (Rationale of Divine Services), the material for a study of this poet's work may be found. An analysis of the sequence 'Of the Resurrection of Our Lord,' a prose version of which is given below, will show the skill with which it is constructed,—a skill as technical as that of a Petrarcan sonnet. The rhythm is as marked as the time of a military march.

DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI

Mundi renovatio
Nova parit gaudia;
Resurgenti Domino,
Corresurgent omnia,
Elementa serviunt
Et autoris sentiunt
Quanta sint solemnia.

Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aër volubilis,
Fluit aqua labalis,
Terra manet stabilis,
Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia.

Cœlum fit serenius,
Et mare tranquillius,
Spirat aura levius,
Vallis nostra floruit,
Revirescunt arida,
Recalescunt frigida,
Post quas ver intepuit.

Gelu mortis solvitur,
Princeps mundi tollitur,
Et ejus destruitur,
In nobis imperium,
Dum tenere voluit
In quo nihil habuit
Jus amisit proprium.

Vita mortem superat;
Homo jam recuperat
Quod priùs amiserat,
Paradisi gaudium.

Viam præbet facilem,
Cherubim versatilem,
Ut Deus promiserat
Amovendo gladium.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING

THE renewal of the world begets new joys; all things arise with the resurrection of the Lord. The elements obey [him] and feel how great are the feasts of their Creator.

The mobile ether and the whirling air are set in motion. The gliding water flows, the earth remains steady; what is light arises, what is heavy keeps its position at the centre [of the universe]. All things are renewed.

The heaven becomes more serene, the sea more quiet; one breathes gentle airs; our valley is [clothed] in flowers; what [was] dry becomes green again, what [was] cold grows warm again: after which the spring gains color.

The ice of death is loosened, the Prince of this world is done away with, and his power over us destroyed. While he wished to hold Him in whom he had not anything [*cf.* John xiv. 30], he lost the power that was his own.

Life conquers death; man now recovers what he had lost before, the joy of Paradise.

[Christ] makes the way easy [for us to travel] by removing, as God had promised, the sword of the Cherubim that "turns in every way" [Gen. iii. 24].

An inadequate prose translation must serve to give a faint impression of the deep feeling and sublime passion of the sequence in honor of the Holy Ghost beginning—

QUI procedis ab utroque,
Genitori Genitoque
Pariter, Paraclete,
Redde linguas eloquentes,
Fac ferventes in te mentes
Flamma tuâ divite.

DE SANCTO SPIRITU

(ON THE HOLY SPIRIT)

O THOU Paraclete that dost proceed equally from each, the Begetter and the Begotten, render eloquent our tongues, make our souls burn [glow] for thee with thy rich flame [of grace].

Love of the Father and of the Son, equal of both and [fully] equal and like to each: thou dost replenish all things, dost cherish all

things, thou dost direct the stars and move the heavens, remaining immutable thyself.

Bright light, dear light, thou dost put to flight the gloom of inner darkness: by thee the worlds are purified. Thou dost destroy sin and the blight of sin.

Thou dost make known the truth, and dost show the way of peace and the road of justice; thou dost shun the hearts of the evil, and dost enrich the hearts of the good with the gift of knowledge.

When thou dost teach, nothing is obscure; when thou art present, then is naught impure: at thy presence our joyful soul exults; our conscience, gladdened by thee, purified by thee, rejoices.

Thou dost change the elements; thanks to thee the sacraments have their efficacy; thou dost repel injury and violence [*lit.*, injurious violence]; thou dost silence and confute the wickedness of the enemy.

When thou dost come, thou dost soften our hearts; when thou dost enter [them], the black clouds of darkness [*lit.*, the darkness of the black cloud] flee. O sacred fire, thou dost inflame our breast; thou dost not burn it, but thou dost cleanse it from [all earthly] cares when thou dost visit it.

Thou dost instruct and arouse minds that before were ignorant and buried in sleep and forgetfulness. Thou dost help our tongues, and dost form the sound [of our word?]; the grace given by thee makes our heart inclined to the good.

O help of the oppressed, O comfort of the wretched, refuge of the poor! grant us contempt for things of earth; draw our desires to the love of things of heaven.

Drive away evil, remove our impurity, and make the discordant concordant, and bring us thy protection.

Mayst thou, who didst once visit, teach, and strengthen the disciples in their fear, deign to visit us; mayst thou console us if it is thy will, and the peoples that believe [in thee].

Equal is the majesty of the Persons, equal is their power, and common is their Godhead: thou that dost proceed from two art coequal with both; in nothing is there inequality.

Because thou art so great and such as is the Father, may thy humble servants [the humility of thy servants] render due praise to God the Father, to the Son [our] Redeemer, and as well to thee!

Maurice Francis Egan

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

(1567–1622)

BY Y. BLAZE DE BURY

IN 1567, at the height of the League in France,—at Annécy, in a Savoy almost French in consequence of the repeated alliances of its sovereigns with France,—he who was to be St. Francis de Sales was born of one of the first families of his country. His early choice of the study of the law shows the predominance in him of reason over imagination. But what he refuses to imagination in the field of literary "invention," he makes up to it by the abuse of "images of style." When it is a matter of painting with the pen, he puts under contribution flowers, birds, streams,—all nature. The contemporary of Florian, of D'Urfé, and of Vaugelas, as well as their compatriot, he has neither the affectation of the second nor the "Scudérisms" of the first; but he rushes into veritable whirlwinds of metaphors. This abuse of metaphor, especially evident in his 'Introduction à la Vie Dévote' (Introduction to the Devout Life), does not prevent him, however, from having a very definite style,—a combination which makes it possible to republish him at the present time without any changes. In the order of psychological subtlety, Francis de Sales is the precursor of Fénelon. His direction of the nuns of the Visitation whom he governed, with the direction of the most worldly women of his time, evinces his great knowledge of women. In the 'Introduction to the Devout Life,' he excels in distributing his counsels as befits the worldly and the "regulars." For the worldly, he even takes part in the gallantry of the time, when he speaks of "friendships." He even accords that "friendship is mutual love; and that there should be constant communication and intercourse between persons united in friendship."

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that he founded the Order of the Visitation, and formed in his turn, with Madame Jeanne de Chantal, the aunt of Madame de Sévigné, exactly such a strict friendship "for good" as those of which he proclaims the utility, when in the 'Introduction' he says: "If the benefits that friends give each other are false and vain, the friendship is false and vain; but if they are true benefits, the friendship is true!"

The 'Traité de l'Amour de Dieu' is not less fertile in figurative language than the 'Introduction.' But it applies more especially to religious persons. Henry IV., and later, Louis XIII. particularly, did

their best to keep Francis in France; but nothing could prevail over his love of his native land, and in spite of his constant visits to the French court, and the direction of his "daughters" of the Visitation, and also his strong affection for St. Vincent de Paul, the country of his birth never ceased to be the country of his choice.

The firmness of his character, combined with great keenness, particularly fitted him for the direction of women: and it was thus he wrote the 'Introduction' for Madame de Charmoisy, as he founded the Order of the Visitation and modified its regulations upon the advice of Madame de Chantal; while at the same time this moral collaboration aimed at the personal elevation of this eminent woman left in widowhood! The foundation of the Visitation and the direction of souls,—such were the works of St. Francis de Sales. He died peacefully in 1622. There was nothing of the ascetic in him. While the holiness of his Italian namesake palpitates with the "madness of the cross," the triumph of Francis de Sales is, on the contrary, reason — wisdom — the economy well understood and well combined of worldly duties with divine obligations. He summed up in a word his own classification of each one's rôle, when he said, "The religion of the Capuchin is not the religion of the soldier."

The following citations are drawn from the 'Introduction to the Devout Life.' The selection is made especially in view of the worldly; and in order to show them how free our saint's morality was from all those compromises with questions of interests, such as money interests, with which church people are sometimes too justly reproached. These citations show, too, how well in his secular counsels his morality could adjust itself to social enigmas.

Speaking of the love of riches, and the pains we should take for the extension of our worldly fortune, St. Francis wrote: "We are rendering God an acceptable service when we take care of the good things which he has confided to us. This care must be greater and sounder than that of the worldly; for they work only for love of themselves, while we should work for the love of God."

Apropos of the love of the poor:—

"If you love the poor, take pleasure in being with them, in having them visit you, in going to see them. In speech be poor with them, talking with them as equal to equal; but with your hands be rich, sharing with them what God has given more abundantly to you than to them."

In another passage St. Francis wishes to show us the value of voluntary renouncing, and the difference between accepting and choosing poverty:—

"Esau came before his father with hairy hands, and Jacob did the same; but because the hair covering Jacob's hands was not fastened to his skin, but only to his gloves, it could be torn from him without flaying or wounding him.

On the contrary, as the hair on Esau's hands grew from his skin, naturally hairy, it could not be torn off without great pain and great resistance. The faithful servants of God care no more for their wealth than for their clothes, which they can put on and leave off at pleasure; but bad Christians prize it as much as animals do their skin.»

Sometimes, too, the saint's counsels take the form of maxims or thoughts: «Wherever there is less of us, there is more of God; poverty chosen in the midst of riches is therefore most agreeable to God, since it proves a divine election in the soul which chooses it.» — «If poverty displeases you, it is because you are not poor in spirit, but rich in spirit by the affection you give wealth.» St. Francis applies his declaration that «the religion of the Capuchin is not the religion of the soldier»; he proves it by showing the part which human love plays in people's hearts: —

«Love holds the first place among the passions; it reigns in the heart, it guides all its movements. Therefore forbid your heart all evil love, Philothea, for it would soon become an evil heart. All love moreover is not friendship; since one can love without being loved, and then there is 'love' not 'friendship.' Friendship is a mutual love. Between people who love each other there must be some communication. If the benefits that friends give each other are false and vain, the friendship is false and vain; but if they are true benefits, the friendship is true.»

Upon the harm caused by luxury, Francis de Sales is not less explicit: «There is a great difference between having poison and being poisoned. You may have wealth without its natural poison going to your heart.» In the eyes of our saint, as in the eyes of Montaigne, sadness and anxiety are the most detestable of all things. «Anxiety arises from an unreasonable desire either to be delivered from the ill one feels, or to attain a blessing for which one hopes. Thus the anxious heart is like a bird taken in a net, which, struggling wildly, involves itself deeper and deeper in the snare.»

In Chapter iv., Book iii., upon humility, the saint says: —

«We call vain glories, those which being *in* us are not properly *of* us. Nobility of birth, the favor of the great, are all outside of ourselves: why should we glory in them? How many persist in vain exultation because they have fine horses, showy clothes, beautiful furniture. Does not this show the folly of men? Some would like to dance well, others to sing well. That is very superficial, highly contemptible, and very irrelevant.»

St. Francis alludes very keenly to those persons who like to display their great learning, their noble traits of heredity. Acting thus, we should be embarrassed by an examination of the qualities of which we boast; and as there is nothing finer than honor when received as a gift, so there is nothing more shameful when required as a right.

Our author reserves his highest contempt for preoccupation with rank and honors. «The questions of precedence, of rank and honors, suit only petty minds.» Thus too upon false humility: «We often say that we are the dust of the earth, but we should be very sorry to be taken at our word. We often flee so that we may be pursued. The truly humble man, on the contrary, speaks little of himself, and tries to conceal his virtues.»

Although St. Francis was not a mystic, he spoke for those who are, when, apropos of St. Catherine of Siena, he said:—

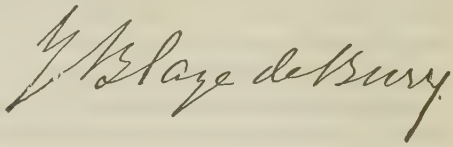
«The story of the temptations with which God permitted the Evil Spirit to assail St. Catherine's modesty is very astonishing; and nothing more horrible can be imagined than this spiritual combat, whether it be the enemy's suggestions to heart and imagination, or to the eyes by infamous representations. Although all this external evil struck only her senses, she was violently troubled and agitated. When our Lord finally appeared to her, she said, 'Where were you, Lord, when my heart was filled with filth?' Upon which the Lord answered, 'My daughter, I was in thy heart itself. If I had not been present, thy soul would have consented to those impressions, which would have destroyed it.'»

Here, apropos of gambling, is matter to satisfy the casuists, when St. Francis affirms «playing to satisfy the company where one is, to be perfectly proper»; and that St. Elizabeth of Hungary played thus at pleasure-gatherings without failing at all in devotion. Moreover, faithful in his care for the home woman, the friend of Jeanne de Chantal particularly advises many women to consecrate themselves to study; to «console others; and among your occupations,» he adds, «do not forget the spindle and the distaff: these humble occupations will keep you from idleness, the scourge of homes.»

Sometimes his taste for the picturesque leads our saint to impose anticipations of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' upon his reader. Particularly in the passage where he advises Philothea to balance the scales between the calls of temptation and the nobler instincts:—

«Consider on your left hand the Prince of Darkness upon a high throne; an infinite number of sinners are around, paying him homage. Some are transported by the spirit of rage, which makes them unchained furies of hate and vengeance; others are weakened by the spirit of idleness, which leaves them only leisure for vain frivolities. One group are intoxicated by the spirit of intemperance, which renders them brutes and madmen, another swollen with pride and insupportable; one parched with longing, another perishing with lust; others troubled with the anxiety for gain: behold them restless, disordered, killing, persecuting, destroying each other. And now consider upon your right hand, Jesus the Crucified, with an inexplicable tenderness of compassion. To obtain the liberty of these wretches, he offers his prayers and

his blood to God his Father. Consider the evenness of disposition, the serenity of mind, of the servants of God. They love each other with a pure and holy love. Even those who have afflictions are very little or not at all disquieted by them, and lose nothing of the peace of their hearts.»



ST. PAUL'S ADMIRABLE EXHORTATION TO THE SUPERNATURAL AND ECSTATIC LIFE

From 'A Treatise on the Love of God'

NOTHING can be more emphatic, nor more wonderful, than the arguments employed by St. Paul to urge us to this ecstatic life, in which man, always elevated above himself by his actions, lives in a species of continual rapture. The words of this great apostle are replenished with a celestial fire and a holy enthusiasm; it is impossible not to feel their strength and energy.

They proceed from a heart burning with love; and each of us should apply them to himself: "The charity of Christ," said he, "*presseth us*" (2 Cor. v. 14). Is it not true that nothing influences the heart so forcibly as love? We are eager to return love for love, to those whom we know to be animated with affection for us; this ardor redoubles when the love of a superior anticipates that of an inferior; and if it be a powerful monarch who is the first to love his subject, the anxiety of the latter to return his affection must be extreme.

Jesus Christ, the only true God, the eternal and omnipotent Divinity, has loved us to so great a degree as to die for us on a cross: do we require any other motive to urge us ardently and continually to correspond with such infinite and unmerited goodness? Our divine Master, in furnishing us by his death with so powerful and irresistible a motive to love him, seems resolved to extract from our hearts the most ardent affection they are capable of feeling. By thus anticipating our affections, he employs a kind of violence which is the more powerful, as it is perfectly conformable to our natural inclinations.

In what manner, and in what circumstances, does the sovereign Friend of our souls press us? This we learn from the

words of St. Paul: "The charity of Christ presseth us," when we consider the effects of his love for us, as revealed by faith. Let us then attentively consider the benefits of our divine Savior, let us continually meditate on them, and his love will press us. But again, what is the object proposed to our reflections? The words of the apostle are worthy of observation; they tend to impress our hearts in a peculiar manner with the instructions they convey, "judging," said he, or considering, "that if one died for all, then all were dead." And Christ died for all. (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) The inference to be drawn from this truth is self-evident: a Savior died for all: consequently all must have been dead, since they required a Savior; and the merits of his death must be applied to the whole human race, since it has been endured by all.

What follows from this? We learn from the great apostle, who says that "They who live, may not now live to themselves, but to him who died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 15.) All that Jesus requires of us, in laying down his life for our salvation, is that we conform our lives to his, and love him as he loved us. What an irresistible influence must these words of the apostle have on hearts susceptible of love!

Jesus Christ died for us; he has purchased us life by his death; we only live because he died; he died to us, by applying to us the merits of his death; he died in us to eradicate from our hearts the germ of sin, which was the cause of his death and ours; he sacrificed his life for us, to deliver us from death. Our life then no longer belongs to us; it is the possession of him who has purchased it by his death: therefore we should no longer live to ourselves, in or for ourselves, but only to him, in him, and for him.

A young girl, a native of the isle of Sestos, brought up an eagle with all the care and attention which children usually lavish on their favorites. When it had begun to follow its natural instinct, by chasing smaller birds, it never failed to bring its prey to its dear mistress, as if to prove its gratitude. During its absence on one of these occasions, it happened that its young benefactress died; and according to the custom of the time and country, her body was placed on a pile to be burned. The eagle returned just as the flames began to ascend; and as if penetrated with grief at the view of this melancholy spectacle, it dropped its prey and threw itself on the body of its mistress, covering

her with its wings as if to screen her from the fire. It remained motionless in this position, the excess of its love seeming more violent than the fire by which it was consumed, and died a victim to its benefactress, leaving to mankind an example of lively and disinterested gratitude.

Does not this anecdote suffice to inflame our hearts with love? Our divine Benefactor has watched over us from the earliest dawn of the morning of life, even from the first moment of our conception: we may say in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou art he that hast drawn me out of the womb; thy paternal arms have been the support of my tottering steps." (Ps. xxi. 10.)

These first benefits of our divine Redeemer have been followed by still greater: he has made us children by baptism, that we might belong to him on the score of spiritual regeneration; he has condescended, by an incomprehensible effort of love, to watch over our education, to provide for our spiritual and corporal wants: in fine, he sacrificed his life to purchase ours, and left us his adorable body and precious blood for our food. What can we infer from all these marks of tender love, if not that "They who live, should not now live to themselves, but to him who died for them and rose again"? That is, every moment of our existence should be consecrated to the love of a God who has laid down his life for us; all our exertions, actions, thoughts, and affections should be referred solely to his glory. (2 Cor. v. 15.)

Consider our divine Redeemer, stretched on the cross as on a funeral pile, a bed of state to which he is about to be immolated, and acknowledge that in this circumstance, love has indeed been stronger than death: over which it has doubly triumphed, because it both ordained and consummated the sacrifice, of which death has been only the instrument; and because by inducing our divine Savior to die for us, it has rendered the most infamous and cruel of all deaths sweeter than even love itself.

Had we the generosity and gratitude of the eagle we have been speaking of, we would not hesitate at this sight to cast ourselves in spirit on the cross of our divine Redeemer, to expire thereon with him; and embracing him by our ardent affections, we should exclaim, I hold him, and I will rather die than let him go. Yes, I shall expire with him, the happy victim of his love; the sacred fire which spared not my omnipotent Creator must likewise immolate his creature. My Savior is entirely mine: I desire to be wholly his; to live and die reposing on his

bosom, that neither death nor life may ever separate me from him.

In this consists the holy and practical ecstasy of life and action; it is produced by love, which causes us to renounce the feelings and inclinations of corrupt nature, elevates us above ourselves to conform our lives and actions to the will and inspirations of Jesus Christ.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN WHO DIED OF LOVE ON MOUNT OLIVET

From 'A Treatise on the Love of God'

I SHALL add to the examples I have already related, a history which has come to my knowledge, and which, though very extraordinary, is not on this account less deserving of belief, since, as the apostle says, "charity believeth all things": that is, she cannot easily persuade herself that duplicity has been used when there are no evident marks of falsehood in what is advanced, especially with regard to the love of God for man, or of man for God: nothing is too extraordinary to be expected from charity, which is the queen of virtues; and which, like the princes of the earth, takes pleasure in performing great exploits to extend her dominion, and increase the glory of her empire.

Though the fact I am about to state is not so generally known, or so well authenticated, as so wonderful an event seems to require, it is, however, no less true. St. Augustine has observed that miracles, however extraordinary, are never well known in the place where they have been performed, and are scarcely believed though related by witnesses. Yet they are not less true on this account; pious and upright minds easily believe whatever does honor to religion, and are more inclined to credit these prodigies in proportion as they are more wonderful and difficult to believe.

A gentleman remarkable for his virtues still more than for his bravery and illustrious birth, went to Palestine to visit the holy places where the great work of our redemption was accomplished. After having prepared himself for this holy exercise by an exact confession and a fervent communion, he went first to Nazareth, where the eternal Word was conceived, after the angel had announced to the ever-blessed Virgin the mystery of

the incarnation. Here the devout pilgrim began to penetrate by contemplation the abyss of the mercy of God, who to rescue us from the state of perdition to which we had been reduced by sin, deigned to assume a human form.

He then proceeded to Bethlehem; visited the stable in which the divine Infant was born, and kissed the earth which had supported the tottering steps of his infancy. We could enumerate the tears he shed, in reflecting on those which had streamed so abundantly from the divine eyes of Jesus Christ! He then proceeded to Bethabara, and entered Bethany. There, remembering that the Son of God had taken off his garments to be baptized, he stripped himself of his, bathed in the Jordan, and drank of its waters to satisfy his devotion. In doing so, he imagined that he beheld the heavens opened, that he saw Jesus Christ receiving baptism from the hands of his Precursor, and the Holy Ghost descending visibly on him in the form of a dove; whilst a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii. 17.)

He quitted Bethany, and entered into the desert; where in spirit he contemplated Jesus Christ fasting and resisting temptation, and also the angels who approached after his victory, and gave him to eat. After considering his Savior transfigured on Mount Tabor, he proceeded to Mount Sion; where he imagined himself in the presence of Jesus Christ in the cenacle, washing the feet of his apostles, and giving them his adorable body to eat, after the institution of the blessed Eucharist.

He passed over the torrent of Cedron, and entered the garden of Gethsemane, where he felt his heart penetrated with a delicious sorrow, which caused his tears to flow afresh, at the recollection of his divine Redeemer's cruel agony and sweat of blood. He next considered him bound by the soldiers, conducted to Jerusalem as a criminal; he followed him in spirit by the traces of his blood, to all the different places where he was dragged,—to the houses of Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod,—where he considered him mangled with blows, despised, covered with spittle, crowned with thorns, exposed to the ridicule and derision of the populace, and condemned to death, loaded with his cross, walking to Calvary; and meeting soon after his blessed Mother overwhelmed with anguish, and the daughters of Jerusalem, who compassionated his sufferings and wept for the ignominious state to which he was reduced.

The devout pilgrim, following exactly the steps of his Master, arrived at length on the summit of Mount Calvary: there he in spirit viewed the cross placed on the earth; he beheld Jesus Christ stripped of his garments and fastened thereon, his hands and feet being cruelly pierced with nails; he then saw the cross elevated and Jesus Christ suspended in the air between heaven and earth, his blood flowing in copious streams from every part of his sacred body. He casts a look at the Mother of Jesus, transfixed with the sword of sorrow according to the prophecy of Simeon; and then returning to the contemplation of his Savior, he listens attentively to his expiring words; he wishes to receive his last sigh, to consider him after death, to penetrate if possible into the innermost recess of his adorable heart, through the opening made in his side by the spear.

He does not quit Calvary until he has seen the mangled body of his divine Redeemer taken down from the cross; he follows him to the sepulchre, bedewing with a torrent of tears the road which had been sprinkled with the blood of Jesus Christ. He enters the sepulchre, as if to entomb his heart near the body of his departed Lord. After having died spiritually with him, by compassion, he rises with him, by the joy he experiences at his glorious resurrection. Having accompanied him to Emmaüs, and meditated on his conversation with his two disciples, he returned to Mount Olivet where the mystery of the Ascension was accomplished, that he might end his life on the spot where Jesus Christ had terminated his mortal career.

There, viewing the last traces which the sacred feet of his Redeemer had imprinted on earth, he prostrated himself, to embrace them a thousand times with inexpressible transports of love. Then uniting his powers and affections, as an archer draws the string of his bow before he shoots the arrow, he stood erect, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed, "My divine Savior, I no longer know where to seek thee on earth: grant then that my soul may ascend with thee, that it may soar to the regions of never-ending happiness." These inflamed words, pronounced by a last effort of his united affections, like a bow violently bent, freed the soul from her prison, and enabled her to dart like an arrow to the object at which the holy pilgrim aimed.

The companions of his pilgrimage, seeing him fall suddenly, hastened to his assistance: and quickly called a physician, who, finding him lifeless, and being unable to divine the cause of so

sudden a death, inquired into his habits, temper, and constitution; and being informed that he was of a gentle, affectionate disposition, inflamed with a great devotion and an ardent love of God, he concluded that a violent effort of love must have opened his heart; and to ascertain it beyond a doubt, he recommended that his body should be opened. They actually found that his heart had opened; and through the aperture, the words "Jesus, my love" were seen imprinted thereon. Love performed the office of death, by separating the soul from the body: this separation could not be attributed to any other cause. The account of this extraordinary death is given by St. Bernardin of Siena,—an author no less venerable for his learning than his sanctity,—in his first sermon on our Lord's Ascension.

Another author, nearly contemporary with the saint, who has concealed his name through humility, though worthy of being universally known, relates a still more wonderful circumstance in a work entitled 'The Spiritual Mirror.'

He says that a young nobleman of Provence, remarkable for his ardent love of God and his great devotion to the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, being dangerously ill, and fearing that he could not retain the blessed Eucharist because of the incessant vomiting attendant on his malady, entreated of the clergyman to form the sign of the cross over him with the sacred Host, and then to apply it to his bosom; which was accordingly done. Immediately his heart, burning with divine love, opened; and Jesus Christ, attracted by his ardent desires, entered through the aperture under the form of the sacred species, and the invalid expired.

I am aware that so extraordinary a circumstance requires to be better authenticated: but after the miracle performed on St. Clare of Montfalcon, whose heart is still to be seen with the instruments of the Passion engraved on it; after the impression of the stigmates on St. Francis, of which there can be no doubt, —I have no difficulty in believing the most miraculous effects of Divine love.

SALLUST (GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS)

(86?–34? B. C.)

SALLUST survives as the author of two brief historical monographs. The 'Conspiracy of Catiline' is twelve thousand words in length; the story of the war against Jugurtha is told in about twice as many. In the career of a Mommsen or a Parkman, these might be mere contributions to a semi-popular magazine, —perhaps later gathered up in a sheaf of minor essays. As to thoroughness in investigation, and conscientious faithfulness, Sallust never rose to the level of Macaulay's schoolboy.

Yet among historians he has a right to echo Heine's boast:—

> «When the greatest names are mentioned,
> Then mine is mentioned too.»

SALLUST

Whence comes this lasting fame? Partly, no doubt, from the meagreness of our salvage from the Roman historians. Even Livy and Tacitus survive only as torsos. Cæsar's memoirs alone remain intact, as indestructible as are his larger monuments. The really laborious and scientific work of Varro, like Cato's 'Origines,' has vanished almost utterly. And so we descend almost at once to late and dull compilations. This pair of essays, therefore, each effectively centralized in plot, highly finished rhetorically, is almost like an oasis in a desert land of conjecture and doubt.

In the great story of Roman imperial growth these two episodes are incomparably less prominent than — let us say — the Nullification incident and the possible annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States. Still, both have a certain epochal and pivotal character which Sallust has not failed to emphasize. Indeed, Mommsen offers much to support his own judgment that both these little books are political pamphlets, whose chief purpose is to discredit still more completely the beaten aristocracy, to glorify Marius and Julius as the successive champions of the populace, and so contribute to the rise of their successor, the young Octavian.

In fact, this political purpose is frankly though quietly indicated to the attentive reader. Passing over the rather dismal personal

preface ('Jugurtha,' i.–iv.), we find early in Chapter v.: "I am about to describe the war against Jugurtha, because . . . then first was opposition made to the insolence of the nobility."

On an early page, again, there is a clever introduction of Scipio Africanus, evidently as the last of the great patriot nobles, to be contrasted with the greed and folly of his degenerate successors. When the young African princeling Jugurtha had won his spurs under Scipio's eye in the campaign against Numantia, he is ushered, at parting, into the great consul's private tent, to hear words that foreshadowed the tragedy of his own life. "Cultivate rather the friendship of the Roman people itself than of individuals. Do not fall into the custom of bribe-giving. It is perilous to purchase from the few what truly belongs to the many. If you persevere in your own character, then glory, and royal power as well, will come to you unsought. If you make undue haste to meet them, the very money you spend will bring your headlong downfall."

We need not wonder whence Scipio derived his prophetic insight, nor inquire too curiously which of the two would have handed down, to Sallust the scribe, the very words of this secret fatherly counsel. Nearly every page offers equally clear evidence that our two sketches belong to the same "historical" school as Xenophon's romance of Cyrus's boyhood.

In the use of grave general apophthegms, in a certain austere ruggedness of condensation, and in occasional archaisms,—all traits found chiefly in the longer set speeches,—our author clearly attempts at times to recall Thucydides. The comparison thus forced upon us is, upon the whole, rash, not to say suicidal. Still, we may well remember that even the conscientious Athenian lover of truth often made his statesman's or general's speech represent merely the substance of what *should* have been said on some decisive occasion.

While the fierce Numidian chief long remains the central figure, Marius is quietly and skillfully brought to the front of the stage. It was impossible to make him the hero of the war itself, which had been nearly finished by Metellus before he was displaced by his lieutenant. Moreover, the final betrayal of Jugurtha throws little credit on any one concerned. The essay culminates rather in the long harangue to the people by the newly elected consul (Chapter lxxxv.).

The final words of the pamphlet bear out the views here suggested as to its purpose, when they remind us that Marius was re-elected consul before he could return from Africa to Italy, because the Romans were panic-stricken by the great Celtic invasion. "All other tasks seem easy to our valor: against the Gauls alone we have always had to fight, not for glory, but for our very existence." Thus no reader could fail to be reminded that Cæsar, the conqueror

of Gaul, had completed the hardest of Marius's tasks, the defeat of the Teutones and Cimbri, and so finally rescued Italy from its century-long terror.

Space does not permit an adequate analysis of the 'Catiline.' The depreciation of Cicero and other patriotic aristocrats, the "whitewashing" of the youthful Cæsar,—and even in some degree of his friend the arch-conspirator,—have always been noted by observant readers. The recognition of such a deliberate partisan purpose, followed out in masterly fashion, only increases our sense of Sallust's rhetorical skill. It is not to be supposed that any one studies him as a trustworthy source of historical facts.

Sallust's lost History covered only the years 78–67 B. C. The speeches and letters of this work are preserved in a special collection; and several fragments from a vanished manuscript of the entire work have also come to light in our century to pique our curiosity. Perhaps the author's own memories would make this work doubly valuable, though the contemporary Catiline by no means equals the traditional Jugurtha in romantic interest. Once more, it is as a stylist, more than as a historian, that Sallust lives at all. Over the question "What is truth?" he lingered painfully as little as did "jesting Pilate."

The recorded incidents of Sallust's life are perhaps sufficient to explain his Cæsarian partisanship. His first public appearance is as tribune of the people, fiercely opposed to Cicero in the famous trial of Milo. Only two years later he was expelled from the Senate on account of his outrageously vicious private life. It was Cæsar who by appointing him quæstor restored his senatorial rank. During the civil war he was active on sea and land, and at its close remained in Africa as proconsul. There he acquired enormous wealth; and retiring henceforth from public life, he laid out upon the Quirinal Hill those Gardens which remained so long a byword of imperial luxury. He can hardly have been much more extortionate than other provincial governors. Even his profligacy, and its punishment, may have been exaggerated by political malice and partisan ferocity. However, he is not a winning character; and we are hardly reassured by the pessimistic and Pharisaic tone struck in the personal introduction to each of his two essays.

There are numerous school editions of the 'Jugurtha' and 'Catiline.' Sallust is, however, hardly fitted to inspire or elevate the youthful soul, and is passing somewhat out of popular use. There are sufficiently faithful English versions, but none of high literary quality.

CATILINE AND HIS PLOT

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable; he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

Such was the character of Catiline, who, after Sylla's usurpation, was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design by his poverty and the consciousness of his crimes: both which evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the State, thoroughly debased by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city, Catiline had always about him — what was no difficult matter to find in Rome — bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting, and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts (contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes); all parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters; [such as were already convicted criminals, or feared conviction;] nay, farther, all who lived by perjury or by shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence, or a guilty conscience disquieted,— were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy. Or if any person of blameless character became familiar with him, then by daily conversation, and the snares that were laid to corrupt him, he too soon resembled, and even equaled, the rest. But what

Catiline chiefly courted was the intimacy of young men: their minds, being soft and pliable, were easily ensnared. Some of these he provided with mistresses; bought horses and dogs for others: gratifying the favorite passion of each;—in a word, he spared no expense, nor even his own honor, to engage them heartily in his interests. Some there were, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented Catiline's house were guilty of licentiousness; but this rumor, I apprehend, was more owing to other reasons than that there was any clear evidence of the fact.

As for Catiline himself, he had, when very young, been guilty of many atrocious crimes, in open contempt of all law and order: afterward he conceived a passion for Aurelia Orestilla,—one who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her; and because she scrupled to marry him, on account of his having a son who was arrived at years of maturity, it is believed as a certain fact that he destroyed that son, and made his house desolate, to open a way for so infamous an alliance. And this indeed appears to me to have been the principal cause that pushed him to the execution of the conspiracy: for his guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly, his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow; and indeed in all his looks there was an air of distraction.

As for the youth whom he had corrupted in the manner above related, they were trained up to wickedness by various methods: he taught them to be false witnesses, to forge deeds, to throw off all regard to truth, to squander their fortunes, and to slight dangers; and after he had stripped them of all reputation and shame, he pushed them on to crimes still more heinous; and even when no provocation was given, it was their practice to ensnare and murder those who had never injured them, as well as those who had. For he chose to be cruel and mischievous without any cause, rather than that the hands and spirits of his associates should lose their vigor for want of employment.

Confiding in these friends and accomplices, Catiline formed a design to seize the government: he found an additional encouragement from the number of those who were oppressed with debts throughout the State, and the disposition of Sylla's soldiers, who, having squandered away what they had lately acquired, and calling to remembrance their former conquests and depredations,

longed for a civil war. Besides, there was no army in Italy; Pompey was carrying on a war in the remotest parts of the earth; he himself was in great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the Senate seemed careless of the public; and all things were quiet: a conjuncture of circumstances extremely favorable to his designs.

CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PISTORIA

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

WHEN Catiline saw himself inclosed by the mountains and two hostile armies, and knew that his designs had miscarried in the city, and that there was neither hope of escaping nor of receiving any succor,—he thought his best way, in such a situation, was to try the fortune of a battle; and determined to engage Antonius as soon as possible. Accordingly, assembling his troops, he thus addressed them:—

"I have learned by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage, nor a general's speech render a spiritless army brave and intrepid. Every man displays in battle just so much courage as nature or habit has given him, and no more. It is to no purpose to exhort him whom neither glory nor danger can animate: his fear deprives him of his hearing. I have assembled you, fellow-soldiers, to instruct you in a few particulars, and to lay before you the grounds of my final resolution.

"You all know what a dreadful calamity Lentulus, by his slow and spiritless conduct, has brought on himself and us; and how I have been prevented from marching into Gaul, by waiting for reinforcements from Rome. In what posture our affairs now are, you all see.

"Two armies—one from Rome, another from Gaul—obstruct our advance. Want of provisions and other necessaries will not allow us to stay longer here, were we ever so desirous of doing it. To whatever place you think of marching, you yourselves must open a passage with your swords. I conjure you then to summon up all your courage; to act like men resolute and undaunted; to remember, when you engage, that you carry in your hands riches, honor, and glory,—nay, even your liberty and your country. If we overcome, all will be safe; we shall have

plenty of provisions; the corporate towns and colonies will be all ready to receive us. But if we fail through fear, the very reverse will be our fate; nor will any place or friend protect those whom arms could not. Let me add to this, my fellow-soldiers, that we have different motives to animate us from what the opposing army has. We fight for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; they, for no interest of their own, but only to support the power of a few. Let this consideration, then, engage you to fall on them the more courageously, remembering your former bravery.

"We might indeed have passed our remaining days, with the utmost infamy, in banishment; some of you too might have lived at Rome, depending for your subsistence on others, after having lost your own estates. But such a condition appearing equally disgraceful and intolerable to men of spirit, you resolved on the present course. If you repent of the step, remember that even to secure a retreat, the firmest valor is still indispensable. Peace must be procured by victory alone, not by a groveling cowardice. To hope for security in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms which serve to defend you, is the height of madness. In battle, the most cowardly are always in most danger: courage is a wall of defense. When I consider your characters, fellow-soldiers, and reflect on your past achievements, I have great hopes of victory: your spirit, your age, your virtue encourage me; and our necessity too, which even inspires cowards with bravery,—for the narrowness of our position will prevent the enemy's numbers from surrounding us. But should fortune envy your valor, be sure you fall not without taking due vengeance on the foe: suffer not yourselves to be captured and slaughtered like cattle; but fight rather like men, and leave our opponents a bloody and mournful victory."

A NUMIDIAN DEFEAT

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

In that part of Numidia which on the partition of the kingdom fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an

equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil; the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water,—those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves, and abundance of cattle.

Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them "to summon up their former bravery, and mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke; and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent on a general: had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemy were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in number or skill: they should therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities." Besides addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors or money for their gallant behavior, he reminded them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the disposition and character of each; and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

In the mean time Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion: but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and

archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings; and animating them by a short speech suitable to the occasion, he advanced in this order towards the plain.

Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant Rutilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river, and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by means of thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the centre, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans for a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left; they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest firmness and resolution were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting: finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement; for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troops advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. Though they could not by these means discourage us from the pursuit, yet being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear: and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder: some flying, others pursuing; all separated from their fellows; no standard followed; no ranks preserved; every one standing on his own defense, and repulsing his adversary wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult; so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot; a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage, nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding that they had no intrenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but that all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

Nor was Jugurtha in the mean time inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and at the head of a select body made every possible effort: supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

Thus did the two generals contend for glory: both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated, and as unequally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans — considering that no place of refuge was left them, that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching — advanced up the hill, according to orders, and made themselves masters of it.

The Numidians, having lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country — with which our men were unacquainted — saving most of them.

In the mean time Bomilcar, — to whom Jugurtha, as already stated, had given the command of the elephants and part of the infantry, — when he saw that Rutilius had passed him, drew

down his men slowly into the plain; where without interruption he ranged them in order of battle, as the exigency required, while the lieutenant was marching in great haste to the river: nor did he neglect to watch the motions and to learn the designs of the Romans. On receiving intelligence that Rutilius was encamped and appeared to consider himself in a state of security, Bomilcar — perceiving that the noise of the battle in which Jugurtha was engaged still increased, and fearing lest the lieutenant should return to reinforce the consul — resolved to obstruct his passage; and extending the front of his line, — which before, distrustful of the steadiness of his troops, he had formed close and compact, — in this order advanced to the camp of Rutilius.

The Romans on a sudden perceived a vast cloud of dust, which at first they conjectured to be raised by the wind sweeping over an arid and sandy surface; for the country was covered on all sides with copsewood, which obstructed their view of the Numidians: but observing the cloud to move with regularity, and approach nearer and nearer as the Numidians marched forward, they perceived the cause of the phenomenon; and flying to their arms, drew up before the camp according to orders. When the enemy came up, a tremendous shout was raised on both sides, and they rushed with fury to the onset.

The Numidians maintained the contest as long as their elephants could be of any service to them: but when they saw them entangled among the branches of the trees and surrounded by the Romans, they betook themselves to flight; and throwing away their arms, escaped, most of them unhurt, — partly by the advantage of the hill, and partly by favor of the night. Four elephants were taken; the rest, forty in number, were all slain.

The Romans, however much exhausted by their march, by fortifying their camp, and by the late unexpected encounter, were flushed with success; and as Metellus tarried beyond their expectation, they advanced resolutely in order of battle to meet him: for such was the subtlety of the Numidians as to leave no room for inactivity or remissness. When the heads of the two friendly columns approached each other in the darkness of the night, the noise on both sides occasioned mutual apprehensions of an approaching enemy; and this mistake had well-nigh produced the most fatal consequences, had not some horsemen dispatched by both parties discovered the true cause of it. Mutual congratulations quickly succeeded to apprehension: the soldiers

joyfully called to one another by name, recounting their late exploits, and every one extolling his own gallant behavior; for such is the nature of human affairs, that when victory is obtained, cowards may boast, while defeat casts reproach even on the brave.

Metellus continued four days in the same camp: administered relief to the wounded; conferred the usual military rewards on such as had distinguished themselves in the late engagements; commended the whole army, which he assembled with that view; returned them his public thanks; and exhorted them "to act with equal courage in what further remained, which was but little. They had already fought sufficiently for victory: their future labors would be only to enrich themselves by the spoils of conquest."

SPEECH OF MARIUS

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

I KNOW, Romans, that most of those who apply to you for preferment in the State assume a different conduct from what they observe after they have obtained it. When they are candidates, they are active, condescending, and modest; when magistrates, haughty and indolent: but to me the contrary conduct appears reasonable; for in proportion as the good of the State is of more importance than the consulship or prætorship, the greater care and attention is requisite to govern the commonwealth than to court its dignities.

I am very sensible what an arduous task is imposed on me by your generous choice of me: to make preparations for the war, and yet to be sparing of the treasury; to oblige those to serve whom you would not willingly offend; to attend to everything both at home and abroad; and to perform all this amid a confederacy of envious men, eternally obstructing your measures and caballing against you,— it is, O Romans! a more difficult undertaking than can be readily imagined. Moreover, if others fail in the discharge of their duty, the ancient lustre of their family, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the credit of their kindred and friends, and their numerous dependents, afford them protection. But for me, my resources lie solely in myself; my firmness and integrity alone must protect me: every other support would be of little avail.

I am well aware too, Romans, that the eyes of all are on me: that all honest, all candid men, pleased with my successful endeavors to serve the State, wish well to me; but that the nobility watch for an opportunity to ruin me. Hence I must labor the more strenuously that you be not ensnared by them, and that they be disappointed. From my childhood to the present time, my manner of life has been such that toils and dangers are now habitual to me. The course I pursued, Romans, merely from a disinterested principle, before you conferred any favors on me, I shall not discontinue now that you have bestowed so noble a recompense. Those who put on the deceitful guise and semblance of virtue to obtain power, must when possessed of it find it difficult to act with moderation; but to me, whose whole life has been an uninterrupted series of laudable pursuits, virtue, through the force of habit, is become natural.

You have ordained that I should have the management of the war against Jugurtha: an ordinance highly displeasing to the nobility. Now I pray you, consider within yourselves whether you had not better alter your choice, and employ on this, or any other similar occasion, one of the tribe of the nobility: a man of ancient family, surrounded with the images of his ancestors, and who has never been in the service. See how, on such an important occasion, he will hurry and be confounded; and, ignorant of his whole duty, apply to some plebeian to instruct him in it. And thus it commonly happens that he whom you have appointed your general is obliged to find another from whom to receive his orders.

I know, Romans, some who, after entering on the consular office, began to study the history of our ancestors, and the military precepts of the Greeks. Preposterous method! For though, in the order of time, the election to offices precedes the exercise of men,—yet in the order of things, qualifications and experience should precede election.

New man as I am, Romans, compare me with these haughty nobles. What they have only read or heard of, I have seen performed or performed myself; what they have gathered from books, I have learned in the service. Now do you yourselves judge whether practice or speculation is of greater value. They despise me for the meanness of my descent; I despise them for their indolence: I am upbraided with my success; they with their crimes. I am of opinion that nature is always the same, and common

to all; and that those who have most virtue have most nobility. Suppose it were possible to put the question to the fathers of Albinus or Bestia, whether they would rather have chosen me for their descendant, or them? What answer do you think they would make, but that they should have desired to have had the most deserving men for their sons? But if they have reason to despise me, they have the same cause to despise their ancestors, whose nobility, like mine, took its rise from their military virtue. They envy my advancement: let them likewise envy my toils, my integrity, my dangers; for by these I gained it.

These men, in truth, blinded with pride, live in such manner as if they slighted the honors you have to bestow, and yet sue for them as if they had deserved them. Deluded men! to aspire at once after two things so opposite in their nature,—the enjoyment of the pleasures of effeminacy, and the fruits of a laborious virtue! When they harangue too before you, or in the Senate, they employ most of their eloquence in celebrating their ancestors, and vainly imagine that the exploits of these great men reflect a lustre on themselves: whereas it is quite the reverse; for the more illustrious were the lives of the dead, the more scandalous is the spiritless and unmanly behavior of these their descendants. The truth of the matter is plainly this: the glory acquired by ancestors is like a light diffused over the actions of their posterity, which suffers neither their good nor bad qualities to be concealed.

This light, Romans, is what I lack; but what is much more noble, I can recount my own achievements. Mark the inconsistency of my adversaries! What credit they arrogantly claim to themselves for the exploits of others, they deny me for my own; and what reason do they give for it? why, truly this: that I have no images of my ancestors to show, and my nobility is no older than myself. But surely it is more honorable for one to acquire nobility himself than to debase that which he derives from his predecessors.

I am sensible, Romans, that if they were to reply to what I now advance, they would do so with great eloquence and force. Yet as they have given a loose rein to their calumniating tongues on every occasion — not only against me, but likewise against you — ever since you have conferred this dignity on me, I was resolved to speak, lest some should impute my silence to a consciousness of guilt. Though I am abundantly satisfied that

no words can injure me,—since if what is said be true, it must be to my honor; if false, my life and conduct will confute it,—yet because your determination is blamed, in bestowing on me the highest dignity of the State, and trusting me with the conduct of affairs of such importance, I beseech you to consider whether you had not better alter your choice. I cannot indeed boast of the images, triumphs, or consulships of my ancestors, to raise your confidence in me; but if it be necessary, I can show you spears, banners, collars of merit, and other military distinctions, besides a body scarred with honorable wounds. These are *my* statues! These are the proofs of *my* nobility! not derived from ancestors, as theirs are, but such as I have myself won by many toils and dangers.

My language is too unpolished; but that gives me small concern,—virtue shows itself with sufficient clearness. They stand in need of the artful colorings of eloquence to hide the infamy of their actions. Nor have I been instructed in the Grecian literature! Why, truly, I had little inclination to that kind of instruction, which did not improve the authors of it in the least degree of virtue. But I have learned other things far more useful to the State: to wound the enemy; to watch; to dread nothing but infamy; to undergo cold and heat alike; to lie on the bare ground; to bear hunger and fatigue. These lessons shall animate my troops; nor shall I ever be rigorous to them and indulgent to myself, or borrow my glory from their toils. This is the mode of commanding most useful to the State; this is what suits the equality of citizens. To treat the army with severity while you indulge yourself in ease and pleasure is to act the tyrant, not the general.

By conduct like this, our forefathers gained immortal honor both to themselves and the republic: while our nobility, though so unlike their ancestors in character, despise us who imitate them; and demand of you all public honors, not on account of their personal merit, but as due to their high rank. Arrogant men;—how mistaken! Their ancestors left them everything in their power to bequeath: their wealth, their images, their high renown; but their virtue they did not leave them, nor indeed could they; for it can neither be given nor received as a gift.

They hold me to be unpolished and ill-bred, because I cannot entertain elegantly, have no buffoon, and pay no higher wages to my cook than to my steward,—every part of which accusation,

Romans, I readily admit: for I have learned from my father and other venerable persons that delicacy belongs to women, labor to men; that a virtuous man ought to have a larger share of glory than of riches; and that arms are more ornamental than splendid furniture.

But let them still pursue what is so dear and delightful to them: let them indulge in wine and pleasure; let them spend their old age, as they did their youth, in banqueting and the lowest sensual gratifications; let them leave the fatigues and dangers of the field to us, to whom they are more welcome than the most elegant entertainments! Even this they will not do; for after debasing themselves by the practice of the foulest and most infamous vices, these most detestable of all men endeavor to deprive the brave of the rewards that are due to them. Thus — by the greatest injustice — luxury and idleness, the worst of vices, are noway prejudicial to those who are guilty of them; while they threaten the innocent commonwealth with unmerited ruin.

Now, since I have answered these men as far as my own character was concerned, though not so fully as their infamous behavior deserved, I shall add a few words concerning the state of public affairs. And first, Romans, be of good courage as to Numidia: since you have now removed all that hitherto secured Jugurtha; namely, the covetousness, incapacity, and haughtiness of our commanders. There is an army stationed in Africa, well acquainted with the country, but indeed less fortunate than brave; for a great portion of it has been destroyed by the rapaciousness and rashness of its commanders. Do you, therefore, who are of age to bear arms, join your efforts to mine, and assume the defense of the commonwealth; nor let the fate of others, or the haughtiness of the late commanders, discourage any of you: when you march, when you engage, I will always be with you to direct your campaign, and to share every danger. In a word, I shall desire you to act no otherwise in any instance than as you see me act. Moreover, all things are now ripe for us, — victory, spoil, and glory; and even though they were uncertain or distant, it would still be the duty of every good citizen to assist the State. No man ever became immortal by inactivity; nor did ever any father wish his children might never die, but rather that they might live like useful and worthy men. I should add more to what I have already said, if words could inspire cowards with bravery: to the valiant I think I have said enough.

GEORGE SAND

GEORGE SAND

(BARONNE DUDEVANT: Born Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin)

(1804–1876)

BY TH. BENTZON (MADAME THÉRÈSE BLANC)

IF GENIUS means creative faculty constantly renewed, and powerful and fertile inspiration, then George Sand certainly had more genius than any other female writer. Others are distinguished by a more chastened talent, or have soared to the heaven of art on a steadier wing, but none have surpassed her in magnificent spontaneity. One of her latest critics — speaking of her ample and copious style, which satisfied even Flaubert, yet is frequently disparaged by modern chiselers of "artistic writing" — uses the expressive Latin phrase *lactea ubertas;* giving the idea of an abundant stream of generous milk ever gushing forth and overflowing. M. Jules Lemaître adds that this quality resembles natural kindness of heart, and is its near relative. And he is right. George Sand was above all else kind-hearted, and was most womanly in this; she was truly feminine also in her extraordinary power of assimilation, — which however did not interfere with her originality, as everything she absorbed, whether ideas or knowledge, seemed to blossom in a new and personal form when she applied it.

Nothing is more interesting than to go to the source of her life to find the determining causes of her work; and to her friendships, chosen in the most varied spheres, to follow the evolutions of her thought. One can then see that she was an admirable instrument, formed by nature in one of her exceptional moods, to vibrate with extraordinary intensity under every influence approaching her. The aspirations, failures, doctrines, the good and evil, of half a century, palpitate in her noble fictions, even though we can here and there discern the errors of a mind led astray by enthusiasm. Every problem interesting to contemporary humanity attracted her broad sympathies. Long before those avowed apostles of pity, the Russian writers, she felt that "for those who are born compassionate, there will always be something to love, and consequently to pity, serve, and suffer for, on earth." She was the first who said forcibly that the most living and religious source of the progress of the human mind was in the idea of solidarity.

And this is why she will always be great, in spite of the transformation of taste, which in the name of pretended realism declares

this idealist somewhat out of fashion. It is not her fault if her instinct always led her to write poetic rather than analytic works. According to her theories of art,—and very instructive theories they are,—a novel should be a mixture of both, with true situations and characters grouped around a type intended to personify the sentiment of the book. The author must not be afraid to give this sentiment all the force with which he aspires to it himself, but must on no account degrade it in the play of events. He may moreover lend it powers above the average, and charms and sufferings beyond the probabilities admitted by the greater number of minds. Above all, the author must beware of thinking that he does not need a faith of his own for writing, and that it is enough to reflect facts like a mirror. «No, this is not true: readers are attracted only to the writer with an individuality, whether this pleases or shocks them.» This phrase is in a letter which George Sand wrote me, while she emphasized the following words: «The soul must not be void of faith, for talent cannot develop in a vacuum; it may flutter there for a moment, but only to expire.»

Truly this has nothing in common with the cruel impersonality so boasted of nowadays: this is not the novel as understood by M. Zola, who has never agreed with her that true reality is made up of both beauty and ugliness, and that the will to do good finds its place and use after all; nor is it the laborious effort, often driven to the point of anguish, of her friend Flaubert, who used to torture himself to find an epithet, and to whom she said, when scolding him: «Feed on the ideas and sentiments stored in your brain and your heart; . . . *form*, which you think so important, will be the result of your digestion, without any help. You consider it an aim,—it is only an effect.» The minutely detailed psychology of a certain school was equally foreign to her, although she has made some superb and profound studies of character: fraternal jealousy in 'Jean de la Roche,' and Prince Karl's jealousy of the past in 'Lucrezia Floriani,'—merely to mention one of the passions into which she delved deeply. But her aim was to interest, above all else, and who shall dare to say that she was wrong? In her eyes supreme impartiality was something anti-human; incompatible with the novel, whose prime object is to be human. She wrote for the sheer delight of giving the best of her heart and brains to many others. As for the improbabilities she is accused of trying to make people accept on principle, we must admit that very often nothing is more improbable than reality itself, especially when that reality is the life of George Sand; whence, as may be readily understood, she drew her inspiration with an artist's privilege. Every contrast can be found in it; the wildest extravagance of fancy as well as a bourgeoise simplicity.

Aurore Dupin was born the year of Napoleon's coronation, at the apogee of the glories of France; which she always loved passionately, while at the same time she had an extremely correct opinion of the faults of the Latin races, particularly that lack of practical common-sense she was so aware of in herself, and which condemns one either to be led or made use of by others. Nevertheless there was a mixture of foreign blood in her veins; and strangely enough, she had inherited her republican soul through royal descent,—twice branded, however, with the stigma of illegitimacy. She was a descendant of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; for her grandmother was a natural daughter of the Maréchal de Saxe, and had married M. Dupin de Francueil. It was impossible for those who, like me, knew her in her old age, not to compare her, on seeing her so calm, dignified, and tenderly devoted to her children, to that noble woman who had been the lady of the manor of Nohant before her, had brought her up, and bequeathed her some of her tastes, among them a love for music.

Madame Dupin had known Gluck and Piccini; she interpreted the old masters—Porpora, Hasse, Pergolese—etc., with deep feeling, in spite of her semi-paralyzed fingers and voice cracked by old age, but once so magnificent. Through her, her granddaughter received those musical impressions that abound in the delightful story of 'Consuelo,' where George Sand displays so complete an acquaintance with the manners and spirit of the eighteenth century. Madame Dupin de Francueil had, besides her talents and most remarkable mental qualities, all those natural virtues that can be strengthened by philosophy in the absence of religious belief.

The direction given by such a mother had already begun to bear its fruits in Maurice, the father of the future George Sand,—a brave soldier during the Revolution, who became a handsome officer of the First Empire, and died young, but had the intuitive gift of writing, as his brilliant and gushing letters prove; yet his excellent heart had inherited certain ancestral weaknesses. He became attached to a girl of low birth and no education, who had already been led into sorry adventures. And so the blood of kings and heroes mingled with that of the lower-class Parisians in the veins of the little girl, who at a later day was to transform the active qualities of her ancestors into qualities of imagination. Her maternal grandfather had been a bird-seller, who plied his trade on the quays of the Seine; and it is interesting to note the love that George Sand had all her life for feathered folk. She has spoken of them almost as eloquently as of music and children,—those divine themes which her pen never exhausted. And the fascination was reciprocal. In her garden at Nohant she used to walk surrounded by a flock of sparrows and

goldfinches, who trustfully pecked from the hands held out to them, just as she describes it in 'Teverino.'

George Sand owed something more than her love of birds to her mother,—whom she loved passionately, but whose inferior station, barely tolerated by the family, made the daughter suffer keenly;—I mean a deep tenderness for the poor and lowly, an advanced predilection for outlaws of all sorts, a revolt against social prejudices and conventionalities, and a certain bohemianism that—in her youth especially—was constantly struggling against that good-breeding which nevertheless served her so well for giving her personages the tone proper to good society. Her most perfect specimen of this is the old Marchioness in 'Le Marquis de Villemer'; yet in spite of her plebeian sympathies, the same refinement appears everywhere. And here we have the evidence of her grandmother's and the convent's influence.

Aurore Dupin's years at the English nuns' convent contributed not a little to the formation of a peculiar manner, in which so many contrary elements were combined. Her free-thinking grandmother had put her in this pious retreat out of respect to the customs of society. She wished the dreamy and untrained child, who had grown up in all the freedom of country life, and was adopting peasant habits, to learn good manners. Let us hasten to add that for our future joy, George Sand always remained somewhat a peasant; we owe her admirable pastoral novels to this rustic substratum. She certainly conceived their germ in the *ruminating life* she led when quite a child at Nohant, in the company of little shepherds who charmed her with the legends she used so well later on.

The convent made a mystic of this wild creature, but not at once, for she bore her well-deserved name of Madcap a long time; still, the influence of a group of women of the highest moral superiority acted upon her by degrees. She has rendered them the most grateful homage in her 'Memoirs,' recognizing that the years spent in that great female family were the happiest and most peaceful of her life.

Religious idealism seems to have been innate with George Sand. Brought up by a Voltairean grandmother with contempt for what she called superstitions, she had made up a religion for herself out of a compound of mythology, fairy stories, and theories of political equality gathered in her childish readings—seemingly least fitted to suggest it. Her first *poetic* effort—and this word must be used from the beginning in speaking of her prose—was written to extol Corambé; a beneficent genius, to whom she raised altars in the park at Nohant when about eleven years old, at the time when she was under the double spell of the Iliad and 'Jerusalem Delivered.' Jesus and his Gospel succeeded the somewhat pagan phantom she had adored

during her pensive childhood: the most ardent piety seized her, and she came near consecrating herself to a religious life; this would have been a great loss to French literature. Fortunately the wisdom of the nuns curbed her excessive zeal; yet all through life she had that sacred pain, which has been so aptly termed "the anguish of divine things." If it had not been for this, she never could have expressed, as she did many years later in 'Spiridion,' all the agony endured by the soul of a young priest on losing his faith. The influence of her intimacy with Abbé de Lamennais can be traced here; but there is more than that,—there is a personal experience.

Aurore astounded her grandmother by coming home a Catholic. She soon ceased to find certitude in dogma, however. A most irregular course of reading led her helter-skelter through all philosophies and all literatures. Spinoza seized her; her admiration made her set Leibnitz above all metaphysicians; she came in turn under the ascendency of Châteaubriand, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Byron; but her real master was Rousseau. By her first novels especially she belongs to his school; no freer from the great fault of declamation than he, as enamored of nature as he had been, and able to speak the burning language of love as he had known how to speak it.

If it is true that modern pedagogy, by following methods and giving an important place to science, has the inevitable result of killing women's imagination and making them uniform, then George Sand was a most privileged creature; for she was brought up without a plan,—educating herself hap-hazard, learning a little Latin when quite a child with Deschartres, her deceased father's preceptor, and no doubt picking up many other things as well, while with that learned and eccentric man. She was influenced by the convent next, where her ardor for learning was somewhat benumbed; and finally turned loose in a library, where like a bee she made honey of everything.

A perfect rage for reading and physical exercise, long hours of study alternating with long rides, were her peculiarities, when some of her imprudent friends thought it was time to marry this young girl, so entirely free from coquetry or even the desire to please. Her large, black, dreamy eyes seemed ever following some inward vision, and gave her, as she says herself, a stupid look; in fact she never was *bright* at any period of her life. Her conversation was not brilliant, although she has often made her written dialogues extremely so; talking tired her, and the George Sand of future literary dinners usually played there a mute part. Melancholy by reflection, she needed gayety; and this silent creature often surprised those about her by sudden outbursts of animal spirits. Moreover, she never thought herself handsome. (Balzac, who has described her as

Camille Maupin in his novel 'Beatrix,' has contradicted her on this point.)

She was given in marriage to M. Dudevant, the son of a retired colonel. He had been an officer himself, but was now nothing but a hunting country-gentleman, and at times a hard drinker. It will surprise no one that this hasty and ill-assorted union was unhappy. It is more astonishing that it should have lasted nearly ten years. To give it so long life, it needed the all-powerful assistance of maternity,— George Sand's really great passion, and her only lasting and indestructible one. She nursed her children herself; took care of them night and day, even at the beginning of her restless career; always found the time to look after them most tenderly; and at last, in the later period of her life, when she had calmed down, she became the indefatigable educator of her granddaughters. She was most skillful with her needle, and did not despise any household detail. I saw her thus when she was sixty years old; but when she was twenty she enjoyed dancing the *bourrée* with the peasants on holidays as well.

Finally all this was not enough for her, and she went to Paris for a short time every year; but as her husband, the master of their common fortune, gave her a ridicuously small allowance, she utilized her talents in order to live,— made crayon portraits, painted miniature ornaments, or collaborated with several journalists from her native province of Berri, for the Figaro. These articles never were remarkable, as George Sand had neither the requisite spirit and dash, nor had she any talent for brevity; although later she succeeded several times in short stories, as those rare pearls 'Lavinia,' 'Metella,' etc., prove. By a remarkable coincidence, 'Lavinia,' published before 1838, resembles Owen Meredith's 'Lucile,' published in 1860, almost stroke for stroke.

One year when she was in the country, having read much of Walter Scott, she wrote her first novel. "Having read it over," she says ingenuously, "I concluded that it was good for nothing; but that I could write some not quite so bad." She had found her vocation.

At first Jules Sandeau wrote with her, and later left her half his surname. As for "George," it is as common a name in Berri as "Patrick" in Ireland. The courts did not decree the legal separation of M. and Madame Dudevant until 1836. It was in favor of the latter, intrusting her with the education of her two children; this proves that all the blame cannot have been hers. By this time she had published her masterpieces, if one can apply this term to George Sand's novels,— for perhaps there is not a perfect one among them, except the pastoral novels. Working without any plan, stopping as if

exhausted when she had said all that was pent up in her, she usually broke down at the dénouement.

These captivating early works are pre-eminently works of passion. It would be a mistake to consider them the voluntary unveiling of the author's life; but one is certain to find it everywhere, and apparently in spite of herself. 'Indiana' was surely not the cry of her personal revolt against marriage, for the selfish lover in it is not any nobler than the tyrannical husband; but just here George Sand has demonstrated with the deepest feeling, in which many a memory echoes, how far she considers a woman superior to man when love is at stake. She seems to be less severe in her opinions with Jacques, a heroic husband, who resolves to commit suicide, so as to save his wife from the shame of becoming guilty towards him. There is no less audacity and horror of conventional forms in 'Valentine,' where aristocratic prejudices are trampled under foot by the descendant of an illustrious race, in favor of the son of a peasant. The dangerous doctrine that love can dictate duties superior to law is brought forward in these burning pages, and must have served as an excuse to many sensitive souls that went astray; and we may say that they must have been among the best and noblest of such souls, for George Sand never knew how to use the demoralizing language that appeals to base natures.

'Lélia' must be considered a magnificent prose poem, as all the characteristics of the most elevated poetry are found in it: amplitude, rhythm, brilliancy, and powerful imagery. Taken as a whole, it is more out of date than all George Sand's other novels, just on account of this excessive poetic enthusiasm. Yet it is the one containing the greatest beauties. The characters seem like incarnated myths or allegories. Lélia represents agonized aspirations towards the sublime, although we recognize that duality in her which is more or less noticeable in every one, but was present in so extraordinary a degree in George Sand. Sténio, while he recalls Alfred de Musset, typifies the struggles of an inspired poet, whose weak and vacillating will betrays him to seducing sensualism. The priest Magnus stands for the demoralized and fanatic clergy as George Sand saw it; for she was always the enemy of the clergy, if not of religion. As for the philosophical idea,—uniting as it does, in its absurd and entangled action, such strange characters as Trenmor the virtuous convict, Pulchérie the wise courtesan, etc., who all argue and declaim,—we have the key to it; for when George Sand wrote 'Lélia,' she was painting the agonized state of her own soul facing a terrible enigma. She had reached her thirtieth year without having had her eyes opened to the realities of life; and then suddenly found herself in a great social centre where all the sadness, want, vice, and injustice of

the world confronted her. Up to that time she had wept over her own woes; now she felt like an atom among the millions of creatures crushed by inexorable fate. Her despair is reflected in the character of Lélia, in whom the evil of doubt and the thirst for truth are warring; her heart, incapable of finding happiness anywhere, is consumed with boundless desires; and she dies without having gratified them.

The subject of 'Mauprat' is simpler and more wholesome. It is the effect of passion, working for good this time, upon a wild, violent, and apparently untamable creature, in whom the pure young girl he adores creates a conscience, and as it were, a soul. The supreme power of ennobling love was a subject dear to George Sand. She takes it up again in 'Simon'; where a semi-peasant, by his merit and talents, becomes the equal of the high-born lady. And both these beautiful books end by a happy marriage, no more nor less than a fairy tale. 'Le Secrétaire Intime,' if it were not the most delightful of fancies without the intention of proving anything, would lead us to believe that clandestine marriages have the greatest chance of being the happiest.

In 'Leone Leoni' George Sand reverses the subject of 'Manon Lescaut,' and shows us how a weak and gentle woman is bewitched and subjugated to the very last by a man most unworthy of her. In 'La Dernière Aldine,' she makes us, by sheer art, accept the somewhat delicate subject of the love of a great Venetian lady for her gondolier, this love, however, for some unknown reason remaining perfectly chaste.

We must not forget that this bold and mad harvest, in which common-sense has no place, was grown in 1830,—the era of all Utopias and anticipated possibilities; when a new world seemed about to be born on the ruins of the old. This was the time when Théophile Gautier went to the theatre with long hair and a pink satin waistcoat, when Balzac wore a monk's white robe instead of a dressing-gown, and when George Sand used to cut off her beautiful black locks and wear masculine attire, making herself look a boy of twelve in it on account of her diminutive stature. However much may have been said about this, she never wore those unbecoming clothes except in an intermittent way, finding them more convenient and less expensive than others.

Up to 1840 George Sand wrote under the impulse of feeling, following no system; later on, a system was grafted on the feeling without destroying it. Lamennais's humanitarian Christianity, Michel de Bourges's revolutionary tirades, Pierre Leroux's dreamy socialism,—all took hold on her either successively or at once. With more zeal than discernment she made herself the echo of the most

advanced principles of political equality and of communism. These ideas led her to publish 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France,' in which an aristocratic maiden openly declares her resolution to marry into the lower classes, so as to belong to them herself; 'Le Meunier d'Angibault,' wherein an obstinate artisan proudly refuses the hand of the young countess he adores, because she represents the wealth he would not have at any price (fortunately she becomes poor, and rejoices at it as if it were the greatest happiness); and 'La Comtesse de Rudolstadt,' that misty sequel to the sunny and harmonious story of 'Consuelo,' with all its theosophical and humanitarian allegories, that at times make us yawn. If however we leave out the political harangues, carbonarism, and other chimeras, what magnificent fragments there are in these partisan books!—although their romantic imagination is smothered by the medley of accumulated dissertations and arguments. Still the author is always arguing and fighting for progress and reforms; and some of these have been achieved since,—in a less radical way, no doubt, than she would have wished, yet they would have gratified her. George Sand was in open rebellion against every kind of slavery. She greatly admired 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' saying of Harriet Beecher Stowe: «I do not know whether she is a genius, but she has more than genius,—she surely is a saint.» She spurned the limits of sex, and above all things despised hypocrisy. As regards what is called the «woman question» to-day, Margaret Fuller certainly went as far as she did, while she had many more illusions on woman's native nobility; but setting talents aside, there is a difference between them, delicately expressed by Margaret Fuller herself:—«Those who would reform the world must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse; their lives must not be sustained by passionate error. They must be religious students of the Divine purpose with regard to men, if they would not confound the fancies of a day with the requisitions of eternal good.»

In order to rest after her socialist campaigns, George Sand would wing her flight to dreamland; and it was wise of her to do so, for we would now willingly give up all the dullness of 'Horace' and the turgid speeches in 'Le Péché de M. Antoine,' for that one day's drive on charming roads when a group of tourists, brought together by good luck, have that accidental meeting with Teverino, the vagabond genius, beautiful as a young god, and disporting himself free and naked under his wreath of reeds, in the bluest of lakes. He needs only to don gentleman's clothes to be one, and an accomplished one at that; he plays the part for a time, scorns it, and disappears. What a delightful excursion beyond the vulgarities of every-day life!

The idyl too always seized George Sand as soon as she left the streets of Paris, and returned to the peace and refreshing breezes of her beloved Nohant. After the fiery and rather bombastic eloquence and paradoxes found in her other works launched against society, the artless speech of her peasants is most restful reading.

There is no purer, simpler, nor more beautiful French than that which adapts itself so perfectly to the humble subjects of 'La Mare au Diable' and 'François le Champi.' Some critics have said that George Sand's peasants were not real. They seem to me, on the contrary, to be very closely studied from the honest and laborious population of central France; and however much they may be idealized, they are far more like those I have known than the brutes painted by the masters of the so-called naturalistic school, the latter evidently preferring to look at their coarseness through a magnifying glass. George Sand did the reverse; she set off the best traits of these primitive natures, with whom she had the greatest affinity. The revolution of 1848 tore her from her eclogues; her friends dragged her into the very thick of the fight, and used her as a sonorous instrument. She drew up 'Lettres au Peuple' and the 'Bulletins de la République'; but her illusions about the new form of government could not hold out against the bloody days of June: she says that "disgust drove her to solitude, where she faced her free and revolted conscience"; and she now went back to her best, her noblest inspirer,—Nature. Whether she carries about a broken heart in Italy after a celebrated quarrel, or gayly climbs the Alps with Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult,—whether she spends the winter at Majorca nursing Chopin, or wanders dreamily along the sunken lanes of the Black Valley and the banks of the Indre,—she never fails to reflect the humble or striking beauties surrounding her, or to make a soul vibrate in them. She has the marvelous and peculiar art of infusing a human emotion into external and inanimate objects —which then seems to emanate from them. Has she not written an immortal page on perfume and memory, in connection with a sage leaf she had bruised between her fingers?

Nohant was a salutary retreat for her in every respect. She spent the greater part of her life there in close communion with the earth, frequently cultivating it with her own hands, and drawing her favorite subjects of study from plants and stones. Nothing interested her more than natural history. She gave herself up to it with ardor; convinced that constant study was imperative, and that if a writer does not lay up a treasure of knowledge, the tool he uses, though ever so fine, will be wielded in vain. Botany and geology filled her days, and she read much besides: science, history, everything interesting her. In the evening, other things were read aloud in the

family circle; very often plays were acted. According to her fixed habit, she wrote at night after every one had retired, never failing to cover twelve large quarto pages before going to bed,—her inspiration being so tractable.

As she grew older she went to Paris less frequently, except when there was a question of performing one of the plays she willingly dramatized from her novels. She was passionately fond of the stage and all connected with it; and liked to put actors and showmen of all sorts in her books, as she did in 'L'Homme de Neige,' 'Le Château des Désertes,' 'Pierre qui Roule,' etc. But when it came to writing a play, she did not always show the qualities the stage demands,—such as logical sequence in a briskly carried action, sparkling dialogue, and a sense for comic situations. Several of her comedies or dramas, however, were very successful; viz., 'Le Mariage de Victorine,' 'Claudie,' and 'Le Marquis de Villemer.' She made a great many plays for her own little theatre at Nohant, never neglecting her marionettes, who inspired 'Le Diable aux Champs,' and for whom her fairy fingers were always making new costumes.

In the novels written towards the close of her life there is not a trace of that sensual ideality once considered such a grave fault in the author of 'Lélia'; pure and spotless ideality shines in them: and it seemed to cost her no effort to write those charming, fantastic tales for her granddaughters,—tales any child can enjoy, but needing refined scholars to do them full justice. She kept abreast of all new efforts in literature with interest and sympathy, yet always repeating that "art for art's sake" was a vain phrase; that art for whatever is worthy, and for the general welfare, should be the aim of all study; that when there is a beautiful sentiment in one's soul, it becomes a duty to find such expression for it as will make it enter into many other souls. For this reason she, the great democrat, could not belong to the haughty schools that despise the general public—the masses—to the degree of frequently using language intelligible only to a handful of the initiated. Neither would she admit, feeling *all* humanity vibrate within herself, that this humanity was to be represented by scoundrels, villains, and fools alone; nor that truth was to be found merely in the painting of evil. These may have been old-fashioned ideas; but by remaining true to them, this inexhaustible Scheherazade found the means of keeping an audience composed of all classes attentive to her ever fresh and youthful stories, and raised her readers above the obscenity so complacently provided for them elsewhere. Being sincerely modest, she did not believe in posterity, imagining that it would take her at her own valuation. Once they were finished, she completely forgot her novels. "'Consuelo'—what is that?" she asked Flaubert. "I do not remember a single

word of it. Are you indeed reading it, and does it really amuse you? If so, I must read it again and be pleased with myself, because you are.»

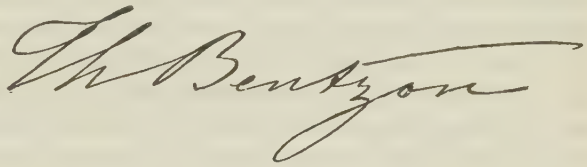
Death found her as busy as ever. Two days before the end, although she at times suffered acutely, she wrote cheerfully: «I feel stronger and freer within myself than ever.» She passed away in her seventy-third year, before her powers had waned.

Those who wish to enter further into this life, in which personal vicissitudes are so closely connected with the evolution of genius, will find all of George Sand in 'L'Histoire de ma Vie,' where she has drawn so correct a portrait of herself,—although she tells us hardly more than the story of her childhood and early youth, to the eternal regret of scandal-mongers; in the 'Lettres d'un Voyageur,' those poetic disclosures that she occasionally made to the public in an impersonal yet most transparent form; and finally in her 'Correspondence,' which reveals her great warm heart perfectly. One cannot fail to be touched on seeing her, while busy writing a hundred volumes, lavish kindness unceasingly on every claimant, answering every question, counseling young authors and giving them letters of introduction, helping hesitating talent to discover its vocation, pleading for exiles or political prisoners; and most bountifully putting her time, her words, her influence, even when it cost her the most, at the disposal of others. This 'Correspondence' shows how her adversaries themselves respected her; and how anxious the Emperor Napoleon III., whom she petitioned more than once, was to please her.

After reading these letters covering a period of over fifty years, and where she always appears to be the slave of her family, tender to her friends, helpful to a swarm of strangers who thought themselves authorized to intrude upon her on account of her unbounded generosity,—no one will be surprised that she should have blessed the hour of rest when it came. She had already given old age a smiling welcome, saying that it was «so good of God to calm us by taking away those stings of personality that are so sharp in youth. How can people complain of losing some things with age,» she added, «when, on the contrary, they gain so many others? when our ideas grow broader and more correct, when our heart softens and grows larger, and our victorious conscience may at last look back and say, 'I have done my task!'» Her special task had been to bear high aloft the banner of ideality and liberty, to love and glorify the humble, and to rise above herself by work. She had earned more than a million francs by her pen in the days when literature had nothing in common with merchandise, and she had given all this fortune to others.

When one day in June 1876 she dropped that valiant pen, she surely had also earned the right to a gentle, uninterrupted sleep in the pretty little cemetery at Nohant. She did not believe that death was the end, but held to a perpetual ascent towards infinite goodness and infinite truth. And she would laughingly say that she hoped she might go to some planet where reading and writing were unknown, so she might rest "for good." Indeed, she had a right to rest after having exercised the most beautiful sovereignty over the minds of two generations,—a sovereignty not yet at an end, although just now it seems somewhat eclipsed.

The future will winnow her abundant but uneven work, and separate the tares from the wheat; and of the latter there will remain a well-filled measure fully sufficing for her glory.



THE CONVENT OF THE ENGLISH AUGUSTINES

From 'The Story of my Life'

THIS convent was one of the three or four British communities established in Paris during Cromwell's ascendency. . . .

It is the only one now in existence, its house having endured the various revolutions without suffering greatly. Its traditions say that Henriette of France, the daughter of our Henry IV. and wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, had often come to pray in our chapel with her son James II. All our nuns were English, Scotch, or Irish. Two-thirds of the boarding pupils and lodgers, as well as some of the priests who came to officiate, belonged to these nations. During certain hours of the day the whole school was forbidden to speak a word of French, which was the best means for learning English rapidly. Naturally our nuns hardly ever spoke anything else to us. They retained the habits of their country; drank tea three times a day allowing those among us who were good to take it with them.

The cloister and the church were paved with long tombstones, beneath which were the venerated bones of those Catholics of Old England who had died in exile, and been buried by favor in this inviolable sanctuary. There were English epitaphs and pious

inscriptions everywhere on tombs and walls. Large old portraits of English princes and prelates hung in the Superior's room and in her private parlor. The beautiful and amorous Mary Stuart, reputed a saint by our chaste nuns, shone there like a star. In short, everything in that house was English, both of the past and of the present; and when within its gates, one seemed to have crossed the Channel. All this was a "nine days' wonder" to me, the Berri peasant.

My grandmother on presenting me could not forego the little vanity of saying that I was very well informed for my age, and that it would be a waste of time to put me in a class with young children. The school was divided into two sections: a junior and a senior class. By my age I belonged to the juniors, where there were about thirty boarding pupils between six and fourteen years old. By my reading, and the ideas it had developed, I belonged to a third class that would have had to be created for me and two or three others; but I had not been trained to work methodically, and did not know a word of English. I understood a great deal about history, and even philosophy; but I was very ignorant, or at least very uncertain, about the order of epochs and events. I might have been able to talk about everything with the professors, and perhaps have seen a little clearer and a little further than those who directed us; but the merest college fag would have greatly puzzled me on facts, and I could not have passed a regular examination on any subject whatever. I felt this perfectly; and was much relieved to hear the Superior say that as I had not yet been confirmed, I should have to enter the junior class.

We were cloistered in the full sense of the word. We went out twice a month only, and never spent a night out except at New-Year's. There were vacations, but I had none; as my grandmother said she preferred not to interrupt my studies, so as to have me at the convent a shorter time. She left Paris a few weeks after our separation, and did not come back for a year; then went away for another year. She had demanded that my mother was not to ask to take me out. My cousins the Villeneuves offered me their home for all holidays, and wrote to my grandmother for her permission. I wrote too, and begged her not to grant it; and had the courage to tell her, that not going out with mother, I ought not and did not wish to go out with any one. I trembled lest she should not listen to me; and

though I felt the need and the wish to enjoy these outings, I made up my mind to pretend illness if my cousins came to fetch me armed with a permit. This time my grandmother approved my action; and instead of finding fault, praised my feeling in a way I found rather exaggerated. I had done nothing but my duty; yet it made me spend two whole years behind bars.

We had mass in our chapel, received visits in the parlor, took our private lessons there; the professor being on one side of the grating while we were on the other. All the convent windows towards the street had not only gratings, but immovable linen screens besides. It was really a prison, but a prison with a large garden and plenty of company. I must confess that I never felt the rigors of captivity for an instant; and that the minute precautions taken to keep us locked up and prevent us from getting a glimpse of the outer world, often made me laugh. This care was the only stimulant we had to long for freedom; for there was not one of us who would ever have dreamt of crossing her mother's threshold unattended: yet almost every girl at the convent watched for the opening of the cloister door, or peeped furtively through the slits in the linen screens. To outwit supervision, go down into the court three or four steps, see a cab pass by, was the dream and the ambition of forty or fifty wild and mischievous girls, who the very next day would go about Paris without in the least enjoying it; because once outside the convent inclosure, stepping on the pavement and looking at people were no longer forbidden fruit.

[After describing the immense and complicated medley of buildings within this inclosure, their inconvenient and illogical arrangement, «so scattered that one lost a quarter of a day going to and fro,» and the curious way the one hundred and twenty or thirty persons living there were lodged,— some crowded into the closest quarters, while others were spread over more space than ten families would have needed for living at ease,— George Sand describes the nuns' cells, their cleanliness, and how their patient devotion ornamented them with the trifles dear to the pious heart. She then resumes as follows: —]

My first feeling on entering the junior school-room was a painful one. Thirty girls were crowded into a room neither large nor high enough for the number. Its walls were covered with ugly yolk-of-egg-colored paper, the ceiling was stained and cracked, the benches, tables, and stools were all dirty, the stove was ugly and smoky, and the smell of coal was mixed with that

coming from the near poultry-yard; the plaster crucifix was common, the flooring broken, and we were to spend two thirds of the day here, three quarters of it in winter,—and it was winter just then.

I do not know of anything more unpleasant than the custom followed in educational arrangements of making school-rooms the saddest and most forlorn of places: under the pretense that children would spoil the furniture and ruin the ornaments, people take away everything that would stimulate their imagination. They pretend that pictures and decorations, even the patterns on the wall-paper, would make them inattentive. Why are churches and chapels decorated with paintings and statues, if not to elevate the soul and revive its languor by the sight of venerated objects? Children, we are told, have dirty and clumsy habits. They spill ink over everything, and love to destroy. Surely they do not bring these tastes and habits from their homes, where they are taught to respect whatever is beautiful or useful; and as soon as they are old enough to think, they never dream of doing the mischief that becomes so attractive at school only because there it is a sort of revenge on the neglect and parsimony practiced upon them. The better they are housed, the more careful they would be. They would think twice before soiling a carpet or breaking a frame. Those ugly bare walls in which you shut them up soon become an object of horror; and they would knock them down if they could. You want them to work like machines, and make their minds run on by the hour, free from all personal consciousness and untouched by all that makes up life and the renewal of intellectual life. That is both false and impossible. The studying child has all the needs of a creating artist. He must breathe pure air; his body must be at ease; he must have things to look at, and be able to change his thoughts at will by enjoying form and color. Nature is a continual spectacle for him. By shutting him up in a bare, sad, unwholesome room, you suffocate his heart and brain as well as his body. I should like everything around a city child to be cheerful, from its cradle. The country child has the sky, trees, plants, and sun. The other is too often stunted both physically and morally by the squalor of a poor home, the bad taste of a rich one, or the absence of all taste in the middle-class home.

Why are Italians born, as it were, with a feeling for the beautiful? Why does a Veronese mason, a Venetian tradesman,

a peasant of the Roman Campagna, love to look at fine monuments? Why do they understand good pictures and music, while our proletarians more intelligent in other respects, and our middle class though educated with more care, love what is false, vulgar — even ugly — in art, unless a special training corrects their instincts? It is because we live amidst what is ugly and vulgar; because our parents have no taste, and we hand down the traditional bad taste to our children. It would be so easy to surround childhood with things at once noble, agreeable, and instructive.

[Owing to her grandmother's Voltairean principles, Aurore Dupin's religious training had been rather neglected: this shocked her present pious teachers. The means taken to correct this seemed silly to her already philosophical mind; and after a short time she decided to "set her cap on her ear and join the *devils*' camp." This was the name given to those who were not pious. The latter were called "the good," while there was an intermediate variety called "the stupid." Mary G——, a bright Irish girl, generally spoken of as "the boy," became Aurore's best friend, after ridiculing her and nicknaming her *Rising Sun* (Aurora) and *Some Bread* (Du pain). Being the leading spirit in the *devils*' camp, she offered to admit Aurore to its ranks.]

"You shall be initiated this evening."

I waited for night and supper very impatiently. Recreation time began as soon as we left the refectory. In summer the two classes went to the garden. In winter each class went to its own room: the seniors to their fine and spacious study; we to our forlorn quarters, where there was no room to play, and where our teacher forced us to "amuse" ourselves quietly,— that is, not at all. Leaving the refectory always made a momentary confusion, and I admired the way the "devils" of the two classes managed to create the slight disorder under whose favor one could easily escape. The cloister had but one little lamp to light it: this left the other three galleries in semi-darkness. Instead of walking straight ahead towards the juniors' room, you stepped to the left, let the flock pass on, and you were free. I did so, and found myself in the dark with my friend Mary and the other "devils" she had told me would be there. . . . They were all armed, some with logs, others with tongs. I had nothing, but was bold enough to go to the school-room, get a poker, and return to my accomplices without being noticed.

Then they initiated me into the great secret, and we started on our expedition.

The great secret was the traditional legend of the convent: a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from "devil" to "devil," for about two centuries; a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim.* There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up somewhere in an impenetrable retreat: either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or in a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basements extending beneath the monastery as well as under a great part of the Saint-Victor district. There were indeed magnificent cellars there,—a real subterranean city, whose limits we never found,—and they had many mysterious outlets at different points within the vast area of the inclosure. We were told that at a great distance off, these cellars joined the excavations running under the greater part of Paris and the surrounding country as far as Vincennes. They said that by following our convent cellars you could reach the Catacombs, the quarries, the Baths of Julian, and what not. These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries: an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, and whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there, in spite of the insurmountable difficulties of the enterprise, and the terrible punishments the discovery of our secret would provoke.

Entering these subterranean domains was one of those unhoped-for strokes of good luck that occurred once, or at most twice, in the life of a "devil," after years of perseverance and mental effort. It was of no use thinking of getting in by the main door. That door was at the bottom of a wide staircase next to the kitchens, which were cellars too; and here the lay sisters congregated.

But we were sure that the vaults could be reached by a thousand other ways, even by the roof. According to us, every nailed-up door, every dark corner under a staircase, every hollow-sounding wall, might communicate mysteriously with the subterranean region; and we looked for that communication most earnestly up to the very attic.

I had read Mrs. Radcliffe's 'Castle of the Pyrenees' at Nohant, with terror and delight. My companions had many another Scotch and Irish legend in their heads, all fit to set one's hair on end. The convent too had innumerable stories of its own lamentable events,—about ghosts, dungeons, inexplicable apparitions, and mysterious noises. All this, and the thought of finally discovering the tremendous secret of the *victim*, so kindled our imaginations that we were sure we heard sighs and groans start from under the stones, or breathe through the cracks of doors and walls.

We started off, my companions for the hundredth, I for the first time, in search of that elusive captive,—languishing no one knew where, but certainly somewhere, and whom perhaps we were called to discover. She must have been very old, considering how long she had been sought in vain! She might have been over two hundred years old, but we did not mind that! We sought her, called her, thought of her incessantly, and never despaired.

That evening I was led into the oldest and most broken-up part of the buildings,—perhaps the most exciting locality for our exploration. We selected a little passage with wooden railings overlooking an empty space without any known outlet. A staircase with banisters led to this unknown region, but an oaken door forbade access to the stairs. We had to get around the obstacle by passing from the railing to the banisters, and walk down the outside of the worm-eaten balusters. There was a dark void below us whose depth we could not fathom. We had only a little twisted taper (a "rat"), and that hardly let us see more than the first steps of the mysterious staircase.

We were at the bottom in a moment; and with more joy than disappointment found that we were directly under the passage, in a square space without any opening. Not a door nor window, nor any explicable purpose for this sort of closed vestibule. Why was there a staircase leading into a blind space? Why was there a strong padlocked door shutting off the staircase?

The little taper was divided into several lengths, and each one began examining for herself. The staircase was made of wood. A secret spring in one of the steps must lead to a passage, another staircase, or a hidden trap. While some explored the staircase, and tried to force its old planks apart, others groped along the wall in search of a knob, a crack, a ring, or any of the

thousand contrivances mentioned in the chronicles of old manors as moving a stone, turning a panel, or opening an entrance into unknown regions.

Alas, there was nothing! The wall was smooth and plastered. The pavement sounded dull; not a stone was loose, and the staircase hid no spring. One of us looked further. She declared that in the extreme corner under the staircase the wall had a hollow sound; we struck it, and found it true. "It's here!" we all exclaimed. "There's a walled-up passage in there, but that passage leads to the awful dungeon. That is the way down to the sepulchre holding the living victims." We glued our ears to the wall, heard nothing; still the discoverer maintained that she could hear confused groans and clanking chains. What was to be done?

"Why, it's quite plain," said Mary: "we must pull the wall down. All of us together can surely make a hole in it."

Nothing seemed easier to us; and we all went to work,—some trying to knock it down with their logs, others scraping it with their shovels and tongs,—never thinking that by worrying those poor shaky walls, we risked tumbling the building down on our heads. Fortunately we could not do much harm, because the noise made by the logs would have attracted some one.

We had to be satisfied with pushing and scratching. Yet we had managed to make quite a noticeable hole in the plaster, lime, and stones, when the bell rang for prayers. We had just time to repeat our perilous escalade, put out our lights, separate, and grope our way back to the school-rooms. We put off the continuation of the enterprise till the next day, and appointed the same place of meeting. Those who got there first were not to wait for those who might be detained by punishment or unusual surveillance. Each one was to do her best to scoop out the wall. It would be just so much done towards the next day's work. There was no chance of any one's noticing it, as no one ever went down into that blind hall-way given over to mice and spiders.

We dusted each other off, regained the cloister, slipped into our respective class-rooms, and were ready to kneel at prayers with the others. I forget whether we were noticed and punished that evening. It happened so often that no single event of the kind has any special date in the great number. Still we could often carry on our work with impunity.

The search for the great secret and the dungeon lasted the whole winter I spent in the junior class. The wall was perceptibly damaged, but we were stopped by reaching wooden girders. We looked elsewhere, ransacked twenty different places, never having the least success, yet never losing hope.

One day we thought we would look for some mansard window which might be, so to speak, the upper key to the so ardently desired subterranean world. There were many such windows, whose purpose we ignored. There was a little room in the attic where we practiced on one of the thirty pianos scattered through the establishment. We had an hour for this practice every day, and very few of us cared for it. As I always loved music, I liked to practice. But I was becoming more of an artist in romance than music; for what more beautiful poem could there be than the romance in action we were pursuing with our joint imaginations, courage, and palpitating emotions?

In this way the piano hour became the daily hour for adventures, without detriment, however, to the evening ones. We appointed meetings in one of these straggling rooms, and from there would go to the "I don't know where" or the "As you please" of fancy.

From the attic where I was supposed to be playing scales, I could see a labyrinth of roofs, sheds, lofts, and slopes, all covered with moss-grown tiles and decorated with broken chimneys, offering a vast field for new explorations. So on to the roof we went. It was not hard to jump out of the window. Six feet below us there was a gutter joining two gables. It was more imprudent than difficult to scale these gables, meet others, jump from slope to slope, and run about like cats; and danger, far from restraining, only seemed to stimulate us.

There was something exceedingly foolish, but at the same time heroic, in this mania of *seeking the victim;* foolish, because we had to suppose that the nuns, whose gentleness and kindness we worshiped, were practicing horrible tortures upon some one; heroic, because we risked our lives every day to deliver an imaginary creature, who was the object of our most generous thoughts and most chivalrous undertakings.

We had been out about an hour, spying into the garden, looking down on a great part of the courts and buildings, and carefully hiding behind chimneys whenever we saw a black-veiled nun, who might have raised her head and seen us in the clouds,

when we asked ourselves how we should get back. The arrangement of the roofs had allowed us to step or jump down. Going up was not so easy. I think it would have been impossible without a ladder. We scarcely knew where we were. At last we recognized a parlor-boarder's window,—Sidonie Macdonald's, the celebrated general's daughter. It could be reached by a final jump, but would be more dangerous than the others. I jumped too hurriedly, and caught my heel in a flat sky-light, through which I should have fallen thirty feet into a hall near the juniors' room, if by chance my awkwardness had not made me swerve. I got off with two badly flayed knees, but did not give them a second thought. My heel had broken into a part of the sash of that deuced window, and smashed half a dozen panes, which dropped with a frightful crash quite near the kitchen entrance. A great noise arose at once among the lay sisters, and through the opening I had just made, we could hear Sister Theresa's loud voice screaming, "Cats!" and accusing Whisky—Mother Alippe's big tom-cat—of fighting with all his fellows, and breaking all the windows in the house. But Sister Mary defended the cat's morals, and Sister Helen was sure that a chimney had fallen on the roof. This discussion started the nervous giggle that nothing can stop in little girls. We heard the sisters on the stairs, we should be caught in the very act of walking on the roofs, and still we could not stir to find refuge. Then I discovered that one of my shoes was gone,—that it had dropped through the broken sash into the kitchen hall. Though my knees were bleeding, my laughter was so uncontrollable that I could not say a word, but merely showed my unshod foot, and explained what had happened by dumb show. A new explosion of laughter followed, although the alarm had been given and the lay sisters were near.

We were soon reassured. Being sheltered and hidden by overhanging roofs, we could hardly be discovered without getting up to the broken window by a ladder, or following the road we had taken. And that was something we could safely challenge any of the nuns to do. So when we had recognized the advantage of our position, we began to me-ouw Homerically, so that Whisky and his family might be accused and convicted in our stead. Then we made for the window of Sidonie, who did not welcome us. The poor child was practicing on the piano, and paying no attention to the feline howls vaguely striking her

ear. She was delicate and nervous, very gentle, and quite incapable of understanding what pleasure we could find in roaming over roofs. As she sat playing, her back was turned to the window; and when we burst into it in a bunch, she screamed aloud. We lost little time in quieting her. Her cries would attract the nuns; so we sprang into the room and scampered to the door while she stood trembling and staring, seeing all this strange procession flit by without understanding it nor recognizing any one of us, so terrified was she. In a moment we had all dispersed: one went to the upper room whence we had started, and played the piano with might and main; another took a roundabout way to the school-room. As for me, I had to find my shoe, and secure that piece of evidence, if I still had the time. I managed to avoid the lay sisters, and to find the kitchen entry free. *Audaces fortuna juvat*, said I to myself, thinking of the aphorisms Deschartres* had taught me. And indeed I found the lucky shoe, where it had fallen in a dark corner and not been seen. Whisky alone was accused. My knees hurt me very much for a few days, but I did not brag of them; and the explorations did not slacken.

I needed all this romantic excitement to bear up against the convent regulations, which went very much against me. We were fed well enough, yet that is a thing I have always cared least for; but we suffered most cruelly from the cold, and that year the winter was very severe. The rules for rising and retiring were as harmful as they were disagreeable to me. I have always loved to sit up late, and not to rise early. At Nohant I had done as I pleased — read or written in my room at night, and not been compelled to confront the morning cold. My circulation is sluggish, and the word "cool-blooded" describes both my physical and my mental organization. A "devil" among the "devils" of the convent, I never lost my wits, and did the wildest things in a solemn way that always delighted my accomplices; but the cold really paralyzed me, especially during the first half of the day. The dormitory was in the mansard roof, and so icy that I could not go to sleep, but sadly heard every hour of the night strike. At six o'clock two servants came and waked us pitilessly. It has always seemed a melancholy thing to me to rise and dress by lamplight. We had to wash in water whose icy crust we

*Her father's tutor.

had to break, and *then* it could not be washed with. We had chilblains, and our feet bled in our tight shoes. We went to mass by candle-light, and shivered on the benches or dozed on our knees, in the attitude of piety. At seven o'clock we breakfasted on a piece of bread and a cup of tea. At last, on reaching the school-room, we could see a little light dawn in the sky, and a bit of fire in the stove. I never thawed until about noon; I had frightful colds, and sharp pains in all my limbs, and suffered from them fifteen years later.

But Mary could not bear complaining; being as strong as a boy, she made pitiless fun of all who were not stoical. She taught me to be pitiless towards myself. I deserved some credit for this, for I suffered more than any one else; and the Paris climate was killing me already. Sallow, apathetic, and silent, I seemed the calmest and most submissive of persons when in the school-room. I never *answered back:* anger was foreign to my nature, and I do not remember having an attack of it during the three years I spent in the convent. Thanks to this disposition, I was always loved, even at the time of my worst impishness, by my most disagreeable companions and the most exacting teachers and nuns. The Superior told my grandmother that I was "still waters." Paris had frozen the fever of movement I had had at Nohant. Yet this did not prevent me from climbing over roofs in the month of December, or spending whole evenings bare-headed in the garden in the middle of winter: for we hunted "the great secret" in the garden too; and when the doors were closed, we got down there by the windows. And that was because we lived by our brain at those times, and I never noticed then that I was dragging about a sick body.

LÉLIA

[Written in 1833, the period of passion and despair. In this magnificent, fiery, yet at times absurd poem of doubt and despair, Sténio sometimes stands for Alfred de Musset, and again for the Ideal; while Lélia is at once George Sand, and the human soul warred upon and torn by its dual nature.]

"The prophets are crying in the desert to-day, and no voice answers, for the world is indifferent and deaf: it lies down and stops its ears so as to die in peace. A few scattered groups of weak votaries vainly try to rekindle a spark

of virtue. As the last remnants of man's moral power, they will float for a moment about the abyss, then go and join the other wrecks at the bottom of that shoreless sea which will swallow up the world."

"O Lélia, why do you thus despair of those sublime men who aspire to bring virtue back to our iron age? Even if I were as doubtful of their success as you are, I would not say so. I should fear to commit an impious crime."

"I admire those men," said Lélia, "and would like to be the least among them. But what will those shepherds bearing a star on their brows be able to do before the huge monster of the Apocalypse — before that immense and terrible figure outlined in the foreground of all the prophets' pictures? That woman, as pale and beautiful as vice,— that great harlot of nations, decked with the wealth of the East, and bestriding a hydra belching forth rivers of poison on all human pathways,— is Civilization; is humanity demoralized by luxury and science; is the torrent of venom which will swallow up all virtue, all hope of regeneration."

"O Lélia!" exclaimed the poet, struck by superstition, "are not you that terrible and unhappy phantom? How many times this fear has taken possession of my dreams! How many times you have appeared to me as the type of the unspeakable agony to which the spirit of inquiry has driven man! With your beauty and your sadness, your weariness and your skepticism, do you not personify the excess of sorrow produced by the abuse of thought? Have you not given up, and as it were prostituted, that moral power, so highly developed by what art, poetry, and science have done for it, to every new impression and error? Instead of clinging faithfully and prudently to the simple creed of your fathers, and to the instinctive indifference God has implanted in man for his peace and preservation; instead of confining yourself to a pious life free from vain show, you have abandoned yourself to all the seductions of ambitious philosophy. You have cast yourself into the torrent of civilization rising to destroy, and which by dashing along too swiftly has ruined the scarcely laid foundations of the future. And because you have delayed the work of centuries for a few days, you think you have shattered the hour-glass of Eternity. There is much pride in this grief, Lélia! But God will make this billow of stormy centuries, that for him are but a drop in the ocean, float by. The devouring

hydra will perish for lack of food; and from its world-covering corpse a new race will issue, stronger and more patient than the old."

"You see far into the future, Sténio! You personify Nature for me, and are her unspotted child. You have not yet blunted your faculties: you believe yourself immortal because you feel yourself young and like that untilled valley now blooming in pride and beauty,—never dreaming that in a single day the plowshare and the hundred-handed monster called industry can tear its bosom to rob it of its treasures; you are growing up full of trust and presumption, not foreseeing your coming life, which will drag you down under the weight of its errors, disfigure you with the false colors of its promises. Wait, wait a few years, and you too will say, 'All is passing away!'"

"No, all is not passing away!" said Sténio. "Look at the sun, and the earth, and the beautiful sky, and these green hills; and even that ice, winter's fragile edifice, which has withstood the rays of summer for centuries. Even so man's frail power will prevail! What matters the fall of a few generations? Do you weep for so slight a thing, Lélia? Do you deem it possible a single idea can die in the universe? Will not that imperishable inheritance be found intact in the dust of our extinct races, just as the inspirations of art and the discoveries of science arise alive each day from the ashes of Pompeii or the tombs of Memphis? Oh, what a great and striking proof of intellectual immortality! Deep mysteries had been lost in the night of time; the world had forgotten its age, and thinking itself still young, was alarmed at feeling itself so old. It said as you do, Lélia: 'I am about to end, for I am growing weak, and I was born but a few days ago! How few I shall need for dying, since so few were needed for living!' But one day human corpses were exhumed from the bosom of Egypt—Egypt that had lived out its period of civilization, and has just lived its period of barbarism! Egypt, where the ancient light, lost so long, is being rekindled, and a rested and rejuvenated Egypt may perhaps soon come and establish herself upon the extinguished torch of our own. Egypt, the living image of her mummies sleeping under the dust of ages, and now awaking to the broad daylight of science in order to reveal the age of the old world to the new! Is this not solemn and terrible, Lélia? Within the dried-up entrails of a human corpse, the inquisitive glance of our century discovered the

papyrus, that mysterious and sacred monument of man's eternal power,—the still dark but incontrovertible witness of the imposing duration of creation. Our eager hand unrolls those perfumed bandages, those frail and indissoluble shrouds at which destruction stopped short. These bandages that once enfolded a corpse, these manuscripts that have rested under fleshless ribs in the place once occupied perhaps by a soul, are human thought; expressed in the science of signs, and transmitted by the help of an art we had lost, but have found again in the sepulchres of the East,—the art of preserving the remains of the dead from the outrages of corruption,—the greatest power in the universe. O Lélia, deny the youth of the world if you can, when you see it stop in artless ignorance before the lessons of the past, and begin to live on the forgotten ruins of an unknown world."

"*Knowledge* is not *power*," replied Lélia. "Learning over again is not progress; seeing is not living. Who will give us back the power to act, and above all, the art of enjoying and retaining? We have gone too far forward now to retreat. What was merely repose for eclipsed civilizations will be death for our tired-out one; the rejuvenated nations of the East will come and intoxicate themselves with the poison we have poured on our soil. The bold barbarian drinkers may perhaps prolong the orgy of luxury a few hours into the night of time; but the venom we shall bequeath them will promptly be mortal for them, as it was for us, and all will drop back into blackness. . . . In fact, Sténio, do you not see that the sun is withdrawing from us? Is not the earth, wearied in its journey, noticeably drifting towards darkness and chaos? Is your blood so young and ardent as not to feel the touch of that chill spread like a pall over this planet abandoned to Fate, the most powerful of the gods? Oh, the cold! that penetrating pain driving sharp needles into every pore. That cursed breath that withers flowers and burns them like fire; that pain at once physical and mental, which invades both soul and body, penetrates to the depths of thought, and paralyzes mind as well as blood! Cold—the sinister demon who grazes the universe with his damp wing, and breathes pestilence on bewildered nations! Cold, tarnishing everything, unrolling its gray and nebulous veil over the sky's rich tints, the waters' reflections, the hearts of flowers, and the cheeks of maidens! Cold, that casts its white winding-sheet over fields and woods and lakes, even over the fur and feathers of animals! Cold, that discolors

all in the material as well as in the intellectual world; not only the coats of bears and hares on the shores of Archangel, but the very pleasures of man and the character of his habits in the spots it approaches! You surely see that everything is being civilized; that is to say, growing cold. The bronzed nations of the torrid zone are beginning to open their timid and suspicious hands to the snares of our skill; lions and tigers are being tamed, and come from the desert to amuse the peoples of the north. Animals which had never been able to grow accustomed to our climate, now leave their warm sun without dying, to live in domesticity among us, and even forget the proud and bitter sorrow which used to kill them when enslaved. It is because blood is congealing and growing poorer everywhere, while instinct grows and develops. The soul rises and leaves the earth, no longer sufficient for her needs, to steal the fire of Prometheus from heaven again: but, lost in darkness, it stops in its flight and falls; for God, seeing its presumption, stretches forth his hand and deprives it of the sun."

A TRAVELER'S LETTERS

I REMEMBER that when I was a child the hunters, towards autumn, brought home beautiful, gentle, blood-stained ring-doves. They would give me those that were still alive, and I took care of them. I did it with all the ardor and tenderness a mother lavishes upon her children, and was able to cure some of them. When their strength came back they grew sad, and refused the fresh beans they had pecked so greedily from my hand during their illness. As soon as they could spread their wings they became restless, and wounded themselves by dashing against the bars of their cage. They would have died of grief and fatigue if I had not set them free. And so, though I was a most selfish child, I trained myself to sacrifice the pleasure of possession to the pleasure of generosity. The day I carried one of my doves to the window was always one of keen emotion, triumphant joy, and invincible regret. I would kiss it a thousand times, and beg it to remember me, return, and feed on the tender beans in my garden. Then I would unclose my hand, but instantly close it again, so as to retain my friend, and embrace it anew with a swelling heart and brimming eyes. At last, after

much hesitation and many efforts, I would set it on the window-sill. It would remain motionless for a time, as though amazed, and almost afraid of its happiness; then start off with a little cry of joy that went to my very heart. I would follow it a long time with my eyes; and when it had disappeared behind the mountain-ash trees of the garden I began to weep bitterly, and made my mother anxious all day long by looking both ill and depressed.

When we parted, I was proud and happy to see you restored to life; and I attributed some of the glory of having brought this about to the care I had taken of you. I dreamed of better days, of a calmer life, for you. I saw you revive to youth, to affection, to glory. But when I had set you on shore,—when I found myself alone in that gondola as black as a coffin,—I felt that my soul was departing with you. The wind was tossing nothing but a sick and stupefied body on the restless lagoon. A man was waiting for me on the steps of the Piazzetta. "Courage!" he said. "Yes," I replied, "you said that same word to me one night when he lay dying in our arms, when we thought he had but an hour to live. Now he is saved, is on his way, is going to his country, his mother, his friends, his pleasures. 'Tis well; but think what you please of me, I regret that horrible night when his pale head rested on your shoulder and his cold hand lay in mine. He was here between us then, he is here no more. You are weeping too, though you shrug your shoulders. Your tears, you see, can argue no better than I do. He is gone; it was our wish: but he is here no longer—and we are in despair."

G. Sand.

The most beautiful object I saw at Chamonix was my daughter. You cannot imagine the self-possession and pride of this eight-year-old beauty at liberty in the mountains. Diana must have looked so as a child, when, as yet unskilled to follow the wild boar in horrible Erymanthea, she gamboled with young fawns on the gentle slopes of Hybla. Solange's fresh complexion fears neither wind nor sun. Her partly opened bodice leaves her strong chest bare, and nothing can sully its immaculate whiteness. Her long fair hair floats in soft ringlets down her supple and vigorous back, which nothing ever tires: neither the mules' hard and hurried step, nor a race down abrupt and slippery slopes, nor the tiers of rocks which have to be scaled for hours together. Brave and serious at all times, her cheek colors with

pride and scorn when any one tries to help her on. As robust as a mountain cedar, and fresh as a flower of the valley, she seems to divine, although she does not yet know, the value of intelligence; that the finger of God has touched her brow, and that some day she is destined to rule those by moral force whose physical power protects her now. At the Glacier des Bossons she said to me: "When I'm a queen, you may be sure, my dear George, that I'll give you the whole of Mont Blanc."

Her brother, although five years older, is less vigorous and less daring. Tender and gentle, he recognizes and instinctively reveres his sister's superiority; but he knows equally well that kind-heartedness is a treasure. He often says, "She will make you proud: I shall make you happy."

Perpetual care and joy of our life, our despotic flatterers, greedy for the very least pleasures, skillful in obtaining them either by persistency or obstinacy, frankly selfish, instinctively sure of their too legitimate independence,—children are our masters, no matter how firm we may pretend to be with them. In spite of their natural kindness, mine signalize themselves amongst the most fiery and difficult to manage; and I confess I know no way to make them bend to social forms, before society itself makes them feel its marble angles and iron harrows. I can find no good reason to give, to a spirit fresh from the hand of God and enjoying its free integrity, for subjecting it to so many useless and foolish servitudes. Unless I had such habits as I have not, and such charlatanism as I neither could nor would have, I do not understand how I could dare ask my children to recognize the pretended necessity of our ridiculous fetters. Therefore I have but one means,—authority: and I use it when I must,—that is, very rarely; besides, it is a thing I would not advise any one to try, unless they have the means of making themselves loved as much as feared.

Truly, no one had ever sufficiently praised the beauty of the sky and the charms of Venice to us. On fine evenings the lagoon is so calm that the stars do not tremble upon it. Out in the middle, it is so blue and smooth that the eye loses the horizon line, and sky and water become an azure veil, where revery loses its way and falls asleep The air is so pure and transparent that one discerns five hundred thousand times more stars in the sky than can be seen in our northern France. I have seen nights when there were so many stars that their silvery

whiteness held more space in the vault of the firmament than the blue of the ether. There was such a sprinkling of diamonds that there was quite as much light as the moon gives in Paris. I do not wish to insinuate anything against our moon: she is a pale beauty whose melancholy says more to our intellect than this one does, perhaps. Hazy nights in our mild provinces have charms that no one has enjoyed more than I, and that no one has less desire to disown. Nature here, being more vigorous in her influence, may perhaps silence the intellect a little too much. She sends thought to sleep, agitates hearts, and rules the senses. Unless one be a man of genius, it is useless to think of writing poems during these voluptuous nights: one must either love or sleep.

There is one delightful spot for sleeping: it is the flight of marble steps leading from the viceroy's garden to the Canal. When the gilded gate is closed on the garden side, you can be rowed in a gondola to these flagstones still warm with the setting sun's rays, and not be disturbed by any intruding pedestrian unless he has the means of reaching you by the faith St. Peter lacked. I have spent many an hour there all alone, thinking of nothing, while Catullo and his gondola slept out on the water, within call of my whistle. When the midnight breeze blows over the lime-trees, and shakes their blossoms on the water; when the perfume of geraniums and clove-trees rises in puffs as if the earth were exhaling balmy sighs under the moon's gaze; when the cupolas of Santa Maria raise their alabaster hemispheres and their turban-crowned minarets to the sky; when water, sky, and marble — the three elements of Venice — are all white, and a great brazen voice floats over my head from the tower of St. Mark,— I begin to live by my pores alone, and woe to him who might come and appeal to my soul! I vegetate, rest, forget. Who, in my place, would not do the same? How could you expect me to worry about finding out whether Mr. So-and-So has written an article on my books, or whether Mr. What's-his-Name has declared my principles dangerous and my cigar immoral? All I can say is, that these gentlemen are very good to trouble about me, and that if I had no debts I should not leave the viceroy's steps to give them food for scandal at my desk. "*Ma la fama*," says proud Alfieri. "*Ma la fame*," gayly replies Gozzi.*

* « But — fame! » « But — hunger! »

I defy any one to prevent me from sleeping agreeably when I see Venice, so impoverished, so oppressed, and so wretched, defy Time and men to prevent *her* from being beautiful and serene. There she is, all around me, looking at her reflection in her lagoons, with the air of a sultana; and are not those fishermen who sleep on the pavement of the opposite shore both winter and summer, with no other pillow than a granite step, and no other mattress than their slashed jackets, a great example of philosophy as well? When they have not the wherewithal for a pound of rice, they sing a chorus to forget their hunger; and in the same way they defy both their masters and their misery, accustomed as they are to brave heat, cold, and squalls. It will take many a year of slavery to completely brutalize this careless and frivolous disposition, that has lived on amusements and festivities so many years. Life in Venice is still so easy! Nature there is so rich and so readily turned to account! The sea and the lagoons teem with fish and game, and there is enough shellfish caught in the open streets to feed all the population. Gardens make excellent returns: there is not a corner of that rich clay which does not generously produce more fruits and vegeta bles than a field on *terra firma*. Every day, boats loaded with fruits, flowers, and such sweet-smelling herbs that their perfumed trace can be scented in the early morning mist, come in from the thousand islets dotting the lagoon. The port being free, foreign commodities are not dear; the most exquisite wines from the Archipelago cost less at Venice than the commonest wine at Paris. Oranges arrive from Palermo in such profusion that on the day the Sicilian vessel comes into port, ten of the finest can be bought for four or five cents of our money. Hence animal life is the least cause of expense at Venice, and the transportation of provisions is so easily effected that it fosters the indolence of the natives. Market produce comes to your house-door by water, and hucksters pass through the streets and over the bridges. The exchange of money for daily food is managed by means of a rope and basket. In this way a family can be abundantly supplied without going out, or even sending a servant. What a difference between this convenient mode of existence and the laborious toil that a family merely half-poor is obliged to perform every single day in Paris, and then only to dine worse than the poorest Venetian workman! What a difference too, between the preoccupied and serious faces of the

people who jostle each other and hurry, get muddy and elbow their way through the Parisian crowd, and the easy-going pace of these Venetians, who sing as they crawl along, and lie down every now and then on the smooth, warm pavement of the quays! The traders who bring their whole stock to Venice daily in a single basket are the jolliest wags in the world, and retail jokes with their wares. The fishmonger, at the close of his day's wanderings, tired and hoarse after shouting all the morning, comes and sits down in a square or on a parapet; and to sell his remnants he throws out the most ingenious invitations to all who pass by, or to the smokers on the neighboring balconies. "Just look!" he says: "this is the finest fish I had in the whole lot! I kept it till now, because I know that rich people dine later than others nowadays. See these fine sardines, four for two centimes. One glance of the pretty housemaid at this fine fish, and another into the bargain at the poor fisherman!" The water-carrier makes puns while offering his merchandise. "*Aqua fresca e tenera.*" The gondolier at his station solicits passengers with marvelous offers. "Are we going to Trieste this evening, my lord? Here is a fine gondola, not afraid of a gale on the high seas, and a gondolier who can row to Constantinople without stopping!"

Unexpected pleasures are the only pleasures in this world. Yesterday I wanted to see the moon rise on the Adriatic; I never could induce Catullo the elder to take me to the shore of the Lido. He pretended what they all pretend when they do not want to obey, that wind and tide were against him. I most cordially wished the doctor to the deuce for having sent me this asthmatic fellow, who gives up the ghost at every stroke of his oar, and chatters more than a thrush when he is in his cups. I was in the worst kind of humor when, in front of the Salute, we met a boat slowly gliding down towards the Grand Canal, shedding the sounds of a delicious serenade, like a perfume, in its wake. "Turn your prow," I said to old Catullo: "I hope you'll have at least the strength to follow that boat."

Another boat loitering about there followed my example, then a second one, and yet another; and at last, all those out breathing the evening freshness on the Canalazzo, and even some empty boats, began to row towards us, their gondoliers shouting "Music! Music!" in as famished a way as the Israelites clamoring for manna in the desert. In ten minutes a flotilla had formed about the dilettanti; every oar was silent, and the boats

were carried on by the current. The harmony swept softly on with the breeze, and the oboe sighed so tenderly that every one held his breath for fear of interrupting its love-plaints. The violin began to weep so sadly and with so sympathetic a quivering that I dropped my pipe and pulled my cap down to my eyes. Then the harp let us hear two or three scales of harmonious sounds which seemed to come down from heaven, and promise the caresses and consolations of angels to suffering souls on earth. Next the horn came out of the heart of the woods, as it were; and each one of us thought he saw his first love come from the heights of the forests of Frioul, and draw near to the joyous sound of the flourish. The oboe addressed her with more passionate words than those of a dove following its beloved through the air. The violin breathed throbs of convulsive joy; the harp made its deep strings vibrate generously, as if they were the palpitations of a flaming heart; and the tones of the four instruments clasped each other like blessed souls embracing before departing for heaven together. I caught and held their accents, and my imagination heard them long after they had ceased. Their passage had left a magic warmth in the atmosphere, as if Love had shaken it with his wings.

A few moments of silence, which no one dared to break, followed. The melodious bark began to move more rapidly, as if it wished to escape from us; but we dashed in its wake. We were like a flock of petrels fighting to be the first to seize a gold-fish. We pressed around it, the great steel saws of our prows shining in the moonlight like the fiery teeth of Ariosto's dragons. The fugitive freed itself in Orpheus's manner: a few chords on the harp made all fall into silence and order again. At the sound of the light arpeggios, three gondolas took their place at either side of the one carrying the symphony, and followed the adagio with a religiously slow movement. The others dropped behind, forming a retinue; and this was not the worst place for hearing. These rows of silent gondolas, gliding so gently down the wide and magnificent Venetian canal, were a sight made to realize the loveliest of dreams. At the sound of the sweetest strains of 'Oberon' and 'William Tell,' every ripple, every light rebound of the oars, seemed to respond fondly to the sentiment of each musical phrase. The gondoliers, standing in their bold attitude at the stern, were outlined against the blue air like thin black spectres, behind the groups of friends and lovers they were rowing. The moon was rising slowly, and began to show her

inquisitive face above the roofs; she too seemed to be listening, and to like the music. One of the palace-lined banks of the Canal, still steeped in darkness, stenciled its huge Moorish lace-work, blacker than the gates of hell, against the sky. The other bank received the reflection of the full moon, now as broad and white as a silver shield, on its serene and silent façades. This immense line of fairy-like buildings, illumined by no other light than that of the heavenly bodies, was truly sublime in its look of solitude, repose, and immobility. The slender statues, rising by hundreds against the sky, seemed flights of mysterious spirits charged to protect the mute city's rest, plunged thus in a slumber like that of the Sleeping Beauty, and condemned like her to sleep a hundred years and more

We rowed along thus for nearly an hour. The gondoliers had become rather wild. Old Catullo himself bounded at the allegro, and followed the rapid course of the little fleet. Then his oar would take an amoroso movement at the andante, and he would accompany it with a sort of grunt of beatitude. The orchestra halted under the portico of the White Lion. I leaned over to see "my lord" step out of his gondola. He was a splenetic child of seventeen or eighteen, burdened with a long Turkish pipe, that he could not have smoked completely without becoming consumptive to the last degree. He looked very much bored; but he had paid for a serenade that I had enjoyed far more than he, and for which I was very much obliged to him. G. Sand.

SIMON

[The Count de Fougères had emigrated before the Revolution. During his exile he had been a merchant in Istria, had married an Italian, and when he returned brought a daughter, Fiamma, with him. She having republican blood in her veins,— the blood of those brave bandits who had held out against Austria to the death,— does not want to have the old aristocratic privileges revived in her favor. The novel closes by her marrying Simon, —a young lawyer, the son of peasants,— who typifies all the sufferings of the intelligent and generous *déclassé* of society.]

Meanwhile the Count de Fougères came to take possession of his new home. The villagers were too anxious to make him pay a sort of "earnest money," to spare him the infliction of new merry-makings and new honors. When he saw there

was no escape, he yielded gracefully and presented his "dear vassals" with a barrel of wine, at the same time wishing with all his heart that their warm affection towards him might cool a little. But that was not the way to do it. He was welcomed, extolled, complimented, awakened at dawn to the sound of bagpipes a second time, and re-bombarded with fire-crackers. He took it in good part, shook hands an incredible number of times, raised his hat even to the village dogs, composed an infinite quantity of variations on the invariable words of his gracious replies, endured the interminable and fatiguing conversations with evangelic patience; and having made himself as popular a sovereign as possible, went to bed worn out with fatigue, infected by proletarian miasmas, while his administrative brain calculated by how much he could raise this one's rent and lower that one's wages, on account of all these loans of paternal affability. Mademoiselle de Fougères displayed a disposition which was pronounced haughty and impertinent, by shutting herself up in her room during all these sentimental pasquinades. She remained invisible, and her father could not make her retiring sincerity bend to the politic considerations due to his position; she had a mute and respectful way of opposing him that broke him like a straw — him, so mean in thought, feeling, and language. He felt that he could rule that iron soul by conviction alone, and that the power to convince was precisely what he lacked. Feeling that it would be a hopeless task to punish his daughter, he was obliged to allow her to hide or be silent.

A few days after these extraordinary festivals, the village patron saint's day was to be celebrated. Monsieur de Fougères had gone to a cattle fair in Bourbonnais the previous day; for no sooner had he been made lord of the manor than he became a dealer again. Among all the persons who had testified their zeal, one thought he had not sufficiently bent the knee before his name and title. This was the village priest; a young man with neither judgment nor true piety, but who, having read some old ecclesiastical documents, wanted to resuscitate a singular custom at the earliest opportunity. On the patron saint's day the sexton was sent to Mademoiselle de Fougères, requesting her not to fail to be present at the blessing of the Holy Sacrament. This message surprised the young Italian very much. She thought it strange for a priest to arrogate to himself the right to point out her duty in such a manner. Nevertheless, she did not think she

could be excused from performing what her education rendered sacred. Still, fearing some such snare as she had hitherto been able to avoid, she did not go into the raised pew reserved for the ancient lords of Fougères,—a pew placed in full sight to the right of the choir, and now furnished with a rug and several arm-chairs at the priest's own expense. Fiamma waited until vespers had begun; then slipped into church in the plainest garments, and mingled with the crowd of women who in that part of the country kneel on the church pavement. She hated the flattery paid to any special class; but thought that before God she could not bow down with too much humility.

It was vain for her to hope to escape the village priest's scrutinizing glance, or the sexton's, who had been told to find her. The church was very small; and besides, the custom of the country separates the women from the men, and gathers the former in one of the naves. Between the 'Magnificat' and the 'Pange Lingua,' in the interval used by the officiating priest for putting on his pontifical vestments, the sexton passed through the feminine crowd, and in the priest's name came to beg Mademoiselle de Fougères to take a place more suited to her rank. When she refused to go to the pew, the obstinate assistant had an arm-chair and a hassock placed near the railing separating the two sexes at the entrance to the choir, just as he would have done for his bishop. He thought that Mademoiselle de Fougères would not be able to resist this flattering invitation, and concluded to go back to the altar.

In the mean time the rows of women separating Mademoiselle de Fougères from the insolent arm-chair had opened, and every eye seemed to be requesting her to condescend to take possession of it. Jeanne Féline alone, whose fervent prayer was somewhat disturbed, and whose honest and incorruptible good-sense was no less shocked, by what was going on, lowered her prayer-book, raised her hood, and fixed on Mademoiselle de Fougères a look in which the pride of virtue and the fire of youth shone amidst all the ravages of age and sorrow. Fiamma saw her, and recognized Simon's mother by a distant likeness of features and a striking similarity of expression. She had heard this woman's merit praised, and had wished for an opportunity to make her acquaintance. She therefore bore the look quietly, and by her own expressed that she was ready to enter into communication with her.

Madame Féline, as bold and ingenuous as truth itself, addressed her at once, and whispered:—

"Well, mademoiselle, what does your conscience bid you do?"

"My conscience," replied Fiamma unhesitatingly, "bids me stay here and offer you the arm-chair as a mark of respect due you."

Jeanne Féline was so far from expecting this answer that she was dumbfounded.

Mademoiselle de Fougères was not, like her father, a person who could be accused of courting popularity. She was said to have the opposite failing, and Jeanne could not understand why she had remained in the general crowd from the beginning of the ceremony. At length her face softened; and resisting Fiamma, who wanted to lead her to the arm-chair, she said.—

"No, not I: it would ill become me to take a place of honor before God, who sees the depths of all hearts and our weakness. But look! there is the oldest woman in the village,—one who has known four generations; she usually has a chair, but is kneeling on the ground to-day. They forgot her on your account."

Mademoiselle de Fougères followed the direction of Jeanne's gesture, and saw a centenarian, for whom some young girls had made a sort of cushion with their fustian cloaks. She went towards her, and with Madame Féline's assistance, helped her to rise and sit down in the arm-chair. The old woman did not resist, not understanding what was taking place, and thanked them by nodding her trembling head.

Mademoiselle de Fougères knelt on the pavement close to Jeanne, so as to be entirely hidden by the back of the great arm-chair; in which the ancient dame, who performed her religious duties by mere force of habit, owing to her age soon fell quietly asleep.

The priest, however, knowing that downcast eyes harmonize with the fervor of an officiator, could just see a woman with a white head-covering in the arm-chair. He fancied that his negotiations had been successful, and began to officiate calmly; but when the time came for the explosion of his great project, —when he had descended the three steps of the altar and knelt to burn incense before the Holy Sacrament, crossed the choir and walked towards the arm-chair to render the same honor to Mademoisellede Fougères according to ancient feudal custom,—he

noticed his mistake, and his arm remained suspended between heaven and earth; while all the congregation of the faithful, eyes and mouths wide open, were wondering why these unusual honors were being paid to Mother Mathurin.

The young priest did not lose his composure: but seeing that Mademoiselle de Fougères had carried her point, with a little obstinacy and malice showed her that she was not to have it all her own way; for turning briskly to the other side, he swung the censers towards the seignorial pew, thus giving the empty place the honors due more to the title than to its bearers. The whole village was amazed; and it took more than six months to make the commentators, who were worn out by inquiries and discussions, adopt the true version of the event. The relatives of the centenarian did not fail to say that she had been blessed in virtue of an ancient custom giving this preference to persons a hundred years old; and that the priest had found it in the archives of the commune. As for the old woman, being nearly blind and more than half asleep when she was thus honored, as her ear was fortunate enough to be forever closed to all human speech and all worldly noise, she died without ever knowing that she had had incense burned before her.

FRANÇOIS THE FIELD-FOUNDLING

Preface to 'François le Champi'

The moon shed a dim silver light on the paths through the darkened fields as R—— and I were on our way home from a walk. It was a mild and softly clouded autumn evening; and we were noticing the sonority peculiar to the air, as well as the indefinable mystery pervading nature at that season. One might say that as the heavy winter sleep draws nigh, all things and creatures furtively endeavor to enjoy the last remnants of life and animation before the fatal coming on of benumbing frost; and as if they wanted to cheat the flight of time, and feared to be surprised and interrupted in the last gambols of their merry-making, gave themselves up silently and without apparent activity to their nocturnal ecstasies. Birds utter smothered cries instead of the joyous flourishes of summer days. The insect in the furrows lets us hear an indiscreet exclamation now and then; but interrupts itself at once, and quickly transfers its

chirp or plaint to another rallying-point. Plants hasten to exhale their last perfume, all the sweeter for being subtler and long repressed. The fading leaves dare not quiver under the breath of the breeze; while the flocks graze in silence, without a sound of strife or love.

Even we, my friend and I, walked cautiously; instinctive meditation holding us mute, and as it were, observant of nature's softened beauty and the enchanting harmony of her last chords, now dying away in an imperceptible pianissimo. Autumn is a graceful and melancholy andante, admirably introducing the solemn adagio of winter.

At length my friend, who had followed my thoughts as I had followed his, in spite of our silence, said: "All this is so calm, and seems absorbed in a revery so foreign and indifferent to the labors, foresight, and cares of man, that it makes me wonder what expression, what coloring, what manifestation of art and poetry human intelligence could give to the physiognomy of nature at this particular moment. And to make the aim of my inquiry clearer to you, I will compare this evening, this sky and this landscape,— all of them so dim yet so harmonious and complete,— to the soul of a wise and pious peasant who works and profits by his labor, enjoys his peculiar kind of life without feeling the need or the wish, and without having the means to manifest or express, his inner life. I try to set myself in the heart of this mystery of rustic and natural life,— I, the civilized creature, who do not know how to enjoy by instinct alone,— and am forever tormented by the desire to render an account, both to myself and others, of my contemplation or my meditation."

"And then," continued my friend, "I am anxiously seeking what connection can be established between my too active intelligence, and the peasant's which is not active enough; just as I was wondering a while ago what painting, music,— in short, what the description, the translation by art,— could add to the beauty of this autumn night, which reveals itself to me by its mysterious reticence, and penetrates me although I do not know by what magic communication."

"Let me see whether I fully understand how the question is stated," I replied. "Let us take this October night, this colorless sky, this music without any marked or sequent melody, this calm of nature, and the peasant who by his simplicity comes nearer to enjoying and understanding, without describing it. than

we do,—and putting all these together, let us call it *primitive life*, relatively to our developed and complicated existence, which I will call *factitious life*. You ask what the possible connection, the direct link, between these two opposite states of the existence of things and creatures may be, between the palace and the cottage, the artist and his creation, the poet and the plowman."

"Yes," he resumed; "and to state it precisely,—between the language spoken by this nature, this primitive life, and these instincts, and that spoken by art, science,—in a word, by *knowledge*."

"To speak in the language you adopt, I should answer that the connection between *knowledge* and *sensation* is *feeling*."

"The definition of that *feeling* is precisely what I am questioning you about, while I am interrogating myself. The manifestation that so puzzles me is intrusted to it; this definition is the art—the artist, if you choose—commissioned to translate the candor, grace, and charm of primitive life for those who live the factitious life alone, and who are (permit me to say so) the greatest idiots in the world when they stand before nature and her divine secrets."

"You ask for nothing less than the very secret of art: seek that in the bosom of God, for no artist can reveal it to you. He does not know it himself, and could not give an account of either his inspiration or his impotence. How are we to express beauty, simplicity, and truth? Indeed, I do not know. And who could teach us? Not even the greatest artists could do it, for if they tried they would no longer be artists, but become critics; and as for criticism—!"

"Criticism," resumed my friend, "has been revolving around the mystery for centuries without understanding anything about it. But, pardon me, that is not precisely what I was asking. I am even more of a barbarian just now; I call the very power of art in question. I despise it; I annihilate it; I maintain that art is not born, that it does not exist, or if it has existed its time is past. It is worn out, it has no more forms, it has no more breath, it no longer has the means to sing the beauty of truth. Nature is a work of art; but God is the only existing artist, and man is but a tasteless compiler. Nature is beautiful; she exhales *feeling* at every pore: and with her, love and youth and beauty are undying. But man has only absurd means and miserable faculties for feeling and expressing them. He would do best if

he let them alone,—were silent and absorbed in contemplation. Come, what do you say to this?"

"That plan would suit me, and I should be quite content to follow it," I answered.

"Ah! you go too far," he exclaimed, "and enter into my paradox too fully. I am pleading: put in a rejoinder."

"Then I will say that one of Petrarch's sonnets has its own relative beauty equal to the beauty of the water at Vaucluse; that a Ruysdael landscape has a charm as great as that of such an evening as this; that Mozart sings as well in the language of men as Philomel in that of the birds; that Shakespeare presents passions, feelings, and instincts, just as the most primitive and truthful man can feel them. This is art, the connection,—*feeling*, in short."

"Yes, it is a work of transformation! But suppose it does not satisfy me? Even if you were right a thousand times over by all the decrees of taste and æsthetics, what if I find Petrarch's verses less harmonious than the sound of the waterfall, and feel the same about the rest? If I maintained that there is a charm in this evening that no one could reveal to me unless I had enjoyed it myself, and that all Shakespeare's passion is cold compared to what I can see blazing in a jealous peasant's eyes when he beats his wife, what would you say? The point here is to persuade my 'feeling.' And what if it eludes your examples, resists your proofs? Then art would not be an invincible demonstrator, and *feeling* not always satisfied with the best of definitions."

"I see nothing to reply to this, indeed, except that art is a demonstration whose proof is in nature; that the pre-existing fact of this proof is ever present to justify or contradict the demonstration, and that one cannot make a good one unless the proof is examined with love and faith."

"Then the demonstration cannot do without the proof; but may the proof not get along without the demonstration?"

"No doubt God could; but I am ready to wager that you, who are now talking as if you were not one of us, would not understand anything about the proof if you had not found the demonstration in a thousand forms in the tradition of art, and if you were not yourself a demonstration forever acting upon the proof."

"Ah! that's just the fact I am finding fault with. I should like to get rid of this eternal demonstration that so irritates me;

erase all forms and teachings of art from my memory; never think of painting when I look at a landscape, nor of music when I listen to the wind, nor of poetry when I admire and appreciate the whole effect. I should like to enjoy everything by instinct, because it seems to me that that cricket now chirping is more joyous and ecstatic than I."

"In short, you complain of being a man."

"No; but I complain of no longer being the primitive man."

"It remains to be proved whether he enjoyed, since he could not understand."

"I do not imagine him like the brutes. The moment he was a man he understood and felt differently. But I cannot form a clear idea of his emotions, and that torments me. Therefore I would like to be what present society permits a great many men to be from the cradle to the grave,—a peasant, and a peasant unable to read, but to whom God has given good instincts, a peaceful disposition, an honest conscience; and in that torpor of useless faculties and ignorance of depraved tastes, I believe I could be as happy as the primitive man dreamed of by Jean Jacques."

"I often have the same dream myself: who has not? But it would not make your argument win the day, for the simplest and most ingenuous peasant is an artist after all; and I claim that their art is superior to ours. It has another form, but it appeals to my soul more than all those of our civilization. Rustic songs, tales, and stories, paint in a few words what our literature merely knows how to amplify and disguise."

"Then I am right," resumed my friend. "That art is purest and best because it goes to nature for inspiration; is in directer contact with it. I may have gone too far when I said that art was good for nothing; but I said too that I would like to feel as a peasant does, and I do not unsay that. There are some popular songs in Brittany, made by beggars, which in their three stanzas are worth all that Goethe or Byron ever wrote, and prove that the appreciation of the true and beautiful was more complete and spontaneous in those simple souls than in the most illustrious poets. And as for music? Have we not admirable melodies in our country? True, our peasants have no painting; but they have it in their speech, which is a hundred times more expressive, more energetic, and more logical than our literary language."

"I admit that," I answered: "and the last point particularly is a cause of despair; because I am obliged to write in the language of the Academy, when there is another I know so much better, and which is so far superior for expressing a whole order of emotions, sentiments and thoughts."

"Yes, yes, the world devoid of art!" he said; "the unknown world, closed to our modern art, and that no amount of study will allow even you to express to yourself,—you, the peasant by nature,—if you wished to introduce it into the domain of civilized art, into the intellectual intercourse of artificial life."

"Alas!" I replied, "that fact has often been in my mind. Like all civilized beings, I have seen and felt that primitive life has been the dream, the ideal, of all men and all times. From the shepherds of Longus to those of Trianon, pastoral life has been a perfumed Eden, where souls tormented and wearied by the world's tumult have tried to take refuge. Art, the great flatterer and obliging purveyor of consolation for all over-happy people, has gone through an uninterrupted series of *pastorals*. I have often wanted to write a learned and critical book entitled 'The History of Pastorals,' wherein all the various sylvan dreams so passionately cherished by the upper classes would have been reviewed. I should have followed their modifications, which were always in an inverse ratio to the depravity of morals, and grew purer and more sentimental in proportion as society became more shameless and corrupt. I wish I could *order* such a book from an author more capable of writing it than I am; and I should then read it with pleasure. It would be a complete treatise on art; for music, painting, architecture, literature in all its forms, the drama, poetry, novels, eclogue, songs, even fashions, gardens, and costumes, have had to submit to the infatuation of the pastoral dream. . . . I have often asked myself why there are no more shepherds; for we are not so impassioned for Truth in these latter days, that our arts and literature have the right to despise these conventional types in favor of those that fashion is now introducing. We are all given over to energy and atrocity at present, and are embroidering ornaments on the canvas of these passions, terrible enough to set our hair on end if we could but take them seriously."

"If we have no more shepherds," returned my friend,—"if literature no longer has that false ideal, which was worth as much as to-day's,—perhaps it is because art is making an unconscious

attempt to level itself, to put itself within the reach of all classes of intelligence. Does not the dream of equality, flung into society, drive art to become brutal and impetuous, so as to awaken the instincts and passions common to all men, of whatsoever rank they may be? Truth has not yet been reached. It lies no more in disfigured reality than in over-ornamented ideality: but it is quite evident that it is being sought; and if it is not well sought, the seekers are none the less eager to find it. For instance, the drama, poetry, and the novel have dropped the crook and taken up the dagger; and when rustic life is put upon the scene they give it a certain realistic form, not found in the pastorals of former days. Yet there is but little poetry in it, and I find fault with this; still I do not see the means of elevating the rustic ideal without heightening its color or blackening it. You have often thought of doing it, I know; but will you succeed?"

"I do not hope to," I replied; "for I have no form to cast it in, and my feeling for rustic simplicity finds no language for its expression. If I make the rustic speak as he really does, the civilized reader would need a translation on the opposite page; and if I make him speak as we do, then I make an unnatural creature of him, and have to pretend that he has ideas he really has not."

"And even if you did make him speak as he does, your own language would make a disagreeable contrast every moment; and you have laid yourself open to that reproach, in my opinion. You portrayed a rustic maiden, called her Jeanne, and put words in her mouth which strictly speaking she might say. But you, the novelist, wishing to make your readers share the attraction you feel in delineating the type, compare her to a druidess, a Joan of Arc, and what not. Your feelings and your words alongside of hers have the same incongruous effect as the clash of harsh tones in a picture; and I cannot quite enter into nature thus, even when it is idealized. You have made a better study of truth since then, in 'La Mare au Diable' [The Devil's Pool]. But I am not satisfied yet. The author still peeps out now and then; there are *authors' words* in it. . . . You must try again, even though you do not succeed; masterpieces are only successful attempts. Provided you make conscientious attempts, you may console yourself for not making masterpieces."

"I am consoled on that point beforehand," I replied, "and will begin again whenever you wish: advise me."

« Yesterday, for instance, we were at the rustic wake at the farm," he said. « The hemp-breaker told stories up to two o'clock in the morning. The village priest's servant helped or corrected him: she was a somewhat cultured peasant; he was ignorant, but happily endowed and very eloquent in his own way. These two persons jointly told us a rather long, true story, which appeared to be a familiar novel. Do you remember it?"

« Perfectly, and I could repeat it literally in their very language."

« Their language would need a translation: you must write in French, and not allow yourself a single word which does not belong to the language, unless it be so intelligible that a footnote would be useless for the reader."

« I see you are setting me a task fit to make me lose my mind,—one I have never plunged into without coming out dissatisfied with myself, and penetrated by a sense of my weakness."

« Never mind! You will plunge into it again; I know the artist nature: nothing stimulates you as much as obstacles, and you do poorly what you do without suffering. Come, begin,—tell me the story of the 'Champi'; but not as I heard it with you. It was a masterpiece for our minds and ears 'to the manner born.' Tell it as if there were a Parisian at your right speaking the modern language, and a peasant at your left before whom you would not wish to say a word or phrase he could not fathom. Thus you will have to speak plainly for the Parisian, simply for the peasant. One will rebuke you for absence of color, the other for that of elegance; but I shall be there too,—I, who am trying to find the conditions by which art, without ceasing to be art for every one, may enter into the mystery of primitive simplicity, and communicate to the mind the charm pervading nature."

« We are going to make a joint *study*, it seems."

« Yes; for I shall interfere when you stumble."

THE BUDDING AUTHOR

From 'Convent Life of George Sand.' Copyright 1893, by Roberts Brothers

I BEGAN, of course, by writing verses; rebelling against the Alexandrine, which however I understood perfectly. I tried to preserve a sort of rhythm without attending to the rhyme or the cæsura; and composed many verses that had a great success among the girls, who were not very critical. At last I took it into my head to write a novel; and though I was not at all religious at that time, I made my story very pious and edifying. It was more of a tale, however, than a novel. The hero and heroine met in the dusk of evening, in the country, at the foot of a shrine, where they had come to say their prayers. They admired and exhorted each other by turns. I knew that they ought to fall in love, but I could not manage it. Sophia urged me on; but when I had described them both as beautiful and perfect beings, when I had brought them together in an enchanting spot at the entrance of a Gothic chapel under the shade of lofty oaks, I never could get any further. It was not possible for me to describe the emotions of love: I had not a word to say, and gave it up. I succeeded in making them ardently pious; — not that I knew any more about piety than I did about love; but I had examples of piety all the time before my eyes, and perhaps even then the germ was unconsciously developing within me. At all events, my young couple, after several chapters of travel and adventure that I have completely forgotten, separated at last, both consecrating themselves to God,— the heroine taking the veil, and the hero becoming a priest.

Sophia and Anna thought my novel very well written, and they liked some things about it; but they declared that the hero (who rejoiced, by the way, in the name of Fitzgerald) was dreadfully tiresome, and they did not seem to consider the heroine much more amusing. There was a mother whom they liked better; but upon the whole my prose was less successful than my verses, and I was not much charmed with it myself.

Then I wrote a pastoral romance in verse, still worse than the novel; and one winter day I put it into the stove. Then I stopped writing, and decided that it was not an amusing occupation, though I had taken infinite delight in the preliminary composition.

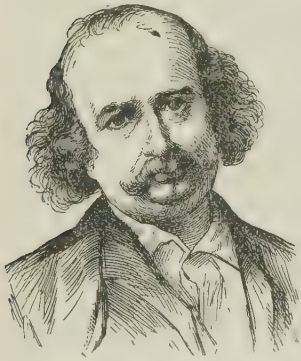
Translation of Maria Ellery Mackaye.

LÉONARD SYLVAIN JULES SANDEAU

(1811–1883)

WHEN Jules Sandeau (as he is usually known) was a humble young law student, he visited Nohant, and there he met the young Baroness Dudevant (George Sand), whose influence was to change the whole course of his life. Up to that time he had pursued the regular routine of French boys.

Born in the heart of France — at Aubusson, in the Department of Creuse — in 1811, he passed his school days there; and then was sent to the law school in Paris. It was during one of his vacation trips that he and Baroness Dudevant discovered their congeniality of tastes and ambitions. She was heartily tired of her husband and of an irksome domestic life, and convinced of her own latent power of authorship; while Sandeau too inclined more toward literature than law. So they went to Paris together in 1831, when Sandeau was twenty and Madame Dudevant twenty-seven. There they rented a garret on the Quai Saint Michel, and toiled cheerfully for a meagre livelihood.



JULES SANDEAU

Henri de Latouche, editor-in-chief of Le Figaro, became interested in these gifted young Bohemians. He subjected them to severe but helpful criticism, and accepted some of their sketches for his paper. At his suggestion they wrote a novel in collaboration,—'Rose et Blanche,' a colorless tale not indicative of either's power. It is said that Sandeau suggested the plot of George Sand's powerful novel 'Indiana.' He also furnished her with her *nom de plume:* George because upon St. George's day he advised her to try her hand alone, and Sand from his own name.

The *liaison* terminated in two years, when Sandeau went off to Italy; and with the exception of one moment's chance encounter, the two never met again. Unquestionably the strongly emotional period spent with the gifted young woman deepened Sandeau's nature, and stimulated all his faculties. He continued to write, and proved his possession of individual though not powerful talent. In 1839 'Marianna' appeared,—a delicate analysis of the ebb and flow of passion;

and its success enabled him to become a frequent contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes.

The true value of Sandeau's work lay in a nobility of sentiment which was the spontaneous expression of his own nature. He was always obliged to earn his own living; yet he never allowed mercenary considerations to affect the quality of his work. His novels are models of careful construction. He could not treat overwhelming passions; but his refined nature had an intuitive appreciation of the more delicate emotions acquired by civilized society. He was particularly fond of depicting the inevitable repulsion experienced by the ancient aristocracy when forced to meet and adapt itself to new and more democratic social conditions. This was the theme of 'Mademoiselle de la Seiglière,' and also of 'La Maison de Penarvan,' — two of his strongest books. That he could also write charmingly for children is shown in 'La Roche aux Mouettes.'

It was Sandeau's fate to be associated with greater minds, to whom perhaps more than their share of praise was sometimes given. He wrote several plays in collaboration with Émile Augier; notably 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier,' which ranks as one of the best modern French comedies. He did not cater to public taste, and never became widely popular. It was his fellow authors who most respected and admired him.

In spite of his scanty means, he was very generous. During his early struggles he and the great Balzac were friends. It is said that one day Balzac, hard pressed for a small sum, asked Sandeau for it. Sandeau went out, and by pawning his overcoat raised the money, and took it to him. A few days later, Balzac asked the loan of Sandeau's coat. "I cannot give it to you," said Sandeau simply; and Balzac stormed at his meanness until shamed by a discovery of the truth. Another time, feeling sorry for an old, poor, and embittered publisher named Werdet, he presented him with the manuscript of one of his ablest and most popular stories, 'Le Docteur Herbleu.' Naturally he himself never became rich; although he was made comfortable by the proceeds of his writing, augmented by his salary as librarian, — first at the Mazarin library, to which position he was appointed in 1853, and later at St. Cloud. Upon the downfall of the second Napoleon this office was abolished; and Sandeau was granted a pension.

Sandeau was elected Academician in 1859. His literary activity extended over about twenty-five years; and he ceased to write many years before his death on April 24th, 1883. Although he had little influence in determining the trend of literature, Sandeau was a decided romanticist in the early days of the romantic movement. His tales are pleasant rather than exciting reading; most noteworthy for delicacy of perception and sympathetic delineation of character.

HOW THE HISTORY OF PENARVAN WAS WRITTEN

From 'The House of Penarvan'

[The Marquise de Penarvan, an aristocrat of the old régime, has been actuated all her life by a ruling passion of family pride. She sacrifices her husband to it; and after his death, her greatest interest is the history of the family of Penarvan, which the Abbé Pyrmil, the chaplain and devoted friend of the family, is writing. She does not love her only child,— her daughter Paule,— because she cannot perpetuate the family name.

After vainly trying to win her mother's consent to her marriage with Henri Coverley,— a young man who, although not of noble birth, is in every other respect worthy of her,— Paule marries without it.]

From the day of her marriage Paule was seized with what some would call a natural, others a morbid, self-reproach, the suffering of which was increased by everything which otherwise would have rendered her happy. She had made a desperate effort to secure the bliss so long coveted, and the capacity of enjoying it when attained was denied to her.

Young, beautiful, worshiped by her husband, in the midst of everything this world can offer of comfort and pleasure, she suffered unremittingly, and in secret wept bitterly; loving her husband as much as ever, the wealth and luxury with which he surrounded her she simply hated. Her thoughts were perpetually reverting to the stern mother, and the old château she had forsaken. A strange sort of yearning for its poverty and simplicity took possession of her soul. She turned with loathing from all the magnificence that her sensitive feelings compared with the penury of the home where her early life had been overshadowed and saddened.

For the first time she understood the grand side of her mother's character,— the dignity of her uncomplaining poverty. She was haunted by the thought of the tears she had — for the first time — seen in those eyes, the severe or forgiving glance of which she was never again to meet; they seemed to be dropping like molten lead on her heart.

Henri lavished upon her all that the most devoted affection and tenderest care could devise. His patience, his delicacy of feeling, never failed; and she responded to his love with passionate affection.

"Oh, if you knew how I love you!" she would say. "I would suffer far more even than I do suffer, rather than forego the

blessing of being your wife. Yes, I bless the hour when I first saw you; and I thank God morning, noon, and night for the priceless gift of your love. But oh, forgive me if I cannot be happy, if I cannot forget; if I cannot live on in the midst of splendor and gayety, unforgiven and unblest by my mother."

If Henri reminded her of all she had suffered under that mother's roof, she would answer: —

"I was not patient enough; I did not wait as I ought to have done, Henri. I think — I have thought so ever since — that she was beginning to love me when I left her."

They wrote: only the abbé answered, and his letters held out no hope. They still went on writing, and with no other result. They traveled in Italy, in Greece; but in the midst of all the wonderful beauties of nature and art there was always before Paule's eyes the same vision, — her mother growing old in solitude and poverty.

She gave birth to a child; and the joys of maternal love only sharpened the pangs of a remorse which had grown into a malady. The more intensely she cared for her little girl, the more acute became her regrets and her fears. Would that little one abandon her one day as she had abandoned her mother? Had she any claim upon her own child, — she who had disobeyed and defied her only parent?

Once more Paule wrote to the marquise: no answer came. The abbé was obliged to admit that her letters were never opened, that her name was never to be uttered in her mother's ears.

They spent a year on the banks of the lake of Como. As time went by, Paule found Henri even more excellent, more perfect, than she had ever supposed that any one could be. It was terrible to her to feel that the wife of such a man should be an unhappy woman; that with such a husband and with such a child she should be wasting away with sorrow. They came back to France discouraged and depressed.

People are often more selfish in their sorrows than in their joys; and yet there is no sort of selfishness which those who are conscientious and kind-hearted should more anxiously shrink from. Paule awakened at last to a sense of the fault she was committing by making the weight of her self-reproach sadden her husband's life; and she made up her mind to reappear in society.

The magnificent house of the Coverleys was thrown open to the world; and she did the honors of balls and parties with simplicity and grace. She was as much admired then as the first days she had been seen at Bordeaux, walking arm in arm with the prince. Her dress was always simple: she disliked to wear jewels or trinkets.

But in spite of all efforts to appear happy in Henri's presence, and her pleasure in her little girl, who was a singularly engaging child, he could not help seeing that she was miserable; and so did Madame de Soleyre, who noticed that whereas formerly she seldom spoke of the marquise, and seemed afraid almost of mentioning her name, now she was always anxious to revert to the subject of her mother's past life, and questioned her minutely as to the time when, in the height of her youth and beauty, Renée de Penarvan had acted such a noble and heroic part, and been the admiration of the Vendean nobility. Paule accused herself of the indifference and want of understanding, as she called it, which had made her fail to appreciate the grand side of her mother's nature.

One night when they had returned from a ball, Paule threw herself down on a sofa and burst into an agony of tears. She had struggled all the evening with an oppressive sense of contrast between her mother's fate and her own; and at last the overburdened heart gave way, and she could not control herself any longer, even in Henri's presence. He knelt by her side, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"What is it, my darling?" he tenderly said. "What can I do to comfort you?"

"Henri," she whispered, "I must go and see my mother. Even at the risk of her driving me away,—of her cursing me,—I must go to her."

"But, dearest, if she refuses—and she will refuse—to see you?"

"Then I shall hide myself in the park; I shall catch sight of her in some way or other."

"We shall set off to-morrow," Henri said.

"Oh, how good, how kind you are, my own love!" she said, throwing her arms round his neck.

Two days afterwards, in the dusk of an October evening, they arrived at the inn at Tiffange with their little girl, then just three years old It was too late to send for the abbé, and they set out

on foot for the château; Paule leading the way, and Henri carrying the child.

They entered the park through one of the breaks in the wall, and walked along the alleys strewed with dead leaves. As they approached the house, Paule pointed to a window in which a light was visible, and whispered to her husband:—

"That is her room. She must be sitting there."

It was a strange thing that those young people, who had youth and beauty and mutual love to gladden their lives, who possessed houses and villas and many a ship crossing the ocean laden with rich merchandise, and whose wealth was every day increasing, should have been standing before that dilapidated building with the one wish, the one desire, to be admitted within those doors, closed to them perhaps forever.

In another window a light gleamed also. That was the abbé's room. What was he doing? Was he praying for his little Paule? Was he still working at his 'History of the House of Penarvan'?

When Paule was a child, she used to stand under the abbé's window and clap her hands together three times to summon him into the garden. She advanced and made the well-known signal. The window opened, and the abbé, looking like a tall ghost, appeared, leaning out of it as if to dive into the outward darkness.

"Abbé, my own abbé," Paule cried in a mournful voice.

The ghost disappeared; and a moment afterwards the abbé was clasping Paule, her husband, and her child in his wide arms, and then dragging them like secreted criminals into his room.

"You here, my child, and you, M. Henri, and this darling?"

"I am broken-hearted, abbé: I cannot live on in this state. Do, do make my mother see me. Oh, do get her to forgive me."

The abbé had taken the little child on his knees, and she was looking up into his face with a pretty smile.

"Oh, M. l'Abbé, do help us!" Coverley said.

The abbé was looking attentively at the little girl. She was so like what Renée had been as a child.

"What does my mother feel? Does she allow you to speak of us? Does she ever mention me?"

The abbé was silent. He could not say yes, he could not bear to say no.

"I see there is no hope," Paule exclaimed in a despairing manner. "It is really to her as if I were dead!"

The abbé made the little child join her little hands together and said to her:—

"Do you love the good God, my child?"

"Oh yes," she answered.

"Then say to the good God, 'My God, come with me.'"

"My God, come with me," the little one repeated; and then the abbé took her in his arms and exclaimed:—

"Come along, come with me; and may God help thee."

The marquise was sitting in her old oak-wood chair by the chimney, where two small logs were burning; an ill-trimmed lamp by her side. Her features had grown thin and sharp; her hollow cheeks and dim eyes spoke of silent suffering and inward struggles, and of the secret work which had been going on in her soul during the last four years. She looked like the ghost of her former self; but there was still something striking and impressive in her appearance. She seemed crushed indeed, but not subdued. Around her nothing but ruins, within her nothing but bitter recollections; and a blank, desolate future in view.

Had she too felt remorse? Had she heard a voice whispering misgivings as to the course she had pursued? Had she closed her ears to it? Was it true, as Paule in her grief and repentance had suspected, that she had begun to love and admire her child during the months which had preceded their final separation? Did she ask herself sometimes, when kneeling in the dismantled chapel, and before that crucifix which war and devastation had spared, if she had acted up to the Christian as well as to the ancestral traditions of her race when she had driven that child away from her forever? And the mourning garb in which she was arrayed,—did she feel certain that it was God's will, and not her own unrelenting heart, which had condemned her to wear it?

No one could tell, not even the abbé. But that she was becoming every day more thin, more haggard, more gloomy, others besides him could observe.

As in a besieged city where famine is doing fell work, and from which a cry for mercy and life despairingly rises, a stern commander refuses to capitulate, holds out, and dooms himself and others to a lingering death,—so the pride of her soul stifled the yearnings, the pleadings, the cries of nature; and never perhaps had they been more distinctly heard, never had the weight of solitude and loneliness pressed more heavily on Renée

de Penarvan's heart than upon that autumnal evening. As she sat in that large, dimly lighted room, her elbow resting on the side of her arm-chair, her head on her hand, a slight noise made her look up: the door opened, and a little child came in. Alarmed at the sight of the pale lady in black by the fireside, the child stopped in the middle of the room, and her smiling face became grave.

"Who are you?" asked the marquise, who did not even know that Paule had a child.

"I am a little girl."

"Come here, my child."

Taking courage, the little thing toddled up to the chimney, and put her little hands on the arm of the oak chair.

"What is your name?" the marquise asked, softened by the sight of the lovely little face.

"Renée," the child answered.

The marquise started with emotion and a sort of fear; she scanned the features of the child, she saw, she guessed, she understood it all.

"Go back to your mother," she said in a trembling voice. "Go back to Madame Coverley."

Frightened at the stern voice and manner of the lady, the little thing turned round and slowly went towards the door.

The marquise watched her with a beating heart. During the instants it took the child to cross the room, the whole of her life passed before her. She saw her gentle, affectionate husband riding from the hall door on his way to a bloody death; she saw her beautiful, gentle daughter driven from her home: and now that lovely little crèature so like herself — with her fair hair, her white skin, her blue eyes — was disappearing also.

She looked round at the pictures on the walls: she felt as if they, those ancestors, to whom she had sacrificed everything, had doomed her to a lingering death.

And meanwhile the little girl had reached the door. Renée was still hesitating. The child turned round and said with a reproachful expression in her baby face: —

"You not my grandmamma. You not love Renée. You send Renée away."

She could not hold out, — the poor marquise! She uttered a sort of cry. She sprang up, seized the child in her arms, kissed her, wept over her, hugged her to her breast.

« Stay, stay, my little one, stay," she wildly exclaimed; « stay, my little life, my darling, my treasure."

A YEAR had elapsed; and on the banks of the Sèvres there were no longer any ruins to be seen. The old castle of Penarvan had recovered its former aspect. The towers, the walls, the handsome entrance, were all restored, the armorial bearings had reappeared, the invading weeds were banished from the court. The stables were filled with horses and carriages, the kennel with dogs.

In the handsomely furnished drawing-room the whole set of ancestors looked new and bright in their cleaned state and fresh-gilded frames. Inside and outside the house there was life and animation. The ruined farms were rebuilt, the greatest part of the estate repurchased; manufactories of ropes and sails rose on the banks of the river.

The time of ragged cassocks had likewise gone by; the chapel of the château had recovered its old splendor. The abbé officiated in great pomp, on Sundays and festivals, at a magnificent altar; and the seat of the lords of the manor had been restored to its wonted place. A look of happiness and prosperity reigned in the whole neighborhood. Respect for the past was joined to modern enterprise, and the poetry of old associations to the activity of useful labor.

Henri Coverley had not only repurchased the estates of the ancient domain of Penarvan, he had also bought back La Brigazière.

M. Michaud, who possessed several houses in the neighborhood of Rennes, looked with contempt on that little old-fashioned manor-house, and was quite ready to sell it. Père Michaud had now grown into that famous Michaud so conspicuous on the Liberal benches in the days of the Restoration, who denounced the nobility and protested against the feudal distinctions, till in 1830 the new government stopped his mouth by making him a baron.

On a beautiful summer's afternoon the Marquise de Penarvan, with her little granddaughter and the abbé, were sitting in that same drawing-room where we have so often seen them. Renée was still handsome; her magnificent fair hair was not yet tinged by a single thread of gray. The abbé was rather less thin than he used to be. Little Renée was sitting on his knees, and

learning to read in his history; the first chapters of which were being printed for private circulation.

That child was now the abbé's idol; she made the happiness of his declining years. As to the marquise, she was fondly, passionately attached to her grandchild. The old Renée loved the little Renée with a tenderness she had never before felt towards any human being. She had taken, as it were, possession of the child; and her softened but still despotic nature showed itself in the excess to which she carried her devotion to this little creature.

Paule and Henri were just going out on horseback; the marquise stood at the window and watched them as they rode down the avenue.

"Abbé," she said, calling him to her side, "look at them." And she made a gesture which implied, "How handsome they are; how happy they seem!"

The abbé, trying to look very sly, said in a low voice:—

"*I* married them."

"O you arch-deceiver, you abominable hypocrite," the marquise exclaimed: "it was just like you,—you have always played me tricks."

They both laughed; the abbé rubbed his hands in a self-complacent manner.

"Well, well," the marquise said, "we shall be quite a large party this evening: you know we expect Madame de Soleyre."

The abbé had returned to little Renée, and was again opening his book.

"Really, abbé," the marquise exclaimed, "you have no mercy on that child: you will bore her to death."

"Not at all, Madame la Marquise: Mademoiselle Renée promises to be a very good scholar; and she likes stories about battles, which her mamma never did."

Little Renée pointed with her small finger to one of the paintings in the manuscript, and said:—

"Guy de Penarvan die at Massoure."

It may be imagined if she was applauded by the abbé, and hugged by her grandmother; who, after kissing her over and over again, turned to the abbé and said:—

"But, by the way, is it at last finished,—that eternal history?"

"That eternal history is finished, madame," the abbé answered, in a rather touchy manner. "Yesterday I copied into it

the last lines of the chapter devoted to the memory of your husband, the late marquis."

"You have not quite accomplished your task, abbé: your history is not complete."

"Alas, Madame la Marquise, I know that too well. That wretched prelate—"

"Oh, but without reckoning the prelate there is still something to add to it."

"Something more, madame? what can that be?"

"Well, and my history, M. l'Abbé! You make no mention of me."

"I write the history of the dead, not of the living, Madame la Marquise; and I fully reckon on never writing yours."

"I will dictate to you what to say about me. Sit down here and take a pen."

The abbé, somewhat surprised, did as he was told; and seated himself in an expectant position.

"At the top of the page write: 'Louise Charlotte Antoinette Renée, Marquise de Penarvan,—last of the name.'"

"'Last of the name,'" the abbé re-echoed.

"And now write:—'She lived like a recluse, devoted to the worship of her ancestry; and found out—though rather late—that if it is right to honor the dead, it is very sweet to love the living.'"

"Is that all, madame?"

"Yes, my dear abbé," Renée answered, taking her grandchild in her arms, and fondly kissing her soft cheek. "But if you like you may add:—

"'Here ends the History of the House of Penarvan.'"

Translation of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

SAPPHO

SAPPHO

(612 B. C.–?)

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

SAPPHO (more properly Psappha), the greatest of all poetesses, was born in 612 B. C., at Eressos in the island of Lesbos. Her father's name was Scamandronymus, her mother's Cleïs. Few facts of her life are recorded. As a girl she doubtless learnt by heart her Homer and Hesiod, and sang the songs of her countrymen Terpander and Arion. While still young she paid a visit to Sicily, and possibly there made the acquaintance of the great Western poets, Stesichorus and Ibycus. When she returned home she settled at Mitylene, being perhaps disgusted with the conduct of her brother Charaxus, who had married the courtesan Rhodopis. To one of her satirical poems on him belongs perhaps the line—

«Wealth without worth is no harmless housemate.»

She found some compensation in her youngest brother Larichus, who for his beauty had been chosen as cupbearer in the public banquet hall at Mitylene. In an extant fragment she says to him:—

«Stand kindly there before me, and unfold
The beauty of thine eyes.»

As we may well believe, the beautiful, gifted Sappho had many admirers. Chief among these was the great Alcæus,—statesman, warrior, and lyric poet. There is still extant the opening of a poem which he addressed to her:—

«Violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho,
I fain would speak; but bashfulness forbids.»

She replied in the spirited lines, showing her simplicity of character:

«Had thy wish been pure and manly,
And no evil on thy tongue,
Shame had not possessed thine eyelids:
From thy lips the right had rung.»

To a suitor younger than herself she wrote:—

«Remain my friend, but seek a younger bride:
I am too old; and may not mate with thee.»

Indeed, a passionate nature like hers was not easily mated; and so we find a strain of longing pathos in her. In one fragment she says:

«The moon hath set,
The Pleiades are gone:
'Tis midnight, and the time goes by,
And I—I sleep alone.»

Elsewhere she says (in the exact words of a Scotch ballad),—

«For I sall aye gang a maiden mair.»

The much-quoted but absurd story of Sappho's flinging herself from the Leucadian Rock, in despair at her unrequited love for the handsome Phaon, is due to a confusion between her and a courtesan of the same name. So far from such folly was the poetess, that, late in life apparently, she changed her mind about marrying, and gave her hand to a wealthy Andrian named Cercylas, by whom she had a daughter, named after her own mother, Cleïs. We have still a fragment referring to this child:—

«I have a little maid, as fair
As any golden flower,
My Cleïs dear,
For whom I would not take all Lydia,
Nor lovely Lesbos here.»

Elsewhere she says to the same child,—

«Let me enfold thee, darling mine.»

Of the events of Sappho's later life we know little: merely that she lived to a ripe old age, and died leaving a name which the Greeks for a thousand years, with one accord, placed next to that of Homer. After her death the Lesbians paid her divine honors, erected memorial temples to her, and even stamped her image upon their coins, as other cities did those of their tutelary deities. How she was regarded by her great contemporaries we may learn from a story told of Solon. When near his end, some one having repeated to him a poem of Sappho's, he prayed the gods to allow him to live long enough to learn it by heart. From his day to the latest times of antiquity, poets and critics strove in vain for words to express their admiration of herself and her works. Plato calls her «the beautiful

Sappho"; and she is often referred to as "the tenth Muse." An epigram on the great lyric poets, after enumerating the eight men, says, "Sappho was not the ninth among men: she is catalogued as the tenth among the Muses." Horace writes:—

"Still breathes the love, still live the hues,
Intrusted to the Æolian maiden's strings."

And the great critic Longinus is even more complimentary.

Such uniform, unqualified praise for a thousand years may well make us mourn the loss of Sappho's works. For with the exception of two short poems (one incomplete), and about a hundred and twenty fragments of from one to five lines, they are all lost. But what remains is very precious, containing a wealth of deft expression not easy to match in any other poet, and more than sufficient to enable us to comprehend the estimate given of the poetess by Strabo: "Sappho is a kind of miracle; for within the memory of man there has not, so far as we know, arisen any woman worthy even to be mentioned along with Sappho in the matter of poetry."

Sappho left nine books and rolls of poems, the subjects of which were so various that they were arranged according to metres, a book being devoted to each of the nine metres in which she wrote. Of these metres the most famous was the "Sapphic stanza," which she seems to have invented. Another invention of hers was the *plectrum* or *pectis*, with which the lyre was struck,—the first step toward the piano.

We shall arrange her briefer fragments not according to metre but to subject, premising the remark that through most of them runs a trait to which she frankly bears testimony,—the love of splendor. She says:—

"I am in love with luxury:
The love of the sun hath won for me
The splendid and the beautiful."

Her love of nature, and her power of expressing its charm in simple, striking language, remind us of Burns and Goethe. Her pathetic lines about her loneliness at midnight have already been quoted. But it is not merely the pathetic in nature that she feels: she feels all its living beauty. It is not only the night, with the moon and the Pleiads set, that touches her: every hour of the day comes to her with a fresh surprise. Of the morning she says:—

"Early uprose the golden-slippered Dawn;"

and of the evening:—

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all
The glimmering Dawn dispersed."

And again:—

«O Hesperus! thou bringest all:
Thou bring'st the wine; thou bring'st the goat;
Thou bring'st the child to the mother's knee.»*

Of the night she says:—

«The stars about the pale-faced moon
Veil back their shining forms from sight,
As oft as, full with radiant round,
She bathes the earth with silver light.»

And again of the moon and the Pleiads:—

«The moon was shining full, and they
Stood as about an altar ranged.»

And just as the hours of the day, so the seasons of the year bring her joy. Her ear is open to—

«Spring's harbinger, the passion-warbling nightingale;»

and her eye brightens when—

«The golden chick-peas spring upon the banks.»

What a picture of the Southern summer, with its noonday siesta in the open air, we have in these lines:—

«The lullaby of waters cool
Through apple-boughs is softly blown,
And, shaken from the rippling leaves,
Sleep droppeth down.»

And how we should like to hear the termination of this simile:—

«As when the shepherds on the hills
Tread under foot the hyacinth,
And on the ground the purple flower [lies crushed].»

Along with her delight in nature goes a keen joyous feeling for all that is festive: song, wine, and dance, garlands, gold vessels, and purple robes are dear to her. To her lyre she says:—

«Come then, my lyre divine!
Let speech be thine.»

And to Aphrodite she calls,—

«Come, Queen of Cyprus! pour the stream
Of nectar, mingled lusciously
With merriment, in cups of gold.»

*Lord Byron's expansion of this in 'Don Juan' will be remembered. See page 2968 of this work.

But Aphrodite is not enough. Life requires other ennobling elements,— light, sweetness, and art, represented by Hermes, the Graces, and the Muses. Of a wedding-feast she says:—

«Then with ambrosia the bowl was mixed,
And Hermes took a cup, to toast the gods,
While all the rest raised goblets, poured the wine,
And prayed for all brave things to bless the groom.»

Again she calls:—

«Hither come, ye dainty Graces,
And ye fair-haired Muses now!»

And again:—

«Come, rosy-armed, chaste Graces! come,
Daughters of Jove!»

And yet again:—

«Hither, hither come, ye Muses!
Leave the golden sky.»

Nay, she even calls upon Justice herself to put garlands about her fair locks, and come to the feast; adding, characteristically enough, that the gods turn away from worshipers that wear no wreaths. From such sayings we see that Sappho's delight in nature, deep as it was, was chastened and refined by a delight in art. The Grecian grace of movement and management of drapery are particularly dear to her. She exclaims:—

«What rustic hoyden ever charmed the soul,
That round her ankles could not kilt her coats!»

But far more than all outward adornment of the body, which is but an index of the soul, is the adornment of the soul itself with sweetness and art. To an uncultivated woman she says:—

«When thou art dead, thou shalt lie in the earth:
Not even the memory of thee shall be,
Thenceforward and forever; for no part
Hast thou, or share, in the Pierian roses·
But, formless, even in Hades's halls shalt thou
Wander and flit with the effacèd dead.»

On the other hand, to a cultivated woman she says:—

«I think no other maid, nay, not even one,
That hath beheld the sunlight, e'er shall be
Like thee in wisdom, in all days to come.»

She knows too that she herself will not be easily forgotten. She says:—

«I think there will be memory of us yet,
In after days.»

But, aware of the labor required by genius, she adds:—

«I do not think with these two arms to clasp
The heavens.»

What calls forth Sappho's supreme admiration and love is the cultivated, genial, loving soul, at home in a beautiful body. Her joy in such souls expresses itself in language of the most tempestuous sort. In one fragment she says:—

«Love again, unnerving might,
Bitter-sweet, doth shake and smite,
Like a serpent folded tight.»

In another:—

«Love again hath tossed my spirit,
Like a blast down mountain-gorges,
Rushing on the oak-tree's branches.»

She is sad when her love is not returned. Of one friend she says:—

«I loved thee, Atthis, once, in days gone by;
A little maid thou seemedst, nor very fair.
Atthis, thou hatest now to think of me,
And fleest to Andromeda.»

Of others she speaks pathetically:—

«The heart within their breast is cold,
And drops its wings.»

Then her sorrow is too great for utterance.

«To you, dear ones, this thought of mine may not
Be told; but in myself I know it well.»

There is a whole heart-tragedy in such snatches as this:—

«The beings that I have toiled to please,
They wound me most.»

But the strongest expression of her love occurs in the two longer poems which follow this article. Of the second, Longinus says:—

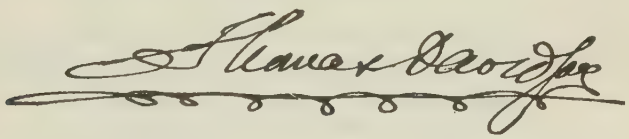
«Do you not admire the manner in which, at one and the same time, she loses soul, body, hearing, speech, color, everything, as if they were passing from her and melting away? how, in self-contradiction, she is at once hot and cold, foolish and wise? how she is afraid, and almost dead, so that not one feeling, but a whole congregation of feelings, appears in her? For all these things are true of persons in love. But it was the seizing of the salient points, and the combination of them, that produced the sublime.»

And he classes the poem as sublime. Certain it is that her influence, like that of Homer, went far to determine the character of all

subsequent Greek poetry and art,—to keep it pure and high, above sensuality and above sentimentalism.

The character of Sappho's work may be thus summed up: Take Homer's unstudied directness, Dante's intensity without his mysticism, Keats's sensibility without his sensuousness, Burns's masculine strength, and Lady Nairne's exquisite pathos, that goes straight to the heart and stays there, and you have Sappho. What a darkened world it must have been that allowed such poetry as hers to be lost! And yet it is not all lost. Enough remains to show us the extent of our loss; and of it we may say, in the words of the ancient epigram:

«Sappho's white, speaking pages of dear song
Yet linger with us, and will linger long.»



Editorial Note. — Since the above article was written, a few more fragments of Sappho have been discovered in the Oxyrhyncus Papyri. A discussion of these by Mr. J. M. Edmonds, of Jesus College, Cambridge, with English versions of the more important lyrics, will be found in the Classical Review for May, 1914, and for June, 1916. See also London Times, May 4th, 1914, and London Weekly Times, June 16th, 1916.

TO APHRODITE

Thou of the throne of many changing hues,
Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove,—
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise
My heart with pain of love.

But hither come, if e'er from other home
Thine ear hath heard mine oft-repeated calls;
If thou hast yoked thy golden car and come,
Leaving thy father's halls;

If ever fair, fleet sparrows hastened forth,
And swift on wheeling pinions bore thee nigher,
From heights of heaven above the darkened earth,
Down through the middle fire.

Ay, swift they came; then, Blessed One, didst thou
With countenance immortal smile on me,
And ask me what it was that ailed me now,
And why I called on thee;

And what I most desired should come to pass,
To still my soul inspired: "Whom dost thou long
To have Persuasion lead to thine embrace?
Who, Sappho, does thee wrong?

"For if she flee, she quickly shall pursue;
If gifts she take not, gifts she yet shall bring;
And if she love not, love shall thrill her through,
Though strongly combating."

Then come to me even now, and set me free
From sore disquiet; and that for which I sigh
With fervent spirit, bring to pass for me:
Thyself be mine ally!

Translation of Thomas Davidson

TO THE BELOVED

I HOLD him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet,
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.

Thou smiledst: like a timid bird
My heart cowered fluttering in its place.
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

My tongue was broken; 'neath my skin
A subtle flame shot over me;
And with my eyes I could not see;
My ears were filled with whirling din.

And then I feel the cold sweat pour,
Through all my frame a trembling pass;
My face is paler than the grass:
To die would seem but little more.

Translation of Thomas Davidson

FRANCISQUE SARCEY

(1828–1899)

On any important first night late in the nineteenth century in the theatres of Paris might be noticed among the most attentive spectators a short, stout, comfortable-looking old gentleman, with a white beard, a high color, and shrewd eyes. It was Francisque Sarcey. For more than thirty years, his was a position of special distinction among the critics of France concerning themselves particularly with French dramatic literature and the French drama. No writer on these topics had so large an audience, and one of such distinctively popular character. Of the old school of critics, and of many old-fashioned convictions; at swords' points with many brother commentators and journalists on questions of theatrical art, and of that theatrical article the play; the object of much good-natured ridicule (of some by no means as good-natured as it might be),—seen everywhere and known everywhere in the dramatic movement of the capital, and continually putting himself in close touch with a wide provincial public by either his lectures or his notices,—M. Sarcey easily overtopped in authority many new and brilliant confrères. He was a voluminous writer; he was an incessant lecturer; and special gifts for maintaining the courage of his convictions from the first marked him in both capacities.

Francisque Sarcey

M. Sarcey was born in 1828 at Dourdan, in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise. He was an honor-pupil in the famous Charlemagne School in Paris; and when pursuing his studies in the École Normale in 1848, his fellow-students were About and Taine. His lively spirits and independent ideas brought him into trouble when he was serving the Department of Public Instruction at Chaumont. He quitted the school-teacher's desk for the newspaper office. In 1859 he began critical work on the Figaro. He made a business of studying the drama and dramatic criticism. He passed from the Figaro to various other journals. Finally he became a permanent member of the staff

of Le Temps. To that well-known and influential newspaper he contributed one or two articles every week in the year. The platform was also his avocation; and his critical talks, delivered with a charmingly colloquial manner,— a manner entirely in accord with his theories of what a lecture should be,— were among the best attended on the part of a public not too fond of that particular method of receiving critical impressions.

M. Sarcey was not merely a specialist in the drama and in the art of acting: he was a man of fine and wide literary and artistic education. He had a style which was like himself: clear, nervous, direct, with touches of humor, and with occasionally the grace of true sentiment, but utterly opposed to the formalism which is to many writers the only critical expression. He wrote as he spoke,— off-hand, yet never in a slipshod fashion. He had much humor, but always in good taste. He believed in tradition on the stage; and in the making of stage plays, he liked the melodrama better than the modern literary play. He abhorred the drama in which plot is not supreme; he hated the faddists and the symbolists. His sense of himself was strong, but never offensive. He was respected as a philosopher of the play-house and the play. His very weaknesses were so much a part of himself that he would not have been "Our Uncle Sarcey" without them; so no one wished them away. When past middle life he wrote with the youthfulness of a man of twenty-five, united with the vast experience and the maturity of a Nestor of the French theatre. His reputation was international. All the world enjoyed reading his criticisms. He died at Paris, May 15th, 1899.

HOW A LECTURE IS PREPARED

From 'Recollections of Middle Life.' Copyright 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons

WHEN you have taken all your notes, when you have possessed yourselves of at least the substance of all the ideas of which the lecture is to be composed, — whether you have them already arranged in fine order, or in the mass, still confused, seething in your mind; when you have reached the moment of preparation, when you no longer seek anything but the turn to give them, the clearest, the most vivid and picturesque manner in which to express them: when you are so far,— mind, my friend, never commit the imprudence of seating yourself at your desk, your notes or your book under your eyes, a pen in your

hand. If you live in the country, you doubtless have a bit of a garden at your disposal; and in default of an alley of trees belonging to you, a turn around the town where no one passes. If you are a Parisian, you have in the neighborhood either the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or the Parc Monceau, or in any case some wide and solitary street where you can dream in the open air without too much interruption. If you have nothing of all this, or if the weather be execrable, you have in your house a room larger than the others: get up and walk. A lecture is never prepared except while walking. The movement of the body lashes the blood and aids the movement of the mind.

You have possessed your memory of the themes from the development of which the lecture must be formed: pick out one from the pile,—the first at hand, or the one you have most at heart, which for the moment attracts you most, and act as if you were before the public; improvise upon it. Yes, force yourself to improvise. Do not trouble yourself about badly constructed phrases; nor inappropriate words—go your way. Push on to the end of the development, and the end once reached, recommence the same exercise; recommence it three times, four times, ten times, without tiring. You will have some trouble at first; the development will be short and meagre: little by little around the principal theme there will group themselves accessory ideas or convincing facts, or pat anecdotes that will extend and enrich it. Do not stop in this work until you notice that in thus taking up the same theme you fall into the same development; and that this development, with its turns of language and order of phrases, fixes itself in your memory.

For, what is the purpose of the exercise that I recommend to you? To prepare for you a wide and fertile field of terms and phrases upon the subject that you are to treat. You have the idea: you must seek the expression. You fear that words and forms of phrase will fail you. A considerable number must be accumulated in advance; it is a store of ammunition with which you provide yourself for the great day. If you commit the imprudence of charging your memory with a single development which must be definitive, you will fall into all the inconveniences that I have brought to your attention: the effect is that of reciting a lesson, and that is chilling; the memory may fail, you lose the thread, and are pulled up short; the phrase has no longer that air of negligence which improvisation alone gives, and which

charms the crowd. But you have prepared a half-dozen developments of the same idea without fixing them either in your memory or upon paper; you come before the audience. The mind that day, if good fortune wills that you be in train, is more alert, keener; the necessity of being ready at call communicates to it a lucidity and ardor of which you would not have believed yourself capable. It draws from that mass of words and phrases accumulated beforehand, or rather that mass itself is set in motion and runs toward it and carries it along; it follows the flood; it has the appearance of improvising what it recites, and in fact it is improvising even while reciting.

This is not a new method that I am inventing. The ancients, alas! have worn the matter threadbare, and one must always go back to the 'De Oratore' of the late Cicero. You have, I imagine, heard it told that Thiers, when he had an important speech to make in the Chamber, first tried the effect of his arguments upon his friends and guests. He received much company, and every evening he improvised, for a little circle of auditors, some parts of his future speech. Visitors succeeded one another; and he recommenced without weariness, and indeed without wearying them, the same developments. He was firing at a target. After all, isn't this the same kind of preparation that I have recommended to you? You are not M. Thiers, you have not at hand a series of listeners, who relieve one another to give you a chance. I would not advise you to inflict the suffering of these recommencements and hesitations upon your unfortunate wife. Improvise for yourself, as if you were speaking before an audience.

It will doubtless happen more than once, in the course of these successive improvisations, that you will hit upon a picturesque word, a witty thrust, a happy phrase. Beware of storing it in your memory, and on your return sticking it on paper like a butterfly fastened on a blank sheet with a pin. If you bring it to the lecture you will certainly wish to place it; and instead of abandoning yourself to improvisation in the development of your idea, you will be wholly occupied with directing it toward the ingenious or brilliant sally that you have stored away. You will appear embarrassed and awkward in spite of yourself, and three quarters of the time you will spoil the effect upon which you counted. You will have sacrificed the thought to a *mot*, and the *mot* will miss fire.

That *mot*,—heavens! perhaps it will not be lost, though you have taken pains to forget it. Who knows? Perhaps on some great day, in the flow of improvisation, it will mount to the surface, and you will see it suddenly spring up in the eddy of a phrase. Oh, then throw it in boldly: it will be more attractive from having the air of a "find," a bit of good luck.

The great principle to which we must always return is that every lecture must be improvised; but have a care! one does not improvise successfully before the public until one has twenty times improvised in solitude, as one can only draw from a fountain the water that one has taken care to put into it beforehand.

Many believe that at least the exordium and the peroration may be learned by heart. It is not my opinion. I have tried it. I have never succeeded by that means. The most that I would admit is, that in speaking before a new public, if one has first to address to it some of the phrases of courtesy and thanks demanded by custom, one may fix the expressions; because they are pure formulas of politeness, and it is better to know them by heart. It would be ridiculous to stumble in the phrase used to congratulate a person on his good health or felicitate him upon his marriage.

But every time that you have true ideas to express,—and they enter into the exordium and the peroration as well as into the rest,—you must improvise. For the audience is always warned, by a change of tone or manner, of the moment when the author passes from recitation to pure improvisation, and it begins to be distrustful; it constantly wonders if the improvisation may not simply be an uncertain recitation; it loses confidence and resists. You see! there is no real success to be had—I cannot too often repeat it—unless the audience feels itself in some sort plunged, completely bathed, in the deep and rapid flow of improvisation.

Even the peroration—and between ourselves, is there any need in the lecture of what is called a peroration? The peroration is the bellow of the mediocre actor upon the last verse of the tirade. Great artists disdain the applause that it arouses. What do you undertake to do when you speak? You wish to explain and prove an idea. Well, when your demonstration is finished, you put a period to it: that is the peroration. The worth of a lecture is not in the ingenuity of an exordium, in the brilliant *fanfare* of a peroration, in the number and splendor of the lustrously cut phrases sown through the discourse: it is in the

ensemble of its mass. Be sure that when you have faithfully explained, developed, and revealed your idea; when you have, with or without applause, impressed it upon the mind of your audience,—there is no success comparable to that.

Applause! flee from it as from the plague. An audience that applauds is an audience that is given leisure from listening. When it claps its hands, it's a sign that it is no longer bound to the idea that you express; that it is no longer carried away, rolled in the torrent of your discourse. It takes time to cry out at a pretty phrase, to go into ecstasy over a flash of wit;—bad business for you! for it forgets, while lingering to applaud this, that which is the foundation of the lecture, the succession of ideas and reasoning; you will have trouble in recapturing it again.

I am so persuaded of this truth that I never leave my listeners leisure to breathe. Of course it has happened to me, as to my fellows, to touch here and there a corner of my discourse with a more brilliant vivacity than usual, and to be conscious of it; one is always conscious of that sort of thing. In such a case I hardly launched the last word of the development before setting out again at full speed for another series of ideas, cutting short all tendency to applause. The confidence felt in an orator evaporates in these bravos.

"Le vrai feu d'artifice est d'être magnanime,"* said M. Belmontet once upon a time, in a verse still celebrated. The only applause that counts, the only true applause, is the attention of the audience, letting itself be so won by what you say that it no longer thinks of the way in which you have said it.

You will doubtless be somewhat alarmed to know that it is necessary to improvise a dozen times, and often more, each of the subjects for development of which a lecture is composed. You think to yourself that that is a tremendous task. Yes, my friends, there is nothing so long and so preoccupying as the preparation of a lecture; you must make up your mind to it, if you expect to follow that career. You will spend much time and pains on it. Reassure yourselves, however: the work will become easier and more rapid as the habit of doing it grows with you. Among these themes of development, as each lecturer approaches only the subjects which relate to his studies and are within his

*"True brilliancy comes from greatness of spirit."

range, some will often present themselves anew, and will only require a summary preparation.

This *humus* of which I just now spoke to you — this prepared heap of turns of speech, of exact and picturesque words — will naturally grow richer; you will have it right at hand, and it will serve the occasion without fresh effort.

There will come a time when, even with themes that are new to you, you will no longer need, in order to establish the development, ten or twelve successive improvisations. You will be astonished to find with what facility, all at once, accessory ideas and convincing facts will spring from the first improvisation, and arrange themselves about the principal idea to sustain and clear it. It will always be delicate work, but it will no longer be so painful or so distressing. In a few hours, spread over two or three days, you will get through the preparation of a lecture; on condition, be it understood,—it is a prime condition,—of fully possessing your subject.

You have improvised — picking them out one after the other just as they came — each of the themes, so that it only remains to put them in their place on the day of the final improvisation. One of the great anxieties of a novice in lecturing is to know how to pass from one theme to another; what Boileau called the labor of transition, which used to give us blue terror in college. Permit me to give you, just here, an axiom which I only succeeded in formulating after much reflection and many attempts: In lecturing there is no transition.

When you have finished one development you enter upon another; as at dinner, when you have eaten the soup you pass to the entrée, and then to the roast. If there is no connection between two ideas that succeed one another in your discourse, what use is there in an imitation of one? When you speak, distrust little strokes of finesse, tricks of style, bits of false elegance: all this is worth nothing and serves no purpose. When you have finished the explanation and the demonstration of the idea, say honestly, if you must say something, "We have done with that theme: let us pass to the next."

But the best way would be to say nothing at all, and to enter upon another order of development, with no warning but a short silence.

If, on the contrary, there is a connection between the two themes, do not disturb yourself,—you do not need expressly to

mark it. It is useless to take the trouble to throw a bridge between the two ideas: the moment that you, the orator, leap from one to the other, the audience must leap after you, borne on by the same impulse. The transition is no more than the movement of your thought, that the audience necessarily follows if you keep a firm hand upon it.

Ah, bless me! you, the lecturer, must have always present to your mind, even through any digression you permit yourself, your principal idea, and must not let your audience forget it; you will have no trouble in leading them back when you yourself return. And if by chance you are so far removed from it that you do not know what road to take to reach it again, the simplest way is frankly to announce your embarrassment. "It seems to me that we are straying — where was I? Ah! I wished to demonstrate to you that — " and there is the thread picked up, without great art, I confess: but I have remarked that the public likes very well to have you make a confidant of it; speak to it with open heart; if need be, ask counsel from it. It would not do to make an artifice, a trick, of this means of exciting interest and sympathy: the public is very sharp; it would easily see that you played upon its credulity, and would range itself against you. But if you have truly lost the thread, do not fear to say frankly, "I do not know where I am — put me on the right track." If a word escapes you, ask some one to prompt you. They probably will not do so; but you will have had time to find it while they search for it, or an excuse for not having found it any sooner than the others. This excuse would not be permitted to a man who recites, for it would pass for a failure in memory; and to be brought up by a defeat of memory is the worst that can happen in lecturing, as in the theatre and in the pulpit. Laughter breaks forth invincibly. It never offends in an orator who improvises; it may even please by a certain air of sincerity and good-fellowship.

Is there a special tone and style for the lecture, as there is for academic discussions,— for the pulpit, for the Sorbonne, for the bar? That is a point to be looked into.

What is a lecture? It is, properly, to hold a conversation with many hundreds of persons, who listen without interrupting. It may be said, in general, that the tone of the lecture should be that of a chat. But there it is,— there are as many tones for chatting as there are people who chat. Each one talks according

to his temperament, his cast of mind, his turn of thought; each talks as he is: and that which is pleasing in a chat is precisely the discovery in it of the physiognomy of the talker. I can give you only one piece of advice on this point: try to be, through art, when once seated in the lecturer's chair, that which you naturally are in your drawing-room, when you talk with five or six persons and when you engross the conversation. Hear yourself speak, observe yourself,—these introspections are become very easy to us, thanks to the habit that we have contracted of analyzing ourselves,—and bend all your efforts to producing a lecture, not according to your neighbor, who perhaps speaks better than you, but yourself, only yourself, accentuating if possible the rendering of your principal traits. I will condense my counsels in this formula, which is not so humorous as it seems: It is permitted you, it is even recommended to you, to have a "make-up" for the lecture; but the "make-up" must be your own.

Your entire personality must shine forth in your discourse. And that is the especial service rendered by this method of successive improvisations that I have just prescribed for you. While you are thus improvising alone, face to face with yourself, without any witness to inspire you with a desire to pose, you are free; you unconsciously set your entire being in full swing. The mold is taken; you spread your personality before the public; you are no longer a more or less eloquent, more or less affected orator,—you are a man; you are yourself.

To be one's self: that is the essential thing.

Among the young lecturers discovered in these later times, there is not one who has more quickly acquired a greater or more legitimate reputation than M. Brunetière. Nevertheless there is not one further removed in speaking from the ordinary tone of familiar conversation. It would seem that the lecture, as he practices it, would hardly come within the definition we have given of the species,—a conversation with an audience that holds its tongue. But what would you have? That is the way that Brunetière talks, and he talks as he is. He is a man of doctrine, who loves to dogmatize; he feels an invincible need of demonstrating that which he advances, and to force conviction on those who hear him. He manœuvres his battalions of arguments with a precision of logic and an ardor of temperament that are marvelous. The phrases fall from his authoritative lips with an amplitude, correctness, and force to which everything

bends. He is to be found entire in his lecture: the lecture is excellent, then, because it is of him; or rather, because it *is* he.

Old Boileau had already expressed these truths in some verses that are not among his best known:—

> « Chacun pris dans son air est agréable en soi;
> Ce n'est que l'air d'autrui qui peut déplaire en moi. » *

If I should try to talk like Brunetière, I should be execrable: it is possible, on the other hand, that if Brunetière tried to appropriate some of my methods he would not succeed; because, to tell the truth, my air of good-fellowship, my familiarities of language, my jovial anecdotes interspersed with frank laughter, my unpolished and torrent-like phrases, are not methods, they are all of a piece with myself; it is all I — a little more I perhaps than I ordinarily am, but Brunetière is also probably a little more himself in his lecture than in his chimney-corner at home.

May I be permitted to end these reflections on the art of the lecturer with some practical advice?

Never dine before the lecture hour. A soup, some biscuits dipped in Bordeaux, nothing more. If you fear gnawing at the stomach, add a slice of roast beef, but without bread. Do not fill the stomach. There is a rage in the provinces for inviting you to a gala dinner when you have a lecture to give. It's the worst of all preludes. It is in vain to try to restrain yourself. You eat and you drink too much; you arrive at the lecture hall chatting with the dinner company. You have infinite trouble in recovering yourself.

Dine lightly and alone an hour beforehand; stretch yourself for half an hour on a sofa, and take a good nap. Then go, entirely alone, to where you are expected, improvising, reimprovising, pondering upon your exordium, so that when the curtain rises you are in perfect working order; you are in form. I do not know how the political orators manage to deliver their long discourses after gala banquets. It is true that they generally do not dine. I have seen some who all during the repast abstractedly roll balls of bread under their fingers, and only respond vaguely with insignificant monosyllables to the tiresome talk of their neighbors.

* « Every one taken in his own manner is pleasing in himself;
It is only another's manner that is displeasing in me. »

Speak standing: one commands a fuller and stronger voice, but especially the audience is dominated; you hold it with your eye. Speak from behind a table, even though (according to the rules that I have laid down) you have no notes to read, no quotation to make, book in hand. One is sustained by the table, and brought around to the conversational tone. If one has before him the wide space of the platform, in proportion as one warms up he makes more motions, he surprises himself striding across the stage; the voice rises, and is soon no longer in harmony with the level of the things that are to be delivered. Beware of these balks. Watch the play of your physiognomy and your gestures, but not too much. I leave mine to the grace of God; what is natural, even though it be exuberant and trivial, is worth more than a factitious and studied correctness.

Have I other recommendations to make? No, I truly believe that I am at the end of my list. All the rest can be put into one sentence: "Be yourself." It is understood, is it not, that it is necessary first to be some one? You now know the processes which I have used, which I still use.

FURTHER HINTS ON LECTURING

From 'Recollections of Middle Life.' Copyright 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons

You have to speak, we will suppose, of 'Le Cid' by Corneille. Do not weary yourself at first by reading all that has been written on 'Le Cid': steep yourself in the play, think of it, turn it over and over, go to see it if it is being played: if neither the reading nor the representation of the drama suggests to you any impression that is properly yours — good gracious, my friend! what would you have me say? Don't meddle with lecturing either on 'Le Cid' or any other theme drawn from literature. Manifestly you are not born for the trade.

But if you have shuddered and thrilled at a given passage; if there has been presented to your mind some comparison that has, so to speak, sprung from the depths of your reading; if you have yourself formed an opinion upon the whole or upon some scenes of the work, — you must cling to that: it is that which must be told, it is that which I call having something to say.

Do not trouble yourself to know if others have thought it before you, and have said it perhaps even better than you will say it yourself. That is not the question. The idea, however old it may be, will appear new; and will be so, indeed, because you will strongly impress upon it the turn of your mind, because you will tinge it unconsciously with the colors of your imagination.

As you will have made it flash from the reading, as you will yourself have drawn this truth from its well, your passion will go out to it, you will naturally put into its expression a good faith, a sincerity, a transport, the heat of which will be communicated to the public.

Not until you have performed this first task, the only necessary one, the only efficacious one, shall I permit you — pay attention: permit you, not advise you — to read what your predecessors have thought of 'Le Cid,' and written about it. If by chance you run across some interesting point of view that had escaped you, and that strikes you, take care, for the love of heaven, not to transfer it just as it is to your lecture, where it would have the mischievous effect of second-hand and veneer. No: take up 'Le Cid' anew; re-read it with this idea, suggested by another, in mind; put that back into the text in order to draw it out yourself, rethink it, make it something of your own; forget the turn and the form given it by Sainte-Beuve, from whom it first came to your notice. If you cannot succeed in taking possession of it, in melting it so well in the crucible of your mind that it will be no longer distinguished from the matter in fusion which is already bubbling there, better discard it, however pleasing, however ingenious it may be.

Be assured there will be nothing good in your lecture but what you shall have thought for yourself; and what you shall have thought for yourself will always have a certain seal of originality. You have thought that Chimène sacrifices her love to her duty, that Rodrigue is a hero boiling over with love and youth, that Don Diègue is an epic Gascon. Do not embarrass yourself with scruples, and repeat to yourself in a whisper, "But every one has said that."

Every one *has* said it! So much the better, because there is some chance that your audience will be enchanted, seeing you plunged up to your ears in the truth. But every one has not said it as you will say it; for you will say it as you have thought it, and you have thought it yourself.

VICTORIEN SARDOU

(1831–1908)

BY HARVEY HATCHER HUGHES

Victorien Sardou was not the greatest dramatist of his time, but he was by far the most popular and attained the greatest material success. For almost half a century his plays appeared regularly in every country of the Western World; and his influence is still seen in much of the drama of to-day, though his work is seldom performed.

The account of Sardou's life reads more like a chapter from one of the popular romances of his day than a statement of fact. Born in Paris of poor parents, he had a bitter struggle to gain a footing. Unable to complete his medical studies on account of poverty, he abandoned the profession his father had chosen for him, and supported himself by private tutoring and hackwork of one sort or another, writing his first pieces for the stage in the meantime.

In 1854 his ‹La Taverne des Étudiants› was performed, but owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding of the purposes of the author, it was hissed by the audience and was withdrawn after the fifth performance. Meeting with no success or encouragement for the next few years and having no profession to fall back on, he was in despair. In this condition he was stricken with typhoid fever and was dying alone in his room, when Mlle. de Brecourt, an actress living in the same house, found him by chance and nursed him back to health.

This event marked the turning point in his career. Mlle. de Brecourt, whom he afterwards married, was an intimate friend of Déjazet, whose fame was then at its height. An introduction was arranged, and the noted actress was so favorably impressed by the young Sardou that she commissioned him to write a play for her at once. When this play was finished it was impossible to find a manager who would produce it. But a second play, ‹Les Premières Armes de Figaro,› was performed by Déjazet in 1859 and proved a great success.

Encouraged by this good fortune Sardou now threw himself enthusiastically into the task of dramatic authorship, and for the next five years produced plays at the rate of three or four a year. One of these, ‹Les Pattes de Mouches,› brought the young author into instant prominence and remains to-day one of the best examples of the artificial comedy of intrigue.

When this play was produced in 1860 Francisque Sarcey, the leading

dramatic critic of France, predicted a brilliant career for the author. He pointed out that his work bore certain resemblances to that of Scribe, Alfred de Musset, and Dumas; but he condoned this lack of originality by saying that it was the imitation of one who bade fair one day to surpass his originals. This prediction was borne out only in part by the later work of Sardou. In ingenuity of plot, in cleverness of invention, in sheer mastery of technique and command over all the resources of his art, he surpasses not only his originals but every other dramatic author of his time. But this extraordinary natural endowment for the theatre proved the greatest obstacle to his permanent success. The ease with which he held his audience by ingenuity and cleverness led him to neglect the more enduring qualities in his work. He became a skillful deviser of theatrical situations rather than a student of life. His characters have little semblance of reality; they are controlled, not by their own wills but by the exigences of the plot or situation. They are what they are because the story is what it is. His plays awaken echoes, not of things in the world about us, but of things in other plays and other arts. We feel that his eye is always on the theatre, that instead of making his art a medium for the interpretation of experience he offers it as a substitute for it.

But if Sardou fails to measure up to the great dramatists of the world in the interpretation of life and character, he is incomparable on his own ground. What he delights in most is to knot with marvelous ingenuity the threads of an exciting plot and then to untie little by little — or else cut at a single stroke — this highly wrought complication. In this — the art of theatric story-telling — Sardou's mastery is indisputable. No one who has ever written for the theatre has been able to extract from his material more of the pleasure that is specific to the theatre. He had no absorbing vision of life such as Ibsen had to torture him when his work failed to measure up to it. His audience took the place of this. If they were pleased all was well; if not, the highest duty of the dramatist, as he conceived it, was to find the fault and remedy it. He was more intent on capturing and holding our interest than on satisfying it. We leave his plays with something of the same impression that we carry away from a slight-of-hand performance. We have been amused and interested, but in our hearts we know that all was not quite as it seemed.

Sardou wrote in all some seventy plays, ranging in tone from farce to tragedy. Of his humorous pieces, ‹Divorçons,› with its brilliant dialogue and skillfully contrived situations, is perhaps the most characteristic, as ‹Patrie› is of his serious work. In this last play Sardou just missed creating a work of the first rank. The story is one of the most absorbing in all drama. But the design is too perfect, the fingering of the dramatist too obvious. The author lacks the art that conceals art. We are reminded that this is the theatre, and that the story that is

unfolding itself before us has been prepared with an eye to its effect on the audience.

In his later work Sardou confined himself largely to devising a series of parts for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Had his fortunes been bound up with a Duse instead of the golden-voiced Sarah his work might not have suffered as a result. But unfortunately Mme. Bernhardt possessed as an actress much the same defects that Sardou had shown as a playwright. Her cleverness and technical dexterity, coupled with her inability to suggest sincerity or depth of emotion, only served to accentuate his weakness, so that the plays that resulted from this collaboration have little value apart from her personality.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

From the translation by J. Palgrave Simpson (revised) of ‹Les Pattes de Mouches,› published by Samuel French.

[Louise, Baroness de la Gacière, has before her marriage written a compromising letter to her old admirer Prosper Couramont, who obtains possession of it on his return to France after a long absence, and refuses to give it up. He is visiting in the neighborhood, and her cousin Suzanne goes to Prosper's rooms with the hope of inducing him to destroy it. Thither Louise follows her.]

[Louise *enters, wearing an Indian shawl over her head, and speaks to* Suzanne.]

LOUISE — You are alone — are you not?

Suzanne — Louise!

Louise [*coming in and closing the door behind her hastily*] — I saw Prosper ride by the windows of the château — You did not return; and my impatience was so great, that I hastily threw on this shawl and came myself. [*Laying down her shawl.*]

Suzanne — What imprudence! If your husband had seen you, ——

Louise — What matter, since we were both together — Have you got it?

Suzanne — The letter? No — he refuses to give it up.

Louise — He must have left it here. Find it — find it, I entreat you! I am so terrified — I dare hardly raise my eyes to look into my husband's face — I fancy he suspects — knows everything.

Suzanne — What if he does know everything? You say the whole affair was only a most innocent little flirtation.

Louise — Of course it was — I was a thoughtless, romantic girl at the time, and saw no wrong; but my husband, under that semblance of apathy, conceals a highly sensitive nature. The bare suspicion of

any previous attachment, even of the slightest flirtation, would wound that nature to the quick — The discovery of this letter might rouse all his jealous susceptibilities, and compromise our domestic happiness for ever.

Suzanne [*sitting down*] — Ah, my poor dear friend, what a warning you give to silly girls ——

Louise — Not to write letters! Oh, yes — girls should never *write!*

Suzanne — They should rather beware of fostering absurd ideas, and fancying themselves in love.

Louise — But don't let us lose any time — let us hunt about.

Suzanne [*seated*] — That's the very thing I'm now doing.

Louise — What! Sitting there?

Suzanne — Yes, in my head — that's the way I hunt. [The Baroness *is turning over books, papers, etc., on the table.*] But go your own way to work.

Louise — Oh, you put me out of all patience!

Suzanne [*coolly*] — My dear child, nature made woman weak, but gave her as compensation a sixth sense. Have you ever examined butterflies?

Louise — What an absurd question!

Suzanne [*going to table, and taking up a case of butterflies*] — They have got long, thin horns upon their heads to enable them to feel and appreciate objects at a distance. Look!

Louise — What do you mean?

Suzanne — The naturalists call them «antennæ.» Well, my dear, women too have «antennæ,» but of so delicate a nature that they are invisible. Sometimes they are made like tendrils, to entangle our natural enemy, man; — sometimes they are sharp and pointed, just to blind them, my dear.

Louise [*turning away pettishly*] — And you want to find my letter with your «antennæ» — a likely idea! I'd rather trust to my ten fingers. [*Goes on opening all the drawers, etc.*]

Suzanne — You shall see how I will use my «antennæ.» Yes, yes; open all the drawers — hunt away. Just see if you can't find your letter in the guitar case. What a child you are! — Just look at that little bit of paper folded together, and put to steady the leg of the table.

Louise — This?

Suzanne — Yes. [*Getting up.*] It's not worth the trouble, the paper is black and worn.

Louise — Yes: and he would never have put it there, where everybody can see it. [*She continues to hunt about.*]

Suzanne — It's very clear you don't know how to use your «antennæ.» — Your knowing man would be sure to make so little concealment of an object he wished to hide, that nobody would be likely to look for it in a place so open to inspection. I'll wager now, that if we can't find this unfortunate letter, it is because it is lying about somewhere before our very eyes.

Louise [*who has been hunting about*] — Nothing — nothing! but there's another room here.

Suzanne — Go in, by all means. My right of search is unlimited.

Louise [*opening the door*] — If he should come back, though? No matter; you will give the alarm. [*Exit into room.*]

Suzanne [*looking around her*] — Where can it be? He's clever enough to have put it simply under his letter-weight. [*Lifts up letter-weight.*] No! — in this vase? Nothing but visiting cards, and a stick of sealing-wax. In this jar? [*Opens the tobacco-jar.*] Tobacco — cigarette-papers — several letters crumpled and torn. [*Reading superscription of letter.*] «Monsieur Prosper Couramont, to the care of Mahony Brothers, Madrid.» [*Goes on with several other letters, which she passes, as she speaks, from her right hand to her left.*] «Monsieur Prosper Couramont, — to the care of the Reverend Mr. Huggins, Sandwich Islands!» «Monsieur Prosper Couramont,» — [*stops and takes up last letter.*] Stop! this letter has seen a good deal of the world. It must have been a very precious letter for him to have brought it all the way from the Sandwich Islands, and kept it so long; [*weighing it in her hands*] and yet it's very light. There's only the veriest scrap of paper in it. Now who, I should like to know, would have sent a letter all the way to the Sandwich Islands, costing no end of postage-money, which cannot contain much more than «How do you do?» — «Very well, I thank you.» It's very odd — very! [*Calling.*] Louise!

Louise [*in the room*] — I can't find anything!

Suzanne — Louise, was the letter large?

Louise [*within*] — No; only half a sheet of note-paper folded in two.

Suzanne [*feeling the envelope*] — A half-sheet of note-paper folded in two. [*Aloud.*] On white paper?

Louise [*as before*] — No; pink.

Suzanne [*holding the envelope up to the light*] — It *is* pink!

Louise [*as before*] — I've found a box full of papers.

Suzanne — Have you, dear? — all right! [*Smelling the envelope.*] It's an old scrap of paper; all the perfume is gone; [*holding up the*

envelope again] if I could see the writing! [*About to open the envelope.*] He gave me permission to search everything that was open, and this envelope *is* open. [*Checking herself.*] Stop, stop! it's not quite the thing. I am not in the habit of opening other people's letters [*feeling the envelope.*] And yet, if it *were* Louise's letter. Oh! my fingers burn — my fingers burn!

[*Enter* Louise.]

Louise [*crying with vexation*] — Oh, my dear Suzanne, I give it up! We shall never find it now — we shall never find it now!

Suzanne — I can't bear it any longer — I can't see her cry. [*Opens envelope and takes out paper, which she hands to* Louise.] Is your letter anything like that?

Louise [*opening the paper*] — That is it!

Suzanne [*bursting out laughing*] — What do you say to my «antennæ» now, my dear?

Louise — Oh, yes — it's the same — [*reading*] «I am obliged to leave home by daybreak; but far or near, my love —» Could I have written such words? Fool that I was! and should my husband ever know! [*Violent knocking, at the outside door.*]

Suzanne — Someone is knocking at the door!

Baron [*without*] — Let me in!

Suzanne — Your husband! Give me the letter. [*Snatches it.*]

Louise — Good heavens! where shall I hide?

Suzanne [*low, going to open the door*] — Don't think of hiding — stay where you are.

Louise — No, no — he would see my agitation. [*Runs to door of other room.* Baron *continues to knock.*]

Suzanne [*low, her hand on lock of outer door*] — No — stop, I tell you! [Louise *goes into other room. — With vexation.*] Oh, foolish woman! [*She opens outer door.*]

[*Enter* Baron, *in shooting dress, with his gun.*]

Baron [*surprised*] — You!

Suzanne [*calm and smiling*] — Yes — I! What an uproar you have been making!

Baron — You were *not* alone — Louise was here.

Suzanne — What should she be doing here?

Baron — Something she was ashamed of apparently, since she made her escape.

Suzanne [*laughing*] — Does this fit often seize you, cousin?

Baron — She was here, I say!

Suzanne — And if she was, why shouldn't she be here still? Do you think she has hidden herself under the table?

Baron [*roughly, looking her full in the face*] — Then why didn't you open the door immediately?

Suzanne [*not at all disconcerted*] — Because I thought the knocking was at the other door — and I opened that first.

Baron — In order that Louise might get away. That's the way she went, then? [*Goes up to the third door.*]

Suzanne — What a tiresome old bear you are! If Louise went that way, go and look for her; and leave me to myself.

Baron — My wife was strangely agitated this morning, after her conversation with Monsieur What's-his-name — whom she knew before her marriage — more still, during that little affair about the statuette — what did that mean?

Suzanne — Perhaps she was afraid he would drop it.

Baron [*getting more and more angry*] — The man made an offer of marriage for Mathilde, without ever having seen her — a mere pretext, it is very clear, to get into the house, and see my wife — a got-up plan to divert my suspicions! I left Brisemouche out shooting to return home — I inquired for my wife — She was gone out; but I had her spaniel, Fidèle, with me; and he has tracked her to this house — to the foot of that stair: I tell you my wife is here! Where is she, I say? Where is she?

Suzanne — How do I know? Since you've taken to hunting your wife, as they hunt Negroes, whistle for Fidèle, my dear sir — whistle for Fidèle.

Baron — Suzanne, you trifle with my feelings!

Suzanne — Trifle with your feelings! No — I wish to spare them. If I laugh at you, it is to show how foolish you are. Come — come — calm yourself, and try to be a little reasonable.

Baron — You are right — you are right to jeer at me — my jealousy blinds me — it drives me mad! It makes me utterly miserable! [*Throws himself into a chair.*]

Suzanne — Look up, my poor friend! Now, how *can* you ruin all your happiness thus, when you have a charming wife who thinks of nobody but you — lives for nobody but you?

Baron — I know it, Suzanne — I know it — and I am calm now — quite calm — but should anything again ever cause me to suspect — [*seeing* Louise's *shawl, and darting on it.*] My wife's shawl! Ah! you see she has been here! [*Rises.*]

Suzanne — Well — what of the shawl?

Baron — Who put it there?

Suzanne — I did — I took up the first that came to hand.

Baron — I don't believe you. My wife's shawl is here — then she's not gone — she's still concealed here — and I swear that if I find her — [*takes up his gun.*]

Suzanne — Baron! Baron! I beg of you ——

Baron [*searching, in spite of her*] — Leave me!

Suzanne [*trying to stop him*] — Hear me! hear me!

Baron [*going to the door of the other room.* Suzanne *springs between him and the door*] — She is concealed in that man's room. Let me go — by heaven, I'll have his life! [*Menacing with his gun.*]

Suzanne — For my sake ——

Baron — For your sake?

Suzanne [*with feverish haste, as if regardless of what she is saying*] — Yes — for mine! you drive me to this confession by your violence. What! were you so blind? Did not my embarrassment — my agitation — at once reveal the truth? I didn't open the door at once, because I was afraid of being found here. Your dog evidently recognized your wife's shawl which I wore. Don't you see? Louise refused her sister's hand to Prosper, because she knew I loved him years ago — don't you see? Prosper imagined I had deceived him, and so wanted to marry another, in order to revenge himself on me — don't you see? When Louise spoke low to him, it was to justify me, and prevent this detested marriage, which I was resolved never should take place — don't you see? don't you see?

Baron — Yes, yes, I remember now. He spoke this morning of some heartless treachery on the part of a woman.

Suzanne — He meant me — I was the heartless treachery! [*Sighing.*] But it was all a mistake — a misunderstanding.

Baron — Why did you not tell me this at once?

Suzanne — Can you ask the question? What woman would willingly confess the weakness of her heart? And then you were so violent, and made such an awful noise — you don't know what a noise you *do* make. And I was so frightened, and — so out it came — I don't know how — and — don't you see? don't you see? [*Aside.*] I don't know what on earth I am saying.

Baron — Be calm, my dear Suzanne — no one shall ever learn this secret from me. But I'll not allow this man to trifle with your feelings in this manner — I'll see him at once.

Suzanne — See him — what for?

Baron — What for? Why, to tell him I know the state of affairs between you, make him withdraw his pretensions to the hand of Mathilde, and — and ——

Suzanne — And what?

Baron — What? why marry you to be sure!

Suzanne [*aside*] — Good heavens! I didn't take that into my reckoning.

Baron — Yes, yes; I'll see the fellow — speak out my mind at once.

Suzanne — What are you thinking of, my dear friend? Let me see him first — endeavor to lure him back myself. You would not deprive a woman of her dearest privilege — would you, cousin?

Baron — As you will. [*Going on with volubility, spite of the efforts of* Suzanne *to speak.*] Marry you he shall — dead or alive! I won't have him play fast and loose with cousin Suzanne — that I won't. I owe him a grudge for making me suspect Louise — my own dear good Louise. [*Bursts out laughing.*] Good heavens! what a fool man makes of himself sometimes! But he shall pay for it — he shall marry you as a punishment — no, I don't mean that — but marry you he shall! [*Taking up his gun.*] Now, then, to bring down my man! amicably — I mean amicably! [*Patting his gun.*] Old trusty, here is for the partridges — so ho, Fidèle! and off we go!

Suzanne [*aside*] — And they say that man can't talk!

Baron [*turning at door*] — Not a word to Louise!

Suzanne — She shall not know more about the affair than she knows at this moment — I give you my word.

Baron — I would not have her know for the world.

[*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter* Louise *from the other room.*]

Louise [*throwing herself into the arms of* Suzanne] — Oh, Suzanne, my dear, you have saved me!

Suzanne — Yes, but I've lost myself!

Louise — What do you mean?

Suzanne — Simply: that he wants me to marry this man. You know that will never do — I should inevitably have to play the «Bride of Lammermoor» with him and finish him off on the wedding-eve.

Louise — But think — should my husband see him and speak to him, all might still come out. He must go away at once.

Suzanne — Go he shall! But now, be off yourself! Your husband might return home: and you must be there before him.

Louise — But I should like to see that letter burnt.

Suzanne — Don't lose a moment, I entreat you!

Louise [*taking up her shawl*] — But should I be seen ——

Suzanne [*opening the third door*] — Go this way — the coast is clear.

Louise — I will.

Suzanne [*seizing her shawl*] — But leave your shawl, silly creature.

Louise [*throwing it to* Suzanne] — Yes, of course. I shall fly home like a bird: my heart is lighter now. [*Exit.*]

Suzanne [*taking the letter out of her pocket*] — It's no such difficult matter to burn the letter. But how to get him to go is quite another affair: he won't budge if he can help it. [*Looking at the clock.*] There is still time for him to pack up and get off by the nine o'clock train. [*She begins crumpling the letter in order to throw it into the fire.*] If I could but contrive to get him away! [*Just about to put the letter into the fire.*] No — not the envelope — I have no right to that. [*She takes the paper out of the envelope.*] But I must put something in the place of our precious prize — any scrap of paper will do. [*She takes up a piece of paper from the table, folds it, and puts it in the envelope.*] And now we'll return «Monsieur the Rev. Mr. Huggins» to the Sandwich Islands, in the midst of the tobacco. Everything back to its place. [*She puts back into the jar the letters, etc., she had previously taken out of it, stirs them up, shakes the jar, and sets it down in its place.*] There — now for the fatal *billet doux!* [*Approaches the fireplace.*] It's a great pity — for I had such a fancy [*lighting the paper*] for making him burn it himself. [*Pulling back the paper, which is alight, and blowing it out.*] Burn it himself — yes! what was it he swore? «I give you my word of honor, that if you manage to make me burn the letter myself I will pack myself off this very evening to look for a wife in the Cannibal Islands.» He gave me his word of honor — He's an oddity; but he would keep his word, I am sure he would — I like the looks of him. Would it be then such a very difficult task to make him burn the letter? Let's see — let's see — [*she looks into the fireplace*] suppose I place it on the hearth, near the fire. [*She twists the paper up.*] That's it — it looks exactly as if he had already lighted a cigar with it. [*She comes away from the fire and looks around.*] It's really getting quite exciting! How it would amuse me to make him burn it himself! [*Listening.*] Someone is coming up stairs. It's he probably. Oh — there mustn't be matches about! [*Hastily throws the matches into the fire.*] That will do. [*She sits down in armchair.*] I must look very tired. [*A gentle knock at the door.*] Oh, yes — knock away! I'm not going to hear you.

[*Enter* Prosper, *quietly.* — *He looks round for* Suzanne, *and seeing her lying back in the armchair approaches her on tiptoe.*]

Prosper — Asleep! overcome with fatigue and utterly discouraged. [*Looking round him.*] She has been turning everything topsy-turvy. [*Looks into other room, and laughs.*] Yes, and there too! Now for the letter! Can she have found it? [Suzanne *smiling follows him with the corner of her eye, while he opens the tobacco jar and sees the envelope.*] No, all safe — Come, woman's cunning has been baffled for once. [*Sits down on the table and looks at* Suzanne.] I am sorry for her — [*looking more closely*] she is really a very charming woman — pretty hand — I really must have a look at her eyes [*getting up and bending over her.*]

Suzanne [*opening her eyes wide, and looking at him*] — What did you say?

Prosper [*staggering back*] — What brilliants!

Suzanne [*pretending to wake up*] — Oh! I beg your pardon, I believe I must have dropped asleep.

Prosper — Pray, consider yourself at home.

Suzanne [*rising*] — What time is it?

Prosper [*going to the clock on the mantelpiece*] — Past six.

Suzanne — So late! Well, I can't help it — I won't give up my purpose; and here I shall remain at my post, till that purpose is accomplished.

Prosper — Allow me to admire your obstinacy. — It is the most heroic piece of chivalry I have ever seen.

Suzanne — Obstinacy! you are not gallant.

Prosper — Well, let us say firmness.

Suzanne — Yes: firmness in a woman — obstinacy in a man.

Prosper — Now, take care, you are pitting yourself against a man who has fought with Red Indians, and won his tomahawk on the field. I have been dubbed a great chief myself, and it would be no mean glory to carry off my scalp. [*It gets gradually dusk.*]

Suzanne — But, great chief, in spite of the intense satisfaction I should naturally have in scalping you, I have better motives than the desire of obtaining such questionable glory. But please light your lamp — it is getting quite dark.

Prosper — Immediately. [*Takes off the globe of the lamp on the table and looks at it.*] There! that fool of a servant has put on wick in the lamp. [*He rings.*]

Suzanne — Then light a candle — it will be much handier.

Prosper — You are right. [*Hunting about for matches.*] Of course,

there may exist women who — now there's not a match to be found anywhere.

Suzanne — Then take a piece of paper.

Prosper [*seeing the piece of paper on the hearth*] — Ah! this will do. [*Picks up paper.*] There may exist women, certainly, who are so far traitors to their nature as to — [*He lights the paper.*]

[*Enter* François, *with a lighted lamp.*]

François — Did you ring for the lamp, sir?

Prosper [*blowing out the paper and still holding it in his hand*] — Yes — that will do — put it down there.

Suzanne [*aside*] — Was ever anything so provoking! Another minute, and he would have done it. [François *puts the lamp on the table, and exit.*]

Prosper — As I said, there may be women who — in short — upon my word, I don't know, now, what I was going to say.

Suzanne — You were going to say, probably, that there may be women who would do and sacrifice much for the peace of mind of a friend.

Prosper [*sitting down with the letter in his hand*] — A friend! a friend! Have women friends of their own sex? [*Aside.*] She looks better still by lamp-light.

Suzanne — You don't believe in friendship.

Prosper — In that respect I have not a much better opinion of my own sex than of yours. [*Aside.*] I can't help being fascinated by her more and more.

Suzanne [*taking the envelope and false letter from the jar mechanically and playing with it while* Prosper *shows his agitation*] — Come, that's something. You have generally so marvelous an opinion of your own superiority.

Prosper [*laughing at seeing the envelope in her hand and shaking the paper he holds*] — We certainly sometimes fancy we see more clearly than your sex. [*Laughing — aside.*] She little knows she's got the letter. [*Aloud.*] Well, if I am an egotist, I have never found out, after a life's experience, what I gained by doing good to others.

Suzanne [*throwing back the envelope into the jar*] — Gained! — the pleasure of doing it. Does that count for nothing? Ah! if you knew how bright the world would look to you under the consciousness of having done good — if you knew with how light a heart you would sleep at night — with how cheery a spirit you would raise your head from your

pillow in the morning, you would never ask again what you would gain.

Prosper [*surprised and pleased*] — Perhaps — I don't know.

Suzanne — Exactly. You *don't* know.

Prosper [*aside*] — What a smile the woman nas! and what a heart! [*Lets fall the letter on the carpet.*]

Suzanne [*aside*] — Suppose I put out the lamp; he would have to light it again. [*She begins turning the lamp up and down.*]

Prosper [*with enthusiasm*] — Ah, my dear madam, if it were true — Does the lamp smoke?

Suzanne — It does a little. [*Puts it out.*] There — I've put it out.

Prosper [*aside*] — So much the better. [*Aloud.*] Ah, if it were true that your heart alone prompted you to give me battle, my admiration for your courage would give place to a far warmer feeling. I don't exactly know why, but it is a fact, of all the women I have ever seen you are the only woman who is a real woman.

Suzanne — A very pretty declaration, upon my word — only a little obscure. Perhaps it would be clearer if you lighted your lamp.

Prosper [*approaching her*] — Ah, the fitful flicker of the cosy fire on the hearth is better suited to what I have to say.

Suzanne — Light the lamp, or I shall go at once.

Prosper — But I've got no matches.

Suzanne — Will you light the lamp?

Prosper — I declare to you ——

Suzanne — I'll hear no declaration till you light the lamp. [*Getting up.*]

Prosper — Don't go — don't go — don't leave your purpose unaccomplished. You have made me believe in the existence of a woman's heart that can beat with kindliness and purity. Let me prove myself worthy of that heart. See! — here is the letter! [*Takes envelope from jar.*] I yield — I burn it before your eyes. [*Throws the envelope into the fire.*]

Suzanne [*aside*] — Now I could positively hug the man for that!

Prosper [*taking up the burning envelope with the tongs*] — See how it burns.

Suzanne — I haven't the heart to send him away now. I must confess all.

Prosper — Shall I lay down the ashes at your feet?

Suzanne [*laughing*] — Are you quite sure you have burned the right thing?

Prosper — Can you doubt?

Suzanne — Your good faith? — oh, no! But pick up that little scrap of paper you had in your hand just now.

Prosper [*hunting on the carpet*] — That little scrap of paper! What do you mean?

Suzanne [*pointing it out laughing*] — There it is!

Prosper [*picking it up with surprise*] — Well, and what then?

Suzanne [*listening*] — Hush! what's that?

Prosper [*going to window*] — The barking of dogs! [*Looks out.*] The Baron coming towards the house.

Suzanne — And he may come up stairs! Give me that scrap of paper, quick!

Prosper — This darkness is rather awkward — I understand. I'll light the candle at once. [*He lights the paper.*]

Suzanne [*aside*] — It was fated that *he* should burn the paper after all! [Prosper *lights the candle and throws the burning paper out of the window*] — Oh, what have you done?

Baron [*outside*] — Holloa! Do you mean to set the house on fire?

Prosper [*at window looking out*] — Someone is picking it up!

Suzanne — The Baron! Oh, we're lost!

Prosper — What do you mean?

Suzanne — That was the very letter!

Prosper [*bewildered*] — That scrap of paper — *the* letter!

Suzanne — The very letter! Run! — quick! — get it back! Why don't you run?

Prosper [*losing his head, and running to the window*] — I am running!

Suzanne — Not by the window, man — by the door!

Prosper [*running to door*] — Yes, to be sure!

Suzanne — Not that way!

Prosper — No, no, of course not! [*Runs to the outer door, throwing down all the furniture in his way.*]

Suzanne — You'll find me at the château in the conservatory!

Prosper — I'll have it, dead or alive! [*Runs out.*]

Suzanne — That comes of being too clever by half!

[*Exit, rapidly.*]

PATRIE

Act III, Scene II, from the translation by Barrett H. Clark, published in The Drama League Series of Plays by Doubleday, Page & Co., and reprinted by their permission.

The interior of the Brussels Town Hall. At the back above the level of the stage is the Great Hall, the windows of which shine in the moonlight. Down-stage is a tower room, under the belfry. These two sections of the stage are connected by two staircases, one to the right, the other to the left. Between these staircases, in the middle of the stage, is an archway which leads from the upper room to the floor. Down-stage to the right is a large door giving access to another part of the building by means of a staircase of five steps. This staircase is open on three sides. To the left is a door opening upon the stairs to the belfry. Here and there are mutilated statues and débris, indications of the fact that the Hall has been pillaged. To the left is a stone table. It is night, but the stage is illuminated by reflected moonlight. Jonas *and* Galèna *appear under the archway at the back;* Jonas *is ahead, and carries a lantern, also two swords and a hatchet under his arm.*

JONAS [*lighting the way for* Galèna] — This way, Seigneur Galèna!

Galèna — Where are you taking me?

Jonas — Under the belfry, your Honor. Here is the staircase leading to the bells.

Galèna — Oh, yes, now I know where I am.

Jonas — Up there is the Great Hall, where our masters of the Commune used to deliberate.

Galèna — And now — what neglect and ruin!

Jonas — It's easy to see that the Spanish señors have passed this way! [*Turning his lantern in the direction of the damaged statues.*] See — our poor burgomasters!

Galèna — Patience! Those dead will resume their places again — and the living, too! Are you sure no one ever comes here?

Jonas — No one but myself. [*He lays the swords on the table.*] At any rate, here are weapons for us. I cleaned them purposely for carnival time.

Galèna — Will you fight, too?

Jonas — To protect my bells! Indeed, I will! [*He lays the lantern on the table.*]

Galèna — Sh! Did you hear?

Jonas [*pointing to the right*] — There?

Galèna — Yes!

[*Enter* Rysoor, *from the right.*]

Rysoor — Is that you, Galèna?
Galèna — Yes.
Rysoor — Is Karloo here?

[*Karloo appears at the back.*]

Karloo — Have patience, friends! Here he is.
Rysoor — Ah! welcome!
Galèna — What news?
Karloo — The best.
Galèna — The Spaniards?
Karloo — Safe! I have just come from the Duke's.
Rysoor — And the chains?
Karloo — Let down with my own hands!
Rysoor and *Galèna* [*joyfully*] — Good!
Rysoor — Then nothing is suspected at the Palace? How about the road?
Karloo — No danger. The usual sentinels and patrols! On the Place there is a guard of only fifty men, half of them asleep around the fire, while the other half are trying to sober down after their *Mardi-gras* debauch.
Rysoor — Your musketeers?
Karloo — All ready! From the Hôtel de Nassau as far as the Grand-Marché I gave the signal agreed on at more than fifty doors, and every one gave back the answer: «We are ready!» Bakkerzeel, who is on guard below, has left all his weavers at the Porte de Flandre, hiding in their cellars. Lalos stationed his brewers on the lookout under some sheds. Throughout this sad and silent city, where not a ray of light shines from a window, where the snow deadens the sound of everything, even our footsteps, there is no house but has its eyes peering in the black of the night, its ears pricked up — fully armed — impatient for battle.
Rysoor — Let us make ready, friends; the hour is near. Galèna, warn Cornélis and our friends who are waiting under the arcades. Let them all join us, and then — forward!
Galèna — I shall go at once. [*To* Jonas.] Come, Jonas! [*They go out at the back.*]
Rysoor [*after laying his cape and hat on the table*] — And now, Karloo, let me tell you what I expect of you.
Karloo — Tell me!

Rysoor — I have named this rendezvous for all our leaders, because it is the Town Hall, the communal meeting-place of the people.

Karloo — I understand.

Rysoor — In this place, Karloo, our fathers framed the laws which we are about to defend. From these very windows they proclaimed those rights which we are about to assert once more! This is the very heart of the city, of which the Spaniards have made a corpse. Now let this corpse live again! May it rise up in the night, magnificent with the flare of our torches and our bare swords, and cry, «To arms!» at the call from every bell! Then will this disheartened people know that Flemish liberty still exists — its great soul stirs again — beneath our roofs! The people know what they are struggling for: for our flag — for the ringing bells. They are the spirit of the city! Better still, the nation; best of all, the *Patrie!* And they will fight and die for Her, for She says to them: «Defend me, oh, my sons, and save me, for I am being crushed — and I am your mother!»

Karloo — Indeed she is.

Rysoor — Here, then, Karloo, is the centre of the struggle; here must we take our stand at any cost, until the Liberator arrives! I leave this sacred building in your care. Command it, defend it.

Karloo — In yours, rather.

Rysoor — No, no! I have not yet won the right, as you have at Saint-Quentin and Gravelines, to lead these brave men to battle. Karloo, I shall follow you; you must march at their head! You are the only one who can teach them to conquer; *I* can but teach them to die.

Karloo — Very well, since you wish it; but if I consent, the honor will be yours as well as mine, while for me the danger is merely greater.

Rysoor — Your sword?

Karloo — It was taken from me at the Palace!

Rysoor — Then take this! [*He takes the sword lying on the table, and is about to give it to* Karloo, *who extends his ungloved hand to receive it.* Rysoor *takes the hand and utters a cry.*] Ah!

Karloo [*surprised*] — What is the matter?

Rysoor [*looking at him, very pale*] — That hand!

Karloo — Yes?

Rysoor [*leading* Karloo *to the table, and examining the palm of his hand by lantern light*] — This wound?

Karloo — Ah, yes; it is only a trifle; my arm can still do its duty.

Rysoor [*as before*] — And you? Have you done yours?

Karloo [*uneasily*] — Rysoor, what do you mean?

Rysoor — This wound? How did you get it?

Karloo [*hesitating*] — I was careless with a sword.

Rysoor — A Spanish soldier, was he not?

Karloo — Why?

Rysoor — At night — at my home?

Karloo [*terrified*] — Oh!

Rysoor [*bursting forth*] — You miserable —! It is you!

Karloo — Rysoor!

Rysoor [*raising the sword*] — You thief of love! Destroyer of my honor! I have a right to kill you!

Karloo [*desperately, as he falls on his knees*] — Kill me, then! Death at your hands would be the sweetest of tortures! Kill me! You have every right! Kill me!

Rysoor — Blackguard, you think you can soften me!

Karloo — For God's sake, kill me, Rysoor; only kill me at once! Your words wound me far more than the cold steel of your sword could possibly do! Yes, I am a blackguard and a coward! I have deceived you — it was infamous; I confess, and I now weep tears of blood! Death! I ask you for it on bended knees — death!

Rysoor [*letting his sword fall and looking down, as he sobs in desperation*] — I am so unhappy! I loved you too much — and for this woman! That was horrible enough, but that of all men it should be *you* who — You, Karloo — Karloo, to whom I have unburdened my whole heart! And loved you as a son! What poison is there in your love for this woman that turns a loyal and generous soul like yours to a festering mass of treason and ingratitude? I had faith in but three things: the *Patrie*, her, and you! You see what remains — and it is your fault! Only tell me — tell me what I have done to you, that you should make me suffer as I do?

Karloo — You are torturing me! This is frightful! Stop! Don't reproach me this way!

Rysoor — What if I do kill you? Will your death give me back my honor? My peace that has been destroyed? Will it heal the wound which is now sapping my life's blood?

Karloo — My God! You still insist ——

Rysoor — What good will your death do me? Satisfy my desire for revenge? Will it serve the cause which we are now defending?

Karloo — Do you want ——

Rysoor — Will your dead body lead these men into battle?

Karloo — I am no longer worthy!

Rysoor — Worthy or not, does your blood belong to me? When the

whole city has scarcely enough in its veins for to-night's struggle! Should it waste these precious drops, should I strike low this arm of yours which must defend us all? Great God, no! If I did that, I should be guilty of treason as great against her as yours is against me. I have no more right to rob her of your courage than you have to deprive me of my happiness!

Karloo — Then you refuse?

Rysoor — Make ready, and take that sword!

Karloo — I?

Rysoor — Take that sword, I tell you, and go battle! Go where your duty calls, where my duty sends you! If God will that you die, do not die like a criminal, but like a martyr, like a soldier. Then at least your death will have served some cause!

Karloo [*dejectedly taking the sword*] — You will never again see me living: that I swear to you!

Rysoor [*quickly*] — Living? Very well, it makes no difference, so long as you conquer!

Karloo [*standing up, warmly*] — That gives me some hope of forgiveness, Rysoor!

Rysoor — Go, now — and take revenge on yourself. You have robbed me of my honor; give me my liberty! A woman, ha! Give me back my *Patrie!* We shall see later whether your bravery has washed clean your crime, and whether I ought to be grateful to you or hate you!

Karloo — You will forgive me, Rysoor! I will make you! [*To his sword.*] Ready, now, and help me win my cause!

[*Enter* Galèna, Bakkerzeel, Cornélis, Jonas, *and other conspirators armed.*]

Galèna — Rysoor, all the men are below, waiting for the signal. It is time now.

Rysoor [*pointing to* Karloo] — Karloo is to command you!

Bakkerzeel — Karloo, here we are!

Karloo — Are you all armed and ready?

All — All!

Karloo — Ready to brave the stake, to face torture and death?

All — All of us!

Karloo — To work, then! Now if the heart of one of you fail in the thick of the fight, remember that your defeat delivers your wives and children to the fury of the Spaniards! Think of your city being pillaged, your homes in ashes — and blame this infamous Spain!

All [*together in confused uproar*] — Yes, yes! To arms! Forward! Let us attack!

Rysoor — Silence! Listen!

[*There is a pause; the beat of Spanish drums is heard in the far distance.*]

Karloo — The drum!

Rysoor — Beating the charge!

Jonas [*running down from the back of the stage*] — The Spaniards!

[*Gunshots are heard.*]

All — Treason!

Karloo — Very well! Let us lose no time! Cry out in the Place: «To arms!» my friends! Ten thousand fighters will come forth out of the night in answer.

[*More gunshots; trumpets sound, and the beat of drums approaches, on the charge.*]

Guard the archway, Cornélis! Bakkerzeel, you the stairway!

Galèna [*from above*] — There they are on the Place!

Karloo — Rysoor, watch this door! [*He points to the door at the right, to which* Rysoor *quickly goes.*] And the signal. For God's sake, Jonas, the signal, or we are lost! [*To the others.*] You there, guard the windows!

[*He rushes to the left stairway at the moment when* Jonas *disappears up the stairs leading to the belfry. Again the reports of muskets are heard. Just after* Karloo *reaches the stairs with the conspirators, a troop of Spaniards under the leadership of* Noircarmes *appears in the large hall above, flags flying, drums and trumpets sounding the charge. The conspirators, who number more than a dozen, return from the stairs and make their way headlong to the archway, whence* Cornélis *and his men are flung, while* Bakkerzeel *and his companions defend the stairway on the right. More shots are heard.*]

Karloo — To the Great Gate!

[*He springs forward with his men to the principal doorway, on the right; this he tries to open, but cannot. At the same time the door leading to the belfry opens, and a company of Spaniards, led by* Miguel, *comes forth, with* Jonas *in their midst, his hands bound. This company fires on the conspirators, who are forced back to the stairs leading to the principal entrance, leaving their dead where they fell.*]

Rysoor [*showering blows on the closed door*] — This door!

Karloo — Break it in! [*He takes a hatchet and beats furiously on the door.*]

Noircarmes [*from above*] — Surrender!

Karloo [*who continues his task*] — Never! Long live Flanders!

All the Conspirators — Long live Flanders!

Noircarmes [*to his men*] — Fire!

[*The Spaniards fire. Seven or eight conspirators fall dead or wounded on the steps.*]

Karloo [*as before*] — Fire!

[*The conspirators return the volley. The Spaniards, who were advancing, now retreat. On the side of the conspirators only* Rysoor, Karloo, Galèna, Bakkerzeel, *and five others remain standing.*]

Rysoor — Courage, Karloo!

Karloo [*finally breaking the lock*] — The door is giving!

[*The door falls outward, causing considerable uproar. They rush forward, but fall back a moment later before other soldiers who advance against them.* Karloo *is armed only with the hatchet;* Rysoor *and the others retreat toward the centre of the stage, forming a little group. They have only swords with which to defend themselves.*]

Noircarmes [*raising his staff*] — Forward!

[*They charge again. All the Spaniards descend the great stairs at the back in a body, and surround the conspirators with a circle of steel and muskets.*]

Rysoor — Now we have only to die!

Karloo — Fire, you cowards — fire! You see, we will not surrender!

[*They throw down their weapons.* Noircarmes *raises his sword to give the signal to fire as* Alba *appears at the head of the stairway, in full battle array, his commanding baton in hand. Behind him are his officers.* La Trémoïlle *is among these.* Alba *stretches forth his baton; the drums cease beating, the trumpets are silent, every musket is lowered.*]

Alba [*to the conspirators, after a pause*] — Which of you, Messieurs, do you consider your leader?

Karloo — I!

Rysoor [*interrupting him*] — In battle, yes, but here — it is I! Comte de Rysoor!

Alba — Very well, Monsieur le Comte. Now that we are in a position to receive William of Orange we shall ask him to enter the city — [*consternation among the conspirators*] — and then make an end to the rebellion by depriving him of his head.

Rysoor [*anxiously, to* Karloo] — Ah! if he enters he is lost.

Alba — What signal have you agreed on?

Rysoor [*hopefully*] — Thank God, you don't know that, hangdog!

Alba — Rincon, bring me the bellringer Jonas.

[Jonas *is brought forth from the foot of the stairs, bound.*]

Do you know the signal?

Jonas [*trembling*] — Yes, Monseigneur!

Alba — Loose his hands, and let him sound it.

[*A soldier unties* Jonas's *hands.*]

Karloo [*quickly*] — Jonas, don't do it!

Rysoor — Don't!

Jonas [*terror-stricken*] — I'm only a poor man, Messieurs. They'll ill me, and I have a wife and children!

Karloo [*supplicating him*] — There are three million souls to save! Your children are among them!

Rysoor — Save the Prince!

Karloo — Save Flanders!

Rysoor — On my bended knees, Jonas. I beg you on bended knees ——

Jonas [*who, after being free, has been taken to the left by* Rincon] — My God! My God!

Alba [*furiously*] — Put an end to this!

The Conspirators [*intercepting* Jonas, *clinging to him as he is being taken out into the passage*] — Jonas — don't ring!

Alba [*to* Rincon] — Put a pistol to his throat; if he winces, kill him!

[Jonas *is dragged to the staircase leading to the belfry. The conspirators hang back, and appear desperate.*]

Alba — Has everything been made ready, Noircarmes?

Noircarmes — Oh, Monseigneur, the moment the Prince enters the city he will find himself between two fires: not a man will get as far as the Place.

Alba [*triumphantly*]— At last I have him between my fingers!

Rysoor — Good God, merciful Saviour, do not allow this iniquity! Save the Prince, save him! Thou owest us at least that much!

[*There is a pause, then the bell rings. Everyone listens anxiously. The death-knell strikes. The conspirators cannot restrain a movement of joy.*]

Alba [*nervously, as he looks at the conspirators*] — The death-knell!

Noircarmes — Yes, Monseigneur.

Alba — Is *that* the signal?

Karloo [*radiantly*] — Yes, Monsieur le Duc, that is the signal, but it says to the Prince: «Do not enter — go away!» It is the signal that saves him, and with him the liberty of Flanders!

Alba [*furiously*] — By the fires of hell, stop that man! Kill him, kill him! Kill him! I say.

[*A gun shot is heard in the belfry. The bell stops ringing.*]

Noircarmes — It is done!

Alba — But too late — *he* will escape. I must wait for another chance!

[*Four soldiers enter from the staircase leading to the belfry, carrying the body of* Jonas *on their muskets.*]

Rincon [*stopping the soldiers, and raising the mantle which covers* Jonas, *to see whether the man is dead*] — He is dead, Monsieur le Duc!

Rysoor [*taking off his hat before the body, as do all the conspirators*] — Poor obscure martyr, we honor you! One second's deed has made a martyr of you! May our children revere your memory, and, when they are free, take thought of the humble bellringer to whom they will owe their freedom.

[Jonas's *body is carried under the archway.*]

Come, Messieurs, on this beautiful night only *we* are lost! Long live Flanders!

The Conspirators — Long live Flanders!

Alba — Take away these men, Noircarmes — the scaffold on the Place, there — to-night, and every night hereafter!

[*The conspirators are surrounded and conducted up the large staircase to the left.*]

La Trémoïlle [*as they mount the first steps*] — Messieurs — [*they stop and turn around*] — I salute you — and I have but one regret: to be deprived of the honor of being one of your number.

Alba — Marquis!

La Trémoïlle [*putting on his hat again and looking straight at the Duke*] — For all the gold of my ransom, Monsieur le Duc, I would not say the same to *you !*

[*The conspirators ascend the staircase between two files of soldiers. Drums beat, and trumpets sound, as the curtain falls.*]

JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL

(1826–1886)

A SUCCESS so splendid and so sustained as that which has attended 'Ekkehard' and the 'Trumpeter of Säkkingen,' has not before been witnessed in the history of German literature. It is safe to regard as final an emphatic popular verdict, which has not only stood unreversed but has annually been reaffirmed in the course of nearly half a century. The 'Trumpeter' was published in 1854, 'Ekkehard' in the following year; in 1895 the former reached its two hundred and sixteenth edition, the latter passed its one hundred and forty-third. This great and growing demand is the plébiscite of two generations; and the decision of this high court of appeal has gone in favor of Scheffel's claim to a poet's immortality.

J. V. VON SCHEFFEL

Joseph Victor von Scheffel was born at Karlsruhe on February 16th, 1826; and there, sixty years afterward, he died on April 9th. He was another example of the young man of many capabilities who fails at first to find the right one. His father was an engineer, and the son's talent for drawing was inherited; the poetic gift came from his mother, who, besides other works, had written a drama which was produced at the court theatre of Karlsruhe. But young Scheffel, through the persistence of his parents, was forced to study law and prepare himself for the career of a government official. After taking his degree he held several public positions, and practiced law at Säkkingen.

During the six years which he spent in this uncongenial employment it was his ardent desire to become a painter. At last in 1852 he abandoned his profession, and went to Rome. Fortunately, however, his friends and his own failures soon made it clear to him that he had mistaken the direction of his genius; and the man who three years later had completed the most popular German poem and the most popular German novel of the century, retired to Capri in the depths of despondency because he could not paint.

During the winter at Capri and Sorrento, he sought to comfort himself in his disappointment by shaping the memories of his Rhine-

land home into the half playful, half melancholy romance of the 'Trumpeter of Säkkingen.' The success of this poem was not immediate. Scheffel returned to Germany, determined to produce a scholarly work on the history of the Middle Ages. The 'Monumenta Germaniæ Historica' formed a part of his systematic studies; and in these his imagination was captivated by the Chronicles of St. Gall.

At St. Gall, and at the foot of the Hohentwiel, he spent his Easter vacation, writing the opening chapters of 'Ekkehard.' It was finished at Heidelberg early in 1855. Upon the novel and the poem together his fame was firmly established. This period of his greatest productivity was the happiest period of his life. His high spirits found expression in the rollicking student songs which appeared under the title of 'Gaudeamus.' These songs are now the permanent possession of the university youth of Germany, to whom they have doubly endeared the poet's name. The volume has passed its sixtieth edition.

But these happy days fled swiftly. The severe mental strain of two years of uninterrupted literary creation left Scheffel a nervous wreck. He planned several more historical works; but in each case his painstaking preparations broke down his weakened health, and his task was left unfinished. The death of his sister in 1857 was a blow from which his spirits never recovered. The gay poet and convivial student became gradually a morose and disappointed man. He married in 1864 Fräulein von Malzen, the daughter of the Bavarian ambassador; but his shattered nerves and erratic habits made him an incompatible companion, and a separation followed two years later. He wrote many more tales and novels, but none ever attained the popularity of the first two works. The poet's fiftieth birthday was celebrated by all Germany; and the Grand Duke of Baden conferred upon him a patent of hereditary nobility. The last years of his life were spent in melancholy retirement on his estate at Radolfszell on Lake Constance, where he had once been wont to play the generous but eccentric host. Soon after the attainment of his sixtieth birthday he died. On the great terrace of Heidelberg Castle stands his statue in bronze.

It is only by comparison with 'Ekkehard' and the 'Trumpeter' that Scheffel's other works may be called unsuccessful. 'Frau Aventiure' (Lady Adventure) reached some twenty editions, and 'Juniperus' five. Both works are parts of a broadly planned attempt to portray the features of the olden time when the Nibelungenlied at last assumed its classic form. The scheme was never carried out, and the scholarly element in these detracts somewhat from their directness of appeal; but the graphic touch is not altogether lost. A lyric play called 'Der Brautwillkomm auf Wartburg' (Welcoming the Bride on the Wartburg) was likewise a product of these mediæval

studies, as were also the 'Bergpsalmen' (Mountain Psalms). These psalms appeared in 1870. Ten years later came 'Waldeinsamkeit' (Woodland Solitude); which with 'Der Henri von Steier' (Henry of Styria), and an ancient tale of 'Hugideo' (1884), completes the list of the poet's works.

In a century which began with Scott and ends with Sienkiewicz, a discussion of the historical novel as an allowable form of art would be academic. In Germany, Hauff's 'Lichtenstein' (1826), modeled after Scott, was the first distinctively historical novel of importance. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer attained a high mastery of form in this *genre;* but it is to Scheffel that we must look for the one classic example and supreme achievement. In 'Ekkehard' he skillfully avoids the dangers of partisanship, in the delineation of well-known characters and in the interpretation of famous events, by seeking rather to show the thoughts, ambitions, and customs of the age in the daily life of convent and castle; while the onrush of history is heard only from afar,—coming for a moment, in the attack of the Huns, to the very gates of the monastery. The book is an authentic picture of the tenth century in Suabia. Even had such men and women, such conditions, such events, never had their actual counterparts, the work would be still instinct with life; for its vitality is in no wise dependent upon its historical setting. Scheffel in his own charming preface asserts that "neither history nor poetry will lose anything by forming a close alliance." This depends, it is true, upon the genius of the man who makes the treaty; but in 'Ekkehard' men will long continue to enjoy the vivid and faithful presentation of a picturesque age, in which the elements of poetry and history are exquisitely blended.

The 'Trumpeter' is a romantic love tale full of playful humor and graceful trifling, sustained by a true and tender sentiment. Of course the humble trumpet-blower marries the high-born maiden in the end. In its rhythmic measures the poem reminds one of Heine's 'Atta Troll'; but it is kindlier and born of a serener mood than that brilliant piece of bitterness, in which the old Romantic School, expiring, laughed in frivolous self-ridicule. Gentleness, chivalry, and love are the themes of Scheffel's Rhineland romance; and the satirical blows of Hiddigeigei are delivered with velvet paws.

Scheffel has himself declared that the ironical flavor of his poetry was the result of an underlying melancholy. The events of 1848, although he was an ardent advocate of a united Fatherland, failed to stir him; and the hopeless, reactionary period that followed made him a political pessimist. "My soul," he said, "took on a rust in those days which it will never wear off." His humor was a conscious concealment of an essentially melancholy disposition; and as

the years wore on, he was less and less able to maintain his mental disguise. He lived in an atmosphere of mediævalism, and there is a natural touch of antiquity in his style which removes the last trace of pedantry from his historical pictures. His mild mockery and delightful drollery have an old-time flavor that mellows the effect; and his work is wholesome and refreshing through its pure and healthy sentiment.

REJECTION AND FLIGHT

From 'Ekkehard.' Copyright 1895, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

EKKEHARD remained long sitting in the garden bower; then he rushed out into the darkness. He knew not whither his feet were carrying him.

In the morning he found himself on the top of the Hohenkrähen, which had stood silent and deserted since the forest woman's departure. The remains of the burnt hut lay in a confused heap. Where the living-room had once been, the Roman stone with the Mithras was still to be seen. Grass and ferns grew over it, and a blindworm was stealthily creeping up on the old weather-beaten idol.

Ekkehard burst into a wild scornful laugh.

"The chapel of St. Hadwig!" he cried, striking his breast with his clenched hand. "Thus it must be!"

He upset the old Roman stone, and then mounted the rocky crest of the hill. There he threw himself down and pressed his forehead against the cool ground, which had once been touched by Frau Hadwig's foot. There he remained for a long time. When the scorching rays of the midday sun fell upon him, he still lay there, and — slept.

Toward evening he came back to the Hohentwiel, hot and haggard, and with an unsteady gait. Blades of grass clung to the woolen texture of his cowl.

The people of the castle timidly stepped out of his way, as if before one on whose forehead ill-luck had set her seal. In other times they had been wont to come toward him to entreat his blessing.

The duchess had noticed his absence, but made no inquiries about him. He went up to his tower, and seized a parchment,

as if he would read. It was Gunzo's attack upon him. "Willingly I would exhort you to aid him with healing medicine; but I fear, I sadly fear, that his disease is too deeply rooted," was what he read.

He laughed. The arched ceiling threw back an echo; he leaped to his feet as if he wanted to find out who had laughed at him. Then he went to the window, and looked down into the depths below. It was deep, deep down: a sudden giddiness came over him; he started back.

The small phial which the old Thieto had given him stood near his books. It made him melancholy. He thought of the blind old man! "The service of women is an evil thing for him who wishes to remain good," he had said when Ekkehard took leave.

He tore the seal off from the phial, and poured the Jordan water over his head and drenched his eyes. It was too late. Whole floods of holy water will not extinguish the inward fire, unless one plunges in never to rise again. . . . Yet a momentary feeling of quiet came over him.

"I will pray," said he. "It is a temptation."

He threw himself on his knees: but soon it seemed to him as if the pigeons were swarming round his head, as they did on the day when he first entered the tower room; but now they had mocking faces, and wore a contemptuous look about their beaks.

He got up and slowly descended the winding staircase to the castle chapel. The altar below had been a witness of earnest devotions on many a happy day. The chapel was, as before, dark and silent. Six ponderous pillars, with square capitals adorned with leaf-work, supported the vault. A faint streak of daylight fell in through the narrow windows. The recesses of the niche where the altar stood were but faintly illuminated; the golden background of the mosaic picture of the Redeemer alone shone with a soft glitter. Greek artists had transplanted the forms of their church ornaments to the German rock. In a white flowing garment, with a gold-red aureole round his head, the Savior's emaciated figure stood there, with the fingers of the right hand extended in the act of blessing.

Ekkehard bowed before the altar steps; his forehead rested on the stone flags. Thus he remained, wrapt in prayer.

"O Thou who hast taken the sorrows of the world on thyself, send out one ray of thy grace on me unworthy."

He raised his head and gazed up, as if he expected the earnest figure to step down from the wall and hold out his hand to him.

"I am here at thy feet, like Peter, surrounded by tempest, and the waves will not bear me up! Save me, O Lord! save me as thou didst him when thou didst walk over the raging billows, extending thy hand to him and saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?'"

But no sign was given him.

Ekkehard's brain was giving way.

There was a rustling through the chapel like that of a woman's garments. He heard nothing.

Frau Hadwig had come down under the impulse of a strange mood. Since she had begun to bear a grudge against the monk, the image of her late husband recurred oftener to her mind. Naturally, as the one receded into the background, the other must come forward again. The later reading of Virgil had also been responsible for this, as there had been said so much about the memory of Sichæus.

The following day was the anniversary of Herr Burkhard's death. With his lance and shield by his side, the old duke lay buried in the chapel. His tomb at the right of the altar was covered by a rough stone slab. The eternal lamp burned dimly over it. A sarcophagus of gray sandstone stood near it, resting on small clumsy pillars with Ionic capitals; and these again rested on grotesque stone animals. This stone coffin Frau Hadwig had had made for herself. Every year, on the anniversary of the duke's death, she had it carried up and filled with corn and fruits, which were distributed among the poor,— the means of living coming from the resting-place of the dead. It was a pious ancient custom.

To-day it was her purpose to pray on her husband's grave. The duskiness of the place concealed Ekkehard's kneeling figure. She did not see him.

Suddenly she was startled from her devotions. A laugh, subdued yet piercing, struck her ear. She knew the voice. Ekkehard had risen and recited the following words of the Psalms:—

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
From the wicked that oppress me,
From my deadly enemies who compass me about.
With their mouth they speak proudly."

He spoke it in an ominous tone. It was no more the voice of prayer.

Frau Hadwig bent down beside the sarcophagus: she would gladly have placed another on it to hide her from Ekkehard's view. She no longer cared to be alone with him. Her heart beat calmly now.

He went to the door.

Then suddenly he turned back. The everlasting lamp was softly swinging to and fro over Frau Hadwig's head. Ekkehard's eye pierced the twilight. . . . With one bound,—quicker than that which in later days St. Bernard made through the cathedral at Speier when the Madonna had beckoned to him,—he stood before the duchess. He gave her a long and penetrating look.

She rose to her feet, and seizing the edge of the stone sarcophagus with her right hand, she confronted him. The everlasting lamp over her head still gently swung to and fro on its silken cord.

"Blessed are the dead: prayers are offered for them," said Ekkehard, interrupting the silence.

Frau Hadwig made no reply.

"Will you pray for me also when I am dead?" continued he. "Oh, you must not pray for me! Have a drinking-cup made out of my skull; and when you take another doorkeeper away from the monastery of St. Gallus, you must offer him the welcoming draught in it,—and give him my greeting! You may put your own lips to it also: it will not crack. But you must then wear the circlet with the rose in it."

"Ekkehard," said the duchess, "you are outrageous!"

He put his right hand to his forehead.

"Oh," said he, in a mournful voice,—"oh, yes! the Rhine is also outrageous. They stopped its course with giant rocks; but it gnawed through them, and now rushes and roars onward in foam and tumult and destruction! Bravo, thou free heart of youth! And God is outrageous also; for he has allowed the Rhine to be, and the Hohentwiel, and the Duchess of Suabia, and the tonsure on my head."

The duchess began to shiver. Such an outbreak of long-repressed feeling she had not expected. But it was too late: she remained indifferent.

"You are ill," she said.

"Ill?" asked he: "it is merely a requital. More than a year ago at Whitsuntide, when there was as yet no Hohentwiel for me,

I carried the coffin of St. Gallus in solemn procession out of the cloister, and a woman threw herself on the ground before me. 'Get up,' cried I; but she remained prostrate in the dust. 'Walk over me with thy relic, priest, so that I may recover,' cried she; and my foot stepped over her. That woman was suffering from the heartache. Now it is reversed."

Tears interrupted his voice. He could not go on. Then he threw himself at Frau Hadwig's feet, and clasped the hem of her garment. The man was all of a tremble.

Frau Hadwig was touched,—touched against her will; as if from the hem of her garment, a feeling of unutterable woe thrilled up to her heart.

"Stand up," said she, "and think of other things. You still owe us a story. Overcome it!"

Then Ekkehard laughed through his tears.

"A story!" cried he; "oh, a story! But not told. Come, let us act the story! From the height of yonder tower one can see so far into the distance, and so deep into the valley below,—so sweet and deep and tempting. What right has the ducal castle to hold us back? No one who wishes to get down into the depth below need count more than three, and we flutter and glide softly into the arms of death there. Then I should be no longer a monk; and I might wind my arms around you."

He struck Herr Burkhard's tombstone with his clenched hand.

"And he who sleeps here shall not prevent me! If he—the old man—comes, I will not let you go. And we will float up to the tower again, and sit where we sat before; and we will read Virgil to the end; and you must wear the rose in your circlet, as if nothing whatever had happened. We will keep the gate well locked against the duke, and we will laugh at all evil tongues; and folks will say, as they sit at their fireplaces of a winter's evening: 'That is a pretty tale of the faithful Ekkehard, who slew the Emperor Ermanrich for hanging the Harlungen brothers, and who afterwards sat for many hundred years before Frau Venus's mountain, with his white staff in his hands, and meant to sit there until the Day of Judgment to warn off all pilgrims coming to the mountain. But at last he grew tired of this, and ran away, and became a monk at St. Gall; and he fell down an abyss and was killed; and he is sitting now beside a proud, pale woman, reading Virgil to her. And at midnight may be heard the words ringing through the Hegau: "Thou

commandest, O Queen, to renew the unspeakable sorrow.» And then she will have to kiss him, whether she will or not; for death makes up for what life denies.'»

He had spoken with a wild, wandering look; and now his voice failed with low weeping. Frau Hadwig had stood immovably all this time. It was as if a gleam of pity shone in her cold eyes; she bent down her head.

«Ekkehard,» said she, «you must not speak of death. This is madness. We live, you and I!»

He did not stir. Then she lightly laid her hand on his burning forehead. A wild thrill flashed through his brain. He sprang up.

«You are right!» cried he. «We live — you and I!»

A dizzy darkness clouded his eyes; he stepped forward, and winding his arms round her proud form, he fiercely pressed her to his heart; his kiss burned on her lips. Her protest died away unheard.

He raised her high up toward the altar, as if she were an offering he was about to make.

«Why dost thou hold out thy gold glittering fingers so quietly, instead of blessing us?» he cried out to the dark and solemn picture.

The duchess had started like a wounded deer. One moment, and all the passion of her hurt pride revolted within her. She pushed the frenzied man back with a strong hand, and tore herself out of his embrace.

He had one arm still round her waist, when the church door was suddenly opened, and a flaring streak of daylight broke through the darkness; they were no longer alone. Rudimann the cellarer, from Reichenau, stepped over the threshold; other figures became visible in the background of the court-yard.

The duchess had grown pale with shame and anger. A tress of her long dark hair had become loosened and was streaming down her back.

«I beg your pardon,» said the man from the Reichenau, with grinning politeness. «My eyes have beheld nothing.»

Then Frau Hadwig tore herself entirely free from Ekkehard's hold and cried out:—

«Yes, I say! Yes, yes, you have seen a madman, who has forgotten himself and God. I should be sorry for your eyes if they had beheld nothing, for I would have had them torn out!»

It was with an indescribably cold dignity that she pronounced these words.

Then Rudimann began to understand the strange scene.

"I had forgotten," said he scornfully, "that he who stands there is one of those to whom wise men have applied the words of St. Hieronymus, when he says: 'Their manners are more befitting dandies and bridegrooms than the elect of the Lord.'"

Ekkehard stood leaning against a pillar, with arms stretched out in the air, like Odysseus when he wanted to embrace his mother's shade. Rudimann's words roused him from his dreams.

"Who comes between her and me?" he cried threateningly.

But Rudimann, patting him on the shoulder with an insolent familiarity, said:—

"Calm yourself, my good friend: we have only come to deliver a note into your hands. St. Gallus can no longer allow the wisest of all his disciples to remain out in the capricious, malicious world. You are summoned home!—And don't forget the stick with which you are wont to ill-treat your confraters who like to snatch a kiss at vintage-time, you chaste moralist," he added in a low whisper.

Ekkehard stepped back. Wild longings, the pang of separation, burning passionate love, and the added insults,—all these stormed up in him. He hastily advanced toward Frau Hadwig; but the chapel was already filling.

The abbot of Reichenau himself had come to have the pleasure of witnessing Ekkehard's departure. "It will be a difficult task to get him away," he had said to the cellarer. It was easy enough now. Monks and lay brothers came in after him.

"Sacrilege!" Rudimann called out to them. "He has laid his wanton hand on his mistress even before the altar!"

Then Ekkehard boiled over. To have the most sacred secret of his heart profaned by insolent coarseness, a pearl thrown before swine! He tore down the everlasting lamp, and swung the heavy vessel like a sling.

The light went out; a hollow groan was heard,—the cellarer lay with bleeding head on the stone flags. The lamp fell clattering beside him. A blow, fierce struggle, wild confusion—all was at an end with Ekkehard.

They had overpowered him; tearing off the girdle of his cowl, they bound him.

There he stood, the handsome youthful figure, now the very picture of woe, like the broken-winged eagle. He gave one mournful, troubled, appealing look at the duchess. She turned away.

"Do what you think right," she said to the abbot, and swept through the throng. . . .

It was a dreary, depressing evening. The duchess had locked herself up in her bow-windowed room, and refused admittance to every one.

Ekkehard had been hurried away into a dungeon by the abbot's men. In the same tower, in the airy upper story of which his chamber was situated, there was a damp, dark vault; fragments of old tombstones — deposited there long before when the castle chamber had been renovated — were scattered about in unsightly heaps. A bundle of straw had been thrown in for him, and a monk was sitting outside to guard the entrance.

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, ran up and down, wailing and wringing his hands. He could not understand the fate which had befallen his uncle. The servants were all putting their heads together, eagerly whispering and gossiping, as if the hundred-tongued Rumor had been sitting on the roof of the castle, spreading her falsehoods about.

"He tried to murder the duchess," said one.

"He has been practicing the Devil's own arts with that big book of his," said another. "To-day is St. John's day, when the Devil has no power, and so he could not help him."

At the well in the court-yard stood Rudimann the cellarer, letting the clear water flow over his head. Ekkehard had given him a sharp cut; the blood obstinately and angrily trickled down into the water.

Praxedis came down looking pale and sad. She was the only soul who felt sincere pity for the prisoner. On seeing the cellarer, she ran into the garden, tore up a blue corn-flower with the roots, and brought it to him.

"Take that," said she, "and hold it in your right hand till it gets warm: that will stop the bleeding. Or shall I fetch you some linen to bind up the wound?"

He shook his head.

"It will stop of itself when the time comes," said he. "'Tis not the first time that I have been bled. Keep your corn-flowers for yourself."

But Praxedis was anxious to conciliate Ekkehard's enemy. She brought some linen: he allowed his wound to be dressed. Not a word of thanks did he proffer.

"Are you not going to let Ekkehard out to-day?" she asked.

"To-day!" Rudimann repeated sneeringly. "Do you feel inclined to weave a garland for the standard-bearer of Antichrist, — the leading horse of Satan's car, whom you have petted and spoiled up here as if he were the darling son Benjamin? To-day! In a month ask again over there!"

He pointed toward the Helvetian mountains.

Praxedis was frightened. "What are you going to do with him?"

"What is right," replied Rudimann with a dark look. "Wantonness, deeds of violence, disobedience, haughtiness, sacrilege, blasphemy — there are scarcely names enough for all his nefarious acts; but thank God, there are yet means for their expiation!" He made a gesture with his hand like that of flogging. "Ah, yes, plenty of means of expiation, gentle mistress! We will write the catalogue of his sins on his skin."

"Have pity!" said Praxedis: "he is a sick man."

"For that very reason we are going to cure him. When he has been tied to the pillar, and half a dozen rods have been flogged to pieces on his bent back, then all his spleen and his devilries will vanish!"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the Greek girl.

"Calm yourself: there are better things yet. A stray lamb must be delivered up to the fold it belongs to. There he will find good shepherds who will look after the rest. Sheep-shearing, little girl, sheep-shearing! There they will cut off his hair, which will make his head cooler; and if you feel inclined to make a pilgrimage to St. Gall a year hence, you will see on Sundays and holidays some one standing barefooted before the church door, and his head will be as bare as a stubble-field, and the penitential garb will become him very nicely. What do you think? The heathenish practices with Virgil are at an end now."

"He is innocent!" said Praxedis.

"Oh," said the cellarer sneeringly, "we shall never harm a single hair of innocence! He need only prove himself so by God's ordeal. If he takes the gold ring out of the kettle of boiling water with unburnt arm, our abbot himself will give him the blessing; and I will say that it was all a delusion of the Devil's

own making when my eyes beheld his Holiness, Brother Ekkehard, clasping your mistress in his arms."

Praxedis wept. . . .

"Cellarmaster, you are a wicked man!" she cried; and turned her back on him. . . .

"Have you any further commands?" she asked, once more looking back.

"Yes, thou Greek insect! A jug of vinegar, if you please. I want to lay my rods in it: the writing is clearer then, and does not fade away so soon. Never before have I flogged an interpreter of Virgil. He deserves particular attention."

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, was sitting under the linden-tree, still sobbing. Praxedis, as she passed, gave him a kiss. It was done to spite the cellarer.

She went up to the duchess, intending to prostrate herself and intercede for Ekkehard; but the door remained locked against her. Frau Hadwig was deeply irritated. If the monks of the Reichenau had not come in upon them, she might have pardoned Ekkehard's audacity, for she herself had indeed sowed the seeds of all that had grown to such portentous results; but now it had become a public scandal, it demanded punishment. The fear of evil tongues influences many an action.

The abbot had caused to be put into her hands the summons from St. Gall. St. Benedict's rules, said the letter, exacted not only the outward forms of a monastic life, but also the actual conformity of body and soul to its discipline. Ekkehard was to return. Passages from Gunzo's diatribe were quoted against him.

It was all the same to her. What his fate would be in the hands of his antagonists, she knew quite well. Yet she was determined to do nothing for him.

Praxedis knocked at her door a second time, but it was not opened.

"O thou poor moth," said she sadly.

Ekkehard lay in his dungeon like one who had dreamt some wild dream. Four bare walls surrounded him; above there was a faint gleam of light. Often he trembled as if shivering with cold. After a while a melancholy smile of resignation began to hover round his lips, but it did not settle there; now and again he would clench his fists in a fit of fierce anger.

It is the same with the human mind as with the sea: though the tempest may have blown over for a long time, the billowing surge is even stronger and more impetuous than before; and

some mighty chaotic breaker dashes wildly up and drives the sea-gulls away from the rocks.

But Ekkehard's heart was not yet broken. It was still too young for that. He began to reflect on his position. The view into the future was not very cheering. He knew the rules of his order, and monastic customs, and he knew that the men from Reichenau were his enemies.

With big strides he paced up and down the narrow room.

"Great God, whom we may invoke in the hour of affliction, how will all this end?"

He shut his eyes and threw himself on the bundle of straw. Confused visions passed before his soul, and he saw with his inward eye of the spirit how they would drag him out in the early morning. The abbot would be sitting on his high stone chair, holding the crosier as a sign that it was a court of judgment; and then they would read out a long bill of complaints against him. All this in the same court-yard in which he had once sprung out of the litter with such a jubilant heart, and in which he had preached his sermon against the Huns on that solemn Good Friday; and the men of the court would be gnashing their teeth against him!

"What shall I do?" thought he. "With my hand on my heart and my eyes raised toward heaven, I shall say, 'Ekkehard is not guilty!' But the judges will say, 'Prove it!' The big copper kettle will be brought; the fire lighted beneath; the water will hiss and bubble up. The abbot draws off the golden ring from his finger. They push up the right sleeve of his habit; solemn penitential psalms resound. 'I conjure thee, spirit of the water, that the Devil quit thee, and that thou serve the Lord to make known the truth, like to the fiery furnace of the King of Babylon when he had the three men thrown into it!'—Thus the abbot addresses the boiling water; and 'Dip thy arm and fetch forth the ring,' says he to the accused.—Righteous God, what judgment will thy ordeal give?"

Wild doubts beset Ekkehard's soul. He believed in himself and his good cause, but his faith was less strong in the dreadful means by which priestcraft and church laws sought to arrive at God's decision.

In the library of his monastery there was a little book bearing the title, 'Against the Inveterate Error of the Belief that through Fire, Water, or Single Combat, the Truth of God's Judgment can be Revealed.'

This book he had once read; and he remembered it well. It was to prove that with these ordeals, which were an inheritance from the ancient heathen time, it was as the excellent Gottfried of Strassburg has expressed it in later days:—

"Der heilig Christ
Windschaffen wie ein Ärmel ist."*

"And if no miracle is performed?"

His thoughts were inclined to despondency and despair.

"With burnt arm and proclaimed guilty, condemned to be flogged,—while she perhaps would stand on the balcony looking on, as if it were done to an entire stranger!—Lord of heaven and earth, send down thy lightning!"

Yet hope does not entirely forsake even the most miserable.

Then again he imagined how, through all this shame and misery, a piercing "Stop!" would be heard: she comes rushing down with disheveled locks and in her rustling ducal mantle, and drives his tormentors away, as the Savior drove out the usurers from the temple. And she presents him her hand and lips for the kiss of reconciliation.

Long and ardently his fantasy dwelt on that beautiful possibility; a breath of consolation came to him; he spoke in the words of the Preacher: "'As gold is purified from dross in the fire, so the heart of man is purified by sorrow.' We will wait and see what will happen."

He heard a slight noise in the antechamber of his dungeon. A stone jug was put down.

"You are to drink like a man," said a voice to the lay brother on guard; "for on St. John's night all sorts of unearthly visitors people the air and pass over our castle. So you must take care to keep your courage up. There's another jug for you too."

It was Praxedis who had brought the wine.

Ekkehard did not understand what she wanted. "Then she also is false," thought he. "God protect me!"

He closed his eyes and fell asleep. After a good while he was awakened. The wine had evidently been to the lay brother's taste: he was singing a song in praise of the four goldsmiths who once on a time had refused to make heathenish idols at Rome, and suffered martyrdom. With his heavy sandal-clad foot he was beating time on the stone flags. Ekkehard heard another

* "The good Lord is as much the sport of the wind as a sleeve."

jug of wine brought to the man. The singing became loud and uproarious. Then he held a soliloquy, in which he had much to say about Italy and good fare, and "Santa Agnese fuori le mura." Then he ceased talking. The prisoner could distinctly hear his snoring through the stone walls.

The castle was silent. It was about midnight. Ekkehard lay in a doze, when it seemed to him as if the bolts were softly drawn. He remained lying on his straw. A figure came in; a soft hand was laid on the slumberer's forehead. He jumped up.

"Hush!" whispered his visitor.

When all had gone to rest, Praxedis had kept awake. "The wicked cellarer shall not have the satisfaction of punishing our poor melancholy teacher," was her thought; and woman's cunning always finds ways and means to accomplish her schemes. Wrapping herself up in a gray cloak, she had stolen down. No special artifices were necessary: the lay brother was sleeping the sleep of the just. If he had been awake, the Greek girl would have frightened him by some ghost trickery. That was her plan.

"You must escape!" said she to Ekkehard. "They mean to do their worst to you."

"I know it," he replied sadly.

"Come, then."

He shook his head. "I prefer to endure it," said he.

"Don't be a fool," whispered Praxedis. "First you built your castle on the glittering rainbow; and now that it has all tumbled down, you will allow them to ill-treat you into the bargain? As if they had a right to flog you and drag you away! And you will let them have the pleasure of witnessing your humiliation? It would be a nice spectacle they would make of you! 'One does not see an honest man put to death every day,' said a man to me once in Constantinople, when I asked him why he was in such a hurry."

"Where should I go to?" asked Ekkehard.

"Neither to the Reichenau nor to your monastery," said Praxedis. "There is many a hiding-place left in the world."

She was getting impatient; and seizing Ekkehard by the hand, she dragged him on. "Come!" whispered she. He allowed himself to be led by her.

They glided past the sleeping watchman: now they stood in the court-yard; the fountain was splashing merrily. Ekkehard bent over the spout, and took a long draught of the cool water.

"All is over," said he. "And now away."

It was a stormy night. "You cannot go out by the doorway, — the bridge is drawn up," said Praxedis; "but you can get down between the rocks on the eastern side. Our shepherd boy has tried that path before."

They entered the little garden. A gust of wind went roaring through the branches of the maple-tree. Ekkehard scarcely knew what was happening to him.

He mounted the battlement. Steep and rugged fell the klinkstone precipices; a dark abyss yawned before him; black clouds were chasing each other across the dusky sky, — weird, uncouth shapes, as if two bears were pursuing a winged dragon. Soon the fantastic forms melted together; the wind whipped them onward toward the Bodensee, that glittered faintly in the distance. Indistinctly outlined lay the landscape.

"Blessings on your way!" said Praxedis.

Ekkehard sat motionless on the battlement; he still held the Greek girl's hand clasped in his. A mingled feeling of gratitude and melancholy surged through his storm-tossed brain. Then her cheek pressed against his, and a kiss trembled on his lips; he felt a pearly tear. Gently Praxedis drew away her hand.

"Don't forget," said she, "that you still owe us a story. May God lead your steps back again to this place some day, so that we may hear it from your own lips."

Ekkehard now let himself down. He waved his hand once more, then disappeared from her sight. The stillness of night was interrupted by a rattling and clattering down the cliff. The Greek girl peered down into the depths. A piece of rock had become loosened, and fell noisily down into the valley. Another followed somewhat slower; and on this Ekkehard was sitting, guiding it as a rider does his horse. So he went down the steep precipice into the blackness of the night.

Farewell!

She crossed herself and went back, smiling in spite of all her sadness. The lay brother was still fast asleep. As she crossed the court-yard, Praxedis spied a basket filled with ashes, which she seized; and softly stealing back into Ekkehard's dungeon, she poured out its contents in the middle of the room, as if this were all that was left of the prisoner's earthly remains.

"Why dost thou snore so heavily, most reverend brother?" she asked; and hurried away.

SONG OF THE ICHTHYOSAURUS

From 'Gaudeamus.' By permission of the Translator

THERE'S a rustling in the rushes,
There's a flashing in the sea;
There's a tearful Ichthyosaurus
Swims hither mournfully!

He weeps o'er the modern corruption,
Compared with the good old times,
And don't know what is the matter
With the Upper Jura limes!

The hoary old Plesiosaurus
Does naught but quaff and roar;
And the Pterodactylus lately
Flew drunk to his own front door!

The Iguanodon of the Period
Grows worse with every stratum;
He kisses the Ichthyosauresses
Whenever he can get at 'em!

I feel a catastrophe coming,
This epoch will soon be done:
And what will become of the Jura
If such goings-on go on?

The groaning Ichthyosaurus
Turns suddenly chalky pale;
He sighs from his steaming nostrils,
He writhes with his dying tail!

In that selfsame hour and minute
Died the whole Saurian stem:
The fossil-oil in their liquor
Soon put an end to them!

And the poet found their story
Which here he doth indite,
In the form of a petrified album-leaf
Upon a coprolite!

Translation of Rossiter W. Raymond.

DECLARATION AND DEPARTURE

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

At his morning meal the baron
Sat, deep poring o'er a letter
Which the day before had reached him.
From afar a post had ridden,
From the Danube, deep in Suabia,
Where the baby river ripples
Gleeful through a narrow valley.
Lofty crags jut sharply o'er it,
And its limpid waters mirror
Clear and bright their rugged outlines,
And the tender green of beech-woods.
Thence the messenger had ridden.
This the purport of the letter:—

"My old comrade, do you ever
Think of Hans von Wildenstein?
Down the Rhine and down the Danube
Many drops of clearest water
Must have run to reach the ocean,
Since we lay beside our watch-fires,
In our last campaign together.
And I mark it by my youngster,
Who has grown a lusty fellow,
And his years count four-and-twenty.
First, as page, he went to Stuttgart,
To the duke; and then to college
To old Tübingen I sent him.
If I reckon by the money
He has squandered, it is certain
He must be a mighty scholar.
Now by me at home he tarries,
Chasing deer and hares and foxes;
And when other sport is lacking,
Chasing pretty peasant-maidens:
And 'tis time that he were broken
To the wholesome yoke of marriage.
Now, methinks, you have a daughter
Who a fitting bride would make him.
'Twixt old comrades, such as we are,
Many words are surely needless;
So, Sir Baron, I would ask you

Would it please you if my Damian
To your castle rode a-wooing,
Rode a-wooing to the Rhineland?
Send me speedy answer.—Greetings
From old Hans von Wildenstein.
Postscript.—Do you still remember
That great fray we fought at Augsburg
With the horsemen of Bavaria?
And the rage of yon rich miser
And his most ungracious lady?
Why, 'tis two-and-thirty years since!»

Toilsomely the baron labored
At his comrade's crabbed writing,
And a full half-hour he puzzled,
Ere he mastered all its import.
Laughing then he spake:—«These Suabians
Are in sooth most knowing devils!
They are lacking in refinement,
Somewhat coarse in grain and fibre,
Yet of wit and prudence plenty
In their rugged pates is garnered.
Many a brainless coxcomb's noddle
They could stock and never miss it.
And my valiant Hans manœuvres
Rarely, like a veteran statesman.
His poor, mortgaged, moldering owl's-nest
By the Danube would be bolstered
Bravely by a handsome dowry.
Yet the scheme deserves a hearing.
Far and wide throughout the kingdom
Are the Wildensteins respected,
Since with Kaiser Barbarossa
To the Holy Land they journeyed.
Let the varlet try his fortune!»

To the baron entered Werner.
Slow his gait and black his jerkin,
As on feast-days. Melancholy
Sat upon his pallid features.
Jestingly the other hailed him:—
«I was in the act of sending
Honest Anton out to seek you.
Pray you, mend your pen and write me,
As my trusty scribe, a letter,
Letter of most weighty import.

For a knight has written asking
Tidings of my lady daughter,
And he seeks her hand in marriage
For his son, the young Sir Damian.
Tell him, then, how Margaretha
Has grown tall and fair and stately.
Tell him — but you need no prompting:
Fancy you a painter — paint him,
Black on white, her living image,
Fairly, and forget no detail.
Say, if 'tis the youngster's pleasure,
I shall make no opposition
If he saddle and ride hither."
"If he saddle and ride hither — "
Spake young Werner, as if dreaming
To himself; and somewhat sharply
Quoth the baron, "But what ails you
That you wear a face as lengthy
As a Calvinistic preacher's
On Good Friday? Has the fever
Once more taken hold upon you?"

Gravely made reply young Werner:—
"Sire, I cannot write the letter;
You must seek another penman,
Since I come myself to ask you
For your daughter's hand in marriage."

"For my — daughter's — hand in marriage?"
Gasped the baron, sore bewildered
In his turn; and wryly twitching
Worked his mouth, as his who playeth
On a Jew's-harp. Through his left foot
Shot a bitter throb of anguish.
"My young friend, the fever blazes
In your brain-pan like a furnace.
Go, I rede you, to the garden,
Where there plays a shady fountain.
If you dip your head beneath it
Thrice, the fever straight will vanish."

"Noble sir," rejoined young Werner,
"Spare your gibes. You may require them,
Peradventure, when the wooer
Out of Suabia rideth hither.

Sober come I, free from fever,
On a very sober errand;
And of Margaretha's father
Ask, once more, her hand in marriage.»

Darkly frowning spake the baron:—
«Do you force me, then, to tell you
What your own wit should have taught you?
Sore averse am I to meet you
With harsh earnest; for the pike-thrust,
That so late your forehead suffered,
Have I not forgotten; neither
In whose service you received it.
Yet he only may look upward
To my child, whose noble lineage
Makes such union meet and fitting.
For each one of us has nature
Limits strait and wise appointed,
Where, within our proper circle,
We may fitly thrive and prosper.
From the Holy Roman Empire
Has come down the social order
Threefold,—Noble, Burgess, Peasant:
Each, within itself included,
From itself itself renewing,
Full of health abides and hearty.
Each is thus a sturdy pillar
Which the whole supports, but never
Prospers any intermixture.
Wot ye what that has for issue?
Grandsons who of all have something
Yet are altogether nothing;
Shallow, empty, feeble mongrels,
Tottering, unloosed and shaken
From tradition's steadfast foothold.
Sharp-edged, perfect, must each man be;
And within his veins, as heirloom
From the foregone generations,
He should bear his life's direction.
Therefore equal rank in marriage
Is demanded by our usage,
Which, by me, as law is honored,
And across its fast-fixed ramparts
I will have no stranger scramble.

Item: Shall no trumpet-blower
Dare to court a noble maiden!»

Thus the baron. Sorely troubled
By such serious and unwonted
Theoretic disquisition,
Had he pieced his words together.
By the stove the cat was lying,
Hiddigeigei, listening heedful,
With his head approval nodding
At the close. Yet, musing, pressed he
With his paw upon his forehead,
Deep within himself reflecting:—
«Why do people kiss each other?
Ancient question, new misgiving!
For I thought that I had solved it,—
Thought a kiss was an expedient
Swift another's lips to padlock,
That no word of cruel candor
Issue forth. But this solution
Is, I fear me, quite fallacious;
Else my youthful friend most surely
Would long since have kissed my master.»

To the baron spake young Werner,
And his voice was low and muffled:—
«Sire, I thank you for your lesson.
In the glamour of the pine-woods,
In the May month's radiant sunshine,
By the river's crystal billows,
Did mine eyes o'erlook the ramparts
Raised by men, which lay between us.
Thanks for this reminder timely.
Thanks, too, for the hours so joyous
I have spent beneath your roof-tree.
But my span is run: the order
'Right about!' your words have given me.
And in sooth, I make no murmur.
As a suitor worthy of her
One day I return, or never.
Fare you well! Think kindly of me.»
So he said, and left the chamber,
Knowing well what lay before him.
Long, with troubled mien, the baron
Scanned the door through which he vanished.
«Sooth, it grieves me sore,» he muttered.

«If the brave lad's name were only
Damian von Wildenstein!»

Parting, bitter hour of parting!
Ah, who was it first conceived thee?
Sure, some chilly-hearted mortal
By the distant Arctic Ocean.
Freezing blew the North Pole zephyrs
Round his nose; sore pestered was he
By his wife, unkempt and jealous.
E'en the whale's delicious blubber
Tickled not his jaded palate.
O'er his ears a yellow sealskin
Drew he; in his fur-gloved right hand
Grasped his staff, and nodding curtly
To his stolid Ylaleyka,
Uttered first those words ill-omened,—
«Fare thee well, for I must leave thee.»

Parting, bitter hour of parting!
In his turret chamber, Werner
Girded up his few belongings,
Girded up his slender knapsack,
Threw a last regretful greeting
To the whitewashed walls familiar—
Loth to part, as from old comrades.
Farewell spake he to none other.
Margaretha's eyes of azure
Dared he never more encounter.
To the castle court descending,
Saddled swift his faithful palfrey;
Then there rang an iron hoof-fall,
And a drooping, joyless rider
Left the castle's peace behind him.

In the lowland by the river
Grows a walnut-tree. Beneath it
Once again he reined his palfrey,—
Once again he grasped his trumpet.
From his sorrow-laden spirit
Upward soared his farewell greeting,
Winged with saddest love and longing.
Soared—ah, dost thou know the fable
Of the song the swan sang dying?
At her heart was chill foreboding,
But she sought the lake's clear waters

Yet once more, and through the roses,
Through the glistening water-lilies,
Rose her plaintive song regretful:—
"Fairest world, 'tis mine to leave thee;
Fairest world, I die unwilling!"

Thus he blew. Was that a tear-drop
Falling, glancing, on the trumpet?
Was it but a summer rain-drop?
Onward now! His spurs relentless
In his palfrey's flanks he buried,
And was borne in rousing gallop
To the outskirts of the forest.

SONG: FAREWELL

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

THIS is the bitterness of life's long story,—
That ever near the rose the thorns are set;
Poor heart, that dwells at first in dreams of glory,
The parting comes, and eyes with tears are wet.
Ah, once I read thine eyes, thy spirit's prison,
And love and joy in their clear depths could see:
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Long had I borne with envy, hate, and sorrow,
Weary and worn, by many a tempest tried;
I dreamed of peace and of a bright to-morrow,
And lo! my pathway led me to thy side.
I longed within thine arms to rest; then, risen
In strength and gladness, give my life to thee:
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Winds whirl the leaves, the clouds are driven together,
Through wood and meadow beats a storm of rain:
To say farewell 'tis just the fitting weather,
For like the sky, the world seems gray with pain.
Yet good nor ill shall shake my heart's decision;
Thou slender maid, I still must dream of thee!
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

SONGS OF HIDDIGEIGEI, THE TOM-CAT

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

I

By the storms of fierce temptation
Undisturbed I long have dwelt;
Yet e'en pattern stars of virtue
Unexpected pangs have felt.

Hotter than in youth's hot furnace,
Dreams of yore steal in apace;
And the Cat's winged yearnings journey,
Unrestrained, o'er Time and Space.

Naples, land of light and wonder,
Cup of nectar never dry!
To Sorrento I would hasten,
On its topmost roof to lie.

Greets me dark Vesuvius; greets me
The white sail upon the sea;
Birds of spring make sweetest concert
In the budding olive-tree.

Toward the loggia steals Carmela,—
Fairest of the feline race,—
And she softly pulls my whiskers,
And she gazes in my face;

And my paw she gently presses;—
Hark! I hear a growling noise:
Can it be the Bay's hoarse murmur,
Or Vesuvius's distant voice?

Nay, Vesuvius's voice is silent,
For to-day he takes his rest.
In the yard, destruction breathing,
Bays the dog of fiendish breast,—

Bays Francesco the Betrayer,
Worst of all his evil race;
And I see my dream dissolving,
Melting in the sky's embrace.

II

Earth once was untroubled by man, they say;
Those days are over and fled,
When the forest primeval crackling lay
'Neath the mammoth's mighty tread.

Ye may search throughout all the land in vain
For the lion, the desert's own;
In sooth we are settled now, 'tis plain,
In a truly temperate zone.

The palm is borne, in life and in verse,
By neither the Great nor the Few:
The world grows weaker and ever worse,
'Tis the day of the Small and the New.

When we Cats are silenced, ariseth the Mouse,
But she too must pack and begone;
And the Infusoria's Royal House
Shall triumph, at last, alone.

III

Near the close of his existence
Hiddigeigei stands and sighs;
Death draws nigh with fell insistence,
Ruthlessly to close his eyes.

Fain from out his wisdom's treasure,
Counsels for his race he'd draw,
That amid life's changeful measure
They might find some settled law.

Fain their path through life he'd soften:
Rough it lies and strewn with stones;
E'en the old and wise may often
Stumble there, and break their bones.

Life with many brawls is cumbered,
Useless wounds and useless pain;
Cats both black and brave unnumbered
Have for naught been foully slain.

Ah, in vain our tales of sorrow!
Hark! I hear the laugh of youth.
Fools to-day and fools to-morrow,
Woe alone will teach them truth.

All in vain is history's teaching:
Listen how they laugh again!
Hiddigeigei's lore and preaching
Locked in silence must remain.

IV

Soon life's thread must break and ravel;
Weak this arm, once strong and brave;
In the scene of all my travail,
In the granary, dig my grave.

Warlike glory there I won me;
All the fight's fierce joy was mine:
Lay my shield and lance upon me,
As the last of all my line.

Ay, the last! The children's merit
Like their sires' can never grow:
Naught they know of strife of spirit;
Upright are they, dull and slow,

Dull and meagre; stiffly, slowly,
Move their minds, of force bereft;
Few indeed will keep as holy
The bequest their sires have left.

Yet once more, in days far distant,
When at rest I long have lain,
One fierce caterwaul insistent
Through your ranks shall ring again:—

«Flee, ye fools, from worse than ruin!»
Hark to Hiddigeigei's cry;
Hark, his wrathful ghostly mewing:—
«Flee from mediocrity!»

EDMOND SCHERER

(1815–1889)

BY VICTOR CHARBONNEL[1]

EDMOND SCHÉRER was at once a very learned theologian, a very profound philosopher, a very vigorous writer. What makes him especially interesting is the crisis in his faith and in his thought which led him to abandon theology for philosophy and literature. He is one of those great spirits, very numerous in our century, who have delivered themselves from the formulas of an unquestioning and passive faith, and sought with absolute sincerity the religion of the conscience.

Edmond Schérer was born at Paris, in 1815. His family was of Swiss descent, and held the Protestant faith. He early manifested an ardent love of reading: his school tasks suffered somewhat from it. Moreover, his father sent him to England to be with the Rev. Thomas Loader of Monmouth. This earnest clergyman had a salutary influence upon the young man; he inspired him with the love of duty and of work, he made a Christian of him. When Edmond Schérer, after an absence of two years, was about to leave England, he determined to become a shepherd of souls, and besides, he now understood the language admirably, and had made a study of English literature.

He then entered upon the course of the Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, where celebrated professors were among the instructors, notably Édouard Reuss. When his theological studies were over, he retired for several years, and published his first writings.

Owing to the reputation thus achieved, he was elected in 1845 professor in the School of Liberal Theology at Geneva. The instruction he gave at that time had no small renown. But one of the fundamental doctrines of the School of Liberal Theology was faith in the full inspiration of the Bible. He soon declared himself unable to accept it, and spoke of resigning his chair.

In his remarkable article, the 'Crisis of the Faith,' he protested against the abuse of authority in religious things, and affirmed the duty of personal examination, of unrestricted investigation, of religion founded on criticism. Thenceforward, according to Sainte-Beuve, he was «an indefatigable intelligence, ever advancing in ceaseless evolution.»

Having resigned his professorship in 1850, he became, with Colani, the head of the new French school of liberal Protestantism, and took a most active part in editing the Review of Theology and Christian Philosophy, of Strasbourg. His articles and his studies gave rise to violent discussions. Assuredly he recognized that «if there is anything certain in the world, it is that the destiny of the Bible is closely linked with the destiny of holiness upon the earth.» But he whom he called with full conviction a great Christian — a Goethe or a Hegel in intellectual power and literary talent, but carrying the Evangel in his heart — was «he who will let fall like a worn-out garment all that is temporary in the faith of past ages, all that criticism has victoriously assailed, all that divides the churches, but who shall know at the same time how to speak to men's consciences, how to revive the love of the truth, how to find the word of the future, while disengaging all that is identical, eternal in the Christianity of all ages.»

Suddenly in 1860, a volume that he published under the title 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism,' — containing vigorous studies of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Le P. Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, — revealed in the theologian a very searching critic. Sainte-Beuve hailed the book with many encomiums, and placed the author in «the front rank of French writers.»

Also, the contradictions perceptible between different parts of this work clearly show that Edmond Schérer continually sought his way; and that he tended towards that philosophical rather than theological conception, which makes of Christianity the perfect and definitive *religion*, but not the absolute and complete truth. Christianity appeared to him the result of a long elaboration of the human conscience, destined to prepare further elaborations; in a word, one of the phases of universal transformation. The theory of the evolution of the human mind became his new religion.

But if he ceased to be an orthodox believer, Edmond Schérer was always a man of noble moral faith, a true Christian; and he was so throughout his work of literary criticism. When the newspaper Le Temps was established in 1861, he did a share of the editing; he wrote for it political articles, and above all studies in literature. They showed the talent of a writer, the force of a thinker; and the prodigious extent of knowledge manifested in the care he took to attack all subjects, to reduce them to two or three essential points, to discuss them exhaustively, to give a concise opinion in regard to ideas and a firm judgment in regard to literary qualities, — and that with reference to works that chance brought to his notice. However, the preoccupations of a high morality of art, frankness and rectitude, — in a word, virtue and character, — were still more perceptible

in his work. «He held,» says M. Gréard, «that there is an infection of the taste that is not compatible with honesty of the soul. He reckoned among the virtues of a man of letters of the first rank, self-respect and decency, that supreme grace.» And Sainte-Beuve considers him a true judge, who neither gropes nor hesitates, having in his own mind the means of taking the exact measure of any other mind.

His literary criticism forms a collection of several volumes, bearing the title 'Studies in Contemporary Literature.' His other principal works are 'Criticism and Belief' (1850), 'Letters to my Pastor' (1853), 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism' (1860), 'Miscellanies of Religious History' (1864); and a considerable number of articles for the newspapers and magazines.

Edmond Schérer died in 1889. He had taken for rule the maxim of Emerson: «Express clearly to-day what thou thinkest to-day; to-morrow thou shalt say what thou thinkest to-morrow.» To this rule he was ever faithful. He was grandly sincere.

Victor Chauvinel.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From Review of 'Woman in the Eighteenth Century,' by the Goncourts

I could have wished this book of the brothers Goncourt a little different: not abler, more instructive, better supported with facts, for no man ever had a firmer grasp on his eighteenth century than these authors; not juster in its appreciations, because, captivated as they were by the graces of that corrupt century, their judgment of it was none the less rigorous. I could only have wished that they had not proceeded so exclusively by means of description and enumeration; and that in the many pictures that pass before our eyes, the characteristic feature, the association, the anecdote, had not taken the form of simple allusions, had not so often been indicated by a simple reference to some book I had not under my hand, to some engraving I have no time to look up among the cartoons of the Imperial Library. In a word, I should have liked more narratives and more citations. With this reservation, I willingly recognize that

the volume of the brothers Goncourt is one of those works that most fully enable us to understand the century of which it treats; which at least make us enter most fully into its innermost life, its intellectual character. An epoch is not wholly known when its literature is known; it does not even suffice us to read the memoirs of those who lived in it: there are, besides, endless details of manners, customs, dress; a thousand observations upon the different classes of society and their condition; a thousand nothings, unnoticed as the very air we breathe, yet having their value and making their contribution to the complete effect. Now the brothers Goncourt, with praiseworthy zeal and discretion, have brought all this together. They have done for the eighteenth century what learned pedants with fewer resources but with no more ability have done for past civilizations: they have reconstructed it by means of the monuments.

This volume on the woman of the eighteenth century is to be followed by three others, dealing with man, the State, and Paris at the same epoch. To say truth, however, the woman is already the man, she is already the State itself, she is the whole century. The most striking characteristic of the period under consideration is, that it personifies itself in its women. This the brothers Goncourt have recognized. "The soul of this time," say they in their somewhat exuberant style, "the centre of the world, the point whence everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, the image after which all things are modeled, is woman. Woman in the eighteenth century is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal and inevitable cause, the origin of events, the source of things. Nothing escapes her, and she holds everything in her hand: the king and France, the will of the sovereign and the power of opinion. She rules at court, she is mistress at the fireside. The revolutions of alliances and systems, peace, war, letters, arts, the fashions of the eighteenth century as well as its destinies,—all these she carries in her robe, she bends them to her caprice or her passions. She causes degradations and promotions. No catastrophes, no scandals, no great strokes, that cannot be traced to her, in this century that she fills up with prodigies, marvels, and adventures, in this history into which she works the surprises of a novel." The book of the brothers Goncourt furnishes proof of these assertions on every page. It sets forth on a small scale, but in a complete way, that epoch of

which they have so truly said that it is the French century *par excellence*, and that all our roots are found in it. This volume puts a finger on its meanness, its greatness, its vices and its virtues. It is the vices that are the most conspicuous. The corruption of the eighteenth century has become proverbial. To tell the truth, this corruption is the result of a historical situation. What is meant by the France of the eighteenth century is a particular class of society, the polite and brilliant world. The theme of history has always gone on enlarging. In old times there was no history save that of conquerors and lawgivers. Later we have that of the courts and of the nobility. After the French Revolution, it is the nations and their destinies who occupy the first plane. In the eighteenth century the middle class has already raised and enriched itself, the distinction of ranks is leveled; there is more than one plebeian name among those that adorn the salons: nevertheless, society is still essentially aristocratic; it is chiefly composed of people who have nothing to do in the world save to enjoy their hereditary privileges. The misfortune of the French nobility has always been thus to constitute a dignity without functions. It formed not so much an organic part of the State as a class of society. Confined within the limits of a narrow caste, it had reduced life to a matter of elegant and agreeable relations.

Hence the French salon, and all those graces of conversation, all those refinements of mind and manners, that make up its inimitable character. Hence at the same time, something artificial and unwholesome. Life does not easily forego a serious aim. It offers this eternal contradiction: that, tending to happiness, it nevertheless cannot adopt that as its special object without in that very act destroying the conditions of it.

These men, these women, who seemed to exist only for those things that appear most enviable,— grace and honor, love and intelligence,— these people had exhausted in themselves the sources of intelligence and love. This consummate epicurism defeated its own object. These virtues, limited to the virtues of good-fellowship, were manifestly insufficient to uphold society. This activity, in which duty, effort, sacrifice, had no place, consumed itself. Extinguish the soul, the conscience, as useless lights, and lo, all is utter darkness! The intellect was to have taken the place of everything; and the intellect has succeeded only in blighting everything, and in blighting itself before all.

Only one demand was made of human destiny,—pleasure; and it was ennui that responded.

That incurable evil of ennui—the eighteenth century betrays it everywhere. That was its essential element, I had almost said its principle. This explains its agitations, its antipathies, its furtive sadnesses, the boldness of its vices. It floats about, finding no object worth its constancy. It undertakes everything, always to fall back into a profounder disenchantment. Each fruit it gnaws can only leave a more bitter taste of ashes. It shakes itself in the vain effort to realize that it is alive. It is sorrowful, sorrowful as death, and has not even the dignity of melancholy. It finds all things spectacular; it watches itself live, and that experiment has ceased to interest it. Lassitude, spiritual barrenness, prostration of all the vital forces,—this is all that came of it. Then a well-known phenomenon makes its appearance. Man never pauses: he goes on digging, he scoops out the very void; no longer believing anything, he yet seeks an unknown good that escapes him. Dissipation, even, pursues a fleeting dream. It demands of the senses what they can never yield. Irritated by its miscalculations, it invents subtleties. It seasons libertinism with every kind of infamy. It becomes savage. It takes pleasure in bringing suffering upon the creatures it annihilates. It enjoys the remorse, the shame, of its victims. Its vanity is occupied with compromising women, with breaking their hearts, with corrupting them if it can. Thus gallantry is converted into a cynicism of immorality. Men make a boast of cruelty and of calculation in their cruelty. Good style advertises villainy. But even this is not enough. Insatiable appetites will demand of crime a certain savor that vice has lost for them. "There is," as the brothers Goncourt truly say,—"there is an inexorable logic that compels the evil passions of humanity to go to the end of themselves, and to burst in a final and absolute horror. This logic assigned to the voluptuous immorality of the eighteenth century its monstrous coronation. The habit of cruelty had become too strong to remain in the head and not reach the senses. Man had played too long with the suffering heart of woman not to feel tempted to make her suffer more surely and more visibly. Why, after exhausting tortures for her soul, should he not try them upon her body? Why not seek grossly in her blood the delights her tears had given? The doctrine sprang up, it took shape: the whole century went over to it without knowing it; it

was, in its last analysis, nothing more than the materialization of their appetites: and was it not inevitable that this last word should be said, that the erethism of ferocity should establish itself as a principle, as a revelation; and that at the end of this polished and courtly decadence, after all these approaches to the supreme torture of woman, M. de Sade, with the blood of the guillotines, should set up the Terror in Love?»

This then is the eighteenth century: a century brilliant rather than delicate, pleasure-loving without passion, whose void forever goes on emptying itself, whose blunted vices seek a stimulus in crime, whose frivolity becomes in the end almost tragical; a century of impotence and of decline, a society that is sinking and putrefying.

Let us not forget, however, that judgments made wholly from one point of view are like general ideas: they can never do more than furnish incomplete notions. Things can always be considered on two sides, the unfavorable and the favorable. The eighteenth century is like everything else: it has its right side as well as its wrong. I am sorry for those who see in it only matter for admiration: its feet slipped in the mire. I am sorry for those who do not speak of it without crossing themselves: the eighteenth century had its noble aspects, nay, its grand aspects.

And in the first place, the eighteenth century is charming. Opinions may differ as to the worth of the elegance, but that its elegance was perfect cannot be denied. The inadequacy of the *comme il faut*, and of what is called good society, may be deplored; but there is no gainsaying that the epoch in question was the grand model of this good society. France became in those days its universal school, as it were its native country. It makes of fine manners a new ethics, composed of horror for what is common, the desire to find means of pleasing, the art of attention, of delicacy in beauty, of the refinements of language, of a conversation that does not commit itself to anything, of a discussion that never degenerates into a dispute, of a lightness that is in reality only moderation and grace. The good-breeding of the eighteenth century does not destroy egoism, but it dissimulates it. Nor does it in the least make up for the lost virtues, but it vouchsafes an image of them. It gives a rule for souls. It acquires the dignity of an institution. It is the religion of an epoch that has no other.

This is not all. One feels a breath of art passing over this century. If it does not create, still it adorns. If it does not seek the beautiful, it finds the charming. Its character is not grand, but it has a character.

It has set a seal upon all that it has produced: buildings, furniture, pictures. When, two or three years ago, an exhibition brought together the works of the principal painters of the French school in the eighteenth century, the canvases of Greuze, of Boucher, of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Chardin, great was the astonishment to find so much frankness under all that affectation, originality in that mannerism, vitality in that conventional school of art. We should never lose sight of one thing: the epoch under consideration had what was lacking in some other epochs, — in the Empire, for example, — an art and a literature. That is not enough to make a great century, but it can aid a century to make a figure in history.

But observe what still better characterizes French society before the Revolution. That society is animated with intellectual curiosity. It has the taste for letters, and in letters the taste for new things, for adventures. It devours voyages, history, philosophy. It is concerned about the Chinese and the Hindus; it desires to know what Rome was, and what England is; it studies popular institutions and the faculties of the human understanding. The ladies have great quartos on their dressing-tables (that is the accepted size). Nothing discourages them. They read Raynal's 'Philosophic History,' Hume's 'Stuarts' [History of England], Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws.' But it is with the sciences that they are most smitten. It is there that their trouble of mind is best diverted. Fontenelle discourses to them on the worlds, and Galiani on political economy. The new arts, the progress of industry, excite their enthusiasm. They wish to see all, to know all. They follow courses, they frequent laboratories, they assist at experiments, they discuss systems, they read memoirs. Run after these charming young women, — they go to the Jardin des Plantes to see a theriac put together; to the Abbé Mical to hear an automaton speak; to Rouelle to witness the volatilization of the diamond; to Réveillon, there to salute Pilâtre de Rozier, before an ascension. This morning they have paid a visit to the great cactus that only blossoms once in fifty years, this afternoon they will attend experiments upon inflammable air or upon electricity. Nothing even in medicine or

anatomy is without attraction for their unfettered curiosity: the Countess de Voisenon prescribes for her friends; the Countess de Coigny is only eighteen, and she dissects!

This tendency to hyper-enthusiasm is a sign of mobility; and mobility is one of the distinguishing features of the eighteenth century. It has had a result that has not been fully noted. The eighteenth century had its crisis; or if you will, its conversion. A day came when it turned against itself. The change was perhaps not very profound, but it was very marked. From having the man of nature constantly preached to them, they wished to resemble him somewhat. The men gave up the French coat and ceased to carry the sword. The women laid down their hoops, they covered their bosoms, they substituted caps for towering head-dresses, low-heeled for high-heeled shoes, linen for brocade. Simplicity was pushed to pastoralism. Their dreams took the form of idyls. They had cottages, they played at keeping dairies, they made butter. But the true name of this new cult, whose prophet was Jean-Jacques, is sensibility. They talked now only of attraction, affinity, sympathy. It is the epoch of groups in bisque, symbols: hearts on fire, altars, doves. There are chains made of hair, bracelets with portraits. Madame de Blot wears upon her neck a miniature of the church where her brother is buried. Formerly beauty was piquant, now it aspires to be "touching." Its triumph is to "leave an emotion." The feelings should be *expansive*. Every woman is ambitious to love like Julie. Every mother will raise her son like Émile. And since it is the Genevese philosopher who has revealed to the world the gospel of sensibility, upon him most of all will that gift be lavished with which he seems all at once to have endowed French society. His handwriting is kissed: things that belonged to him are converted into relics. "There is not a truly sympathetic woman living," exclaims the most virtuous of the beauties of those days, "who would not need an extraordinary virtue to keep her from consecrating her life to Rousseau, could she be certain of being passionately loved by him!"

All this has the semblance of passion, but little depth. It would seem, in truth, that the eighteenth century was too frivolous ever to be truly moved. And nevertheless it has been moved, it has had a passion, perhaps the most noble of all — that of humanity. Pity, in the times that precede it, appears almost as foreign to polite society as the feeling for nature. Who, in the

seventeenth century, was agitated if some poor devil of a villager was crushed by the taxes, if a Protestant was condemned to his Majesty's galleys? Who troubled himself about the treatment of the insane, about the régime of prisons, the barbarities of the rack and the wheel? The eighteenth century, on the contrary, is seized with an immense compassion for all sufferings. It is kindled with generous ideas; it desires tolerance, justice, equality. Its heroes are useful men, agriculturists, benefactors of the people. It embraces all the nations in its reforms. It rises to the conception of human solidarity. It makes itself a golden age where the philosopher's theories mingle with the reveries of the mere dreamer. Every one is caught by the glorious chimera. The author of 'La Pucelle' has his hours of philanthropy. Turgot finds support in the salons. Madame de Genlis speaks like Madame Roland or Madame de Staël. Utopia, a Utopia at once rational as geometry and blind as enthusiasm,—the whole of the French Revolution is there already.

The eighteenth century has received the name of the philosophical century, and with good reason if an independent spirit of inquiry is the distinguishing feature of philosophy. It rejected everything in the nature of convention and tradition. It declared an implacable war on what is called prejudice. It desired truths that stand on their own legs. It sought in man, in the mere nature of things, the foundation of the true and the good. The doctrines of this epoch are not exalted, but they have that species of vigor that the absence of partiality gives. The problem of problems, for this century, is how to live; and to the solution of that problem it brings only natural methods. The men of those times, to use the expression of the brothers Goncourt, "keep themselves at the height of their own heart, without aid, by their own strength. Emancipated from all dogma and system of belief, they draw their lights from the recesses of their own hearts, and their powers from the same source." There are some who "afford in this superficial century the grand spectacle of a conscience at equilibrium in the void, a spectacle forgotten of humanity since the Antonines." The Countess de Boufflers, with whom M. Sainte-Beuve has lately made us acquainted, had maxims framed and hung in her chamber; among them might be read such words as the following: "In conduct, simplicity and sense. In methods, justice and generosity. In adversity, courage and self-respect. Sacrifice all for peace of mind. When an

important duty is to be fulfilled, consider perils and death only as drawbacks, not as obstacles.» See what thoughts made up the daily meditations of a woman of the world. Adversity was supported with cheerful courage. Old age was accepted without pride or effort, without surprise or consternation. One detached oneself little by little, composed oneself, conformed to the changed condition, extinguished oneself, discreetly, quite simply, with decorum, and so to speak with spirit. Let us take care when we speak of the eighteenth century — let us take care not to forget the trials of the emigration and the prisons of the Terror!

I have spoken of the greatness and the debasement of the epoch that the brothers Goncourt set themselves to interpret. If there is some contradiction between the two halves of the picture, I am not far from thinking that this very contradiction might well be a proof of correctness. Human judgments are true only on the condition of perpetually putting the yes by the side of the no. The truth is, one can say of the eighteenth century what our authors somewhere say of the Duchess of Mirepoix: in default of esteem it inspires sympathy. The French century above all others, it has our defects and our qualities. Endowed with more intelligence than firmness, argumentative rather than philosophic, didactic rather than moral, it has given lessons rather than examples to the world, examples rather than models. It was not entirely fixed, either in good or in evil. However low it fell, it was far from making an utter failure. Carried to extremes, it showed its strength most of all in extremity. It is an assemblage of contradictions where all happens without precedent, and it is safest to take nothing in it too literally. It will ever be a bad sign in France, when this century is underrated and when it is overrated; but it would be above all a sinister day if we should ever adopt its frivolity and corruption, and leave unappropriated its noble instincts and its capacity for enthusiasm.

Translated for ‹A Library of the World's Best Literature› by Lucy C. Bull.

A LITERARY HERESY

«Here I stand. I cannot otherwise. God help me! Amen.»
—LUTHER at the Diet of Worms.

I SHALL never cease to protest against the infatuations that in our day exercise a kind of tyranny in literature. To raise personal preferences to the dignity of a creed is not enough. A cult once established, a dogma once accepted,—no more freedom of analysis, no more independent criticism, no more permissible dissent: the order is to «admire like a beast.» Mental indolence is of course at the bottom of this fashion: it is easier to accept an opinion than to form one. But these habits of mind are an exceedingly curious study, for the reason that never has the tendency to slavish partisanship been more general, nor the despotism of ready-made judgments more absolute, than in these times of pretended emancipation and so-called individualism. Doubtless it is the same with enfranchised intelligence as with political rights: great efforts are made to secure them, and when they are secured we no longer care for their exercise.

I will cite the cult of which Goethe is the object in Germany as an example of the propensity that I have in mind. This cult has all the characteristics of superstition. The Germans long since exhausted their critical acumen upon the Trinity; of the infallibility of the Church or the Holy Scriptures they have left standing not a stone: but they have overleaped themselves in the case of Goethe. They have made a seer, nay, a divinity, of him. His works have become, beyond the Rhine, the Bible of cultivated men: a Bible in twenty volumes, but a true Bible, treated with the superstitious care that befits the study of an inspired text. If we do not put all the writings of this author on the same plane, if we admit preferences, we thereby relinquish the idea that all are divine, that none of them may be rejected or deprecated, that we need penetrate only a little further to find depths in what looked flat, hidden meanings in what seemed commonplace or tedious.

Instead of Goethe read Molière, and you will realize that France is not far from falling into the same habit as Germany. Among us, admiration for Molière is tending to that state of orthodoxy outside of which there is no salvation. We read little nowadays; we read badly, inattentively, without reflecting, without analyzing, without tasting.

SCHILLER

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

(1759–1805)

BY E. P. EVANS

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born November 10th, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg situated near the junction of the Murr and the Neckar. He was the second child and only son of Johann Caspar Schiller, a worthy man of humble origin, but of sterling character and superior abilities; who began his career as barber and cupper, was advanced to surgeon in a Bavarian regiment of hussars, received the rank of captain and finally of major, and died as landscape gardener in the service of the Duke of Würtemberg. Schiller's mother, Elizabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, the daughter of an innkeeper in Marbach, was a woman of warm affections, as well as a person of uncommon intelligence and fine taste, with a special fondness for poetry, in which she showed a discrimination rare in people of her class. Both parents were sincerely and even fervently pious, and wished that their son should study theology; and this desire corresponded to his own early inclinations. He afterwards abandoned divinity for jurisprudence, and then exchanged law for medicine, before finding his true vocation in literature.

The dull military drill and preceptorial pedantry of the school founded by Duke Karl, and entered by Schiller at the age of fourteen, were extremely irksome to him, and tended to repress and stunt rather than to cherish and develop the natural propensities and powers of his mind. His love of letters, and especially his passion for poetry, could be gratified only by stealth, or by the feint of a headache or a sore throat, which enabled him to evade for a few hours the stern eye of the pedagogical task-master and to devote himself to his favorite pursuits in his own room. But notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, his genius kept its native bent with laudable firmness, and he succeeded in cultivating the best literature of his day,—Klopstock's 'Messias,' Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen' and 'Werther,' Miller's 'Siegwart,' Müller's 'Faust,' Gerstenberg's 'Ugolino,' Leisewitz's 'Julius von Tarent,' Lessing's dramas, Klinger's tragedies, and other products of the "storm and stress" period; and Shakespeare, through the somewhat imperfect medium of Wieland's translation. To his over-intense and effusive

sentimentalism the ruggedly healthy English poet seemed cold and cynical, and the introduction of clowns and fools with their jests in the most pathetic scenes of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' jarred upon his sensibilities; but as he afterwards confesses, this indignation had its source in his own limited knowledge of human nature.

He left the Ducal Academy December 14th, 1780, as a doctor of medicine, and even practiced this profession for a time as assistant surgeon in a grenadier regiment at a salary of eighteen florins ($7.50) a month. Meanwhile, when he was scarcely eighteen years of age, he had written 'The Robbers'; the existence of which he prudently kept secret until after his graduation, and then, not being able to find a publisher, printed it at his own expense, and even borrowed the money for this purpose. This play, in which not only his hatred of the galling personal restraints and daily vexations he had suffered, but also the restless and impetuous spirit of the storm and stress movement, found vigorous expression, excited great enthusiasm in Germany, and was soon translated into the principal languages of Europe. It also made a strong but by no means favorable impression on the mind of the Duke of Würtemberg, who punished the author with a fortnight's arrest for going clandestinely to Mannheim to see it performed in January 1782, and forbade him "henceforth and forever to compose comedies or anything of the sort." Having before his eyes the fate of the poet Schubart, whom for a less heinous offense the same paternal sovereign had confined for ten years in the fortress of Hohenasperg, he took advantage of some public festivity on September 17th, 1782, to slip out of the gates of Stuttgart and flee to Mannheim, beyond the reach of Würtemberg bailiffs.

'The Robbers' is a work of unquestionable but undisciplined genius; a generous wine in the first stages of fermentation. The characters are the mental creations of an ardent and enthusiastic youth, taking shape and color in a great measure from the dramatic literature on which his imagination had fed. As Schiller himself confessed, it was an attempt to portray men by one who had not the slightest knowledge of mankind. Its power and popularity, in spite of all defects, and the firm hold it still has of each rising generation, are due to the sincere spirit of revolt against social, political, and intellectual tyranny that permeates it, and is the sole source of its verity and vitality.

Not feeling himself safe from ducal catchpolls at Mannheim, Schiller went to Bauerbach near Meiningen, where he was hospitably received by Frau von Wolzogen, the mother of one of his schoolfellows; and remained for several months under the name of Dr. Ritter. In this friendly retreat and place of refuge he finished 'The Conspiracy of Fiesco,' brought in a rough draught from Stuttgart;

and wrote 'Cabal and Love,' or 'Luise Miller' as it was originally called. The first of these plays marks a decided advance in artistic execution: the situations are more probable and the characters truer to life; indeed, the ambitions, intrigues, loves, hatreds, pomp and pageantry of the Genoese nobility in the sixteenth century are vividly and vigorously delineated, although a certain crudeness in laying on the glowing colors, and a conspicuous lack of delicacy in blending them, still betray the hand of the novice. 'Cabal and Love' is a bold exposure of the selfish greed, corruption, and cruelty of contemporary court life in Germany; and puts the Hessian landgrave (who sold his subjects to England as soldiers to fight against American independence, to get money to squander on his mistresses) in the pillory forever. The plan of this tragedy formed itself in his mind while undergoing the fourteen days' arrest already referred to, and this circumstance doubtless added to the impressiveness of his protest against the oppression of the middle and lower classes by arbitrary power; the enthusiastic applause with which it was received, proved that it dared to utter the thoughts and feelings timorously concealed in the bosom of every citizen.

During his stay at Bauerbach he began a new drama, 'Don Carlos,' based chiefly on a historical novel with the same title published by the Abbé de Saint-Réal at Paris in 1672. This partially finished piece he took with him to Mannheim, whither he went as poet to the theatre in July 1783; but he did not complete and print it until 1786, when he was living with Körner at Loschwitz near Dresden. This is his first drama in blank verse, and it is in every respect maturer than the earlier ones, which are all in prose; it follows them also in its tendency as a fit and logical sequence. In the three former plays he inveighs vehemently against existing evils; in 'Don Carlos' he sets forth his own ideas of humanity and liberty, in the utterances of the Infante and especially of Marquis Posa. Schiller's intention was to make the prince the hero of the piece, and he did so in the first three acts: but as the composition was delayed, the marquis gradually usurped this place in the poet's imagination, and finally overshadowed Carlos altogether; and although this change may mar the artistic unity of the plot, it adds immensely to the energy of the action in the last two acts and to the impressiveness of the whole.

The poet now turned his attention to historical and philosophical studies, as the best means of correcting the defects — arising from inadequate acquaintance with human nature and human affairs, and from imperfect knowledge of æsthetic principles — that had hitherto characterized his dramatic productions. In 1787 he went to Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of Herder and Wieland. In 1788 he published 'The History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands,'

and in the following year was appointed to a professorship in the philosophical faculty of Jena. From 1790 to 1793 appeared his 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' in three volumes. These works, while showing careful and conscientious research, are most remarkable for the vivid descriptions of events and lifelike delineations of individual characters, congenial to the pre-eminently plastic taste and talent of the dramatist. In the province of æsthetics he wrote a series of thoughtful and readable dissertations bearing throughout the visible stamp of Kantean criticism and speculation: 'On Tragic Art,' 'On Grace and Dignity,' 'On the Sublime,' 'Letters on Man's Æsthetic Education,' and finally a less abstract and more distinctively literary essay 'On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' Meanwhile he did not cease his devotion to the Muses; although exchanging for a time the service of the buskined Melpomene for that of Euterpe the delightful goddess of the softly breathing flute, and Erato with the lyre. Besides some occasional poems and amatory odes to Laura, evidently suggested by Petrarch's canzoni, he wrote at this time the exalted and exultant hymn 'To Joy,' subsequently set to music in Beethoven's ninth symphony. This was followed by numerous lyrics and ballads, the most noteworthy of which are 'The Gods of Greece,' 'The Artists,' 'The Knight Toggenburg,' 'The Sharing of the Earth,' 'The Visit' (dithyramb), 'The Power of Song,' 'Worth of Women,' 'German Art,' 'The Fight with the Dragon,' 'The Glove,' 'The Maiden from Afar,' 'Resignation,' and 'The Song of the Bell.' As a purely lyrical poet Schiller is decidedly inferior to Goethe; and the best of his minor poems are those in which the qualities of the historian, the philosopher, and the poet are combined, and epic narration and didactic meditation are blended and fused with lyrical emotion, as in 'The Song of the Bell.'

It is the historical drama for which Schiller showed a strong predilection and peculiar talent, and in which he stands pre-eminent. While engaged in his 'History of the Thirty Years' War' he was irresistibly attracted by the imposing form of Wallenstein, and resolved to make him the hero of a drama; which was originally conceived as a single piece in five acts, but was gradually expanded into three parts: 'Wallenstein's Camp' (one act), 'The Piccolomini' (five acts), and 'Wallenstein's Death' (five acts). In the following year (1800) appeared 'Maria Stuart'; then 'The Maid of Orleans' (1801), 'The Bride of Messina' (1803), and 'William Tell' (1804),—of which the last mentioned surpasses all the others in dramatic continuity and creative power: the individuals are admirably portrayed, and the idyllic life and occupations of the honest, fearless, freedom-loving Swiss peasants brought out with wonderful fidelity, in contrast to the blind brutality of their Austrian oppressors. Indeed, the very

fact (which some critics have regarded as a defect) that there is no outward connection between the deed of Tell and the oath of the men of Rütli, so far from disturbing the unity of the plot, renders it more effective; since they both work together, like unconscious forces of nature, for the attainment of the same noble end. The first part of 'Wallenstein' is a masterpiece of its kind; in the second part the action drags somewhat, but in the third moves on with the force and irresistibility of fate, in a tumult of conflicting aims and interests, and with touches of tender pathos, as in the relations of Max to Thekla, to its tragical conclusion. 'Maria Stuart' violates to some extent the truth of history, by making the conflict chiefly a matter of personal animosity instead of an antagonism of political principles and religious systems; but is distinguished for depth of psychological insight in the delineation of the characters of the rival queens and the principal statesmen and courtiers,—Burleigh, Talbot, Leicester, Mortimer, and Shrewsbury. In 'The Maid of Orleans' the heroine is the pure-souled and patriotic representative of her people, and the Divinely chosen defender of her country; and the contest is between nations. She is here no longer the devil's satellite and sorceress of her English foes and of Shakespeare, and her memory is cleansed of the filth with which Voltaire defiled it. In this "romantic tragedy," as Schiller called it, he images forth with wonderful accuracy the romantic spirit of the age, which rendered such apparitions and supernatural agencies credible. Touchingly human and true is the scene with Lionel, in which the invincible and inexorable virgin is suddenly transformed into a tender-hearted and weak-handed woman through the power of earthly love. The fable of 'The Bride of Messina,' the fatal enmity of two brothers, rivals in love, was the theme of Greek tragedy, and forms the plots of Klinger's 'The Twins' and Leisewitz's 'Julius of Tarentum.' The dialogue is interspersed with choral odes, suitable to the action and summing up the supposed reflections of the spectators; and the traditional idea of fate pervades the whole, although Schiller gives larger scope to free-will, and makes the individual in reality the author of his own destiny through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect. The poet comprises it all in the concluding verse: "Life is not the chief good, and the greatest of evils is guilt." Schiller's dramatic style is the grand style, and rather ornate and oratorical. He is truly eloquent, and in the glittering coils of his rhetoric there is no pinchbeck; but his speeches are often too long, and in the mouths of second-rate actors are apt to degenerate into rant. It would be unjust, however, to hold the poet responsible for the deficiencies of the player.

While holding his professorship at Jena, Schiller married, on February 22d, 1790, Charlotte von Lengefeld; by whom he had two sons (Carl and Ernst) and two daughters (Caroline and Emilie), and who

died at Bonn July 9th, 1826, thus surviving her husband more than twenty-one years. In 1799 he settled permanently in Weimar; in 1802 he was raised to the nobility,—a distinction for which he cared little himself, but which he thought might be of some advantage to his children. Personally he prized far more highly the honorary citizenship of the French Republic, which had been conferred upon him by the National Convention in 1793. In 1797 he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm. In 1791 he had a severe attack of catarrhal fever, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. Fortunately his pecuniary anxieties were partially relieved by the Danish poet Jens Baggesen, who induced the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, and the Danish minister Count von Schimmelmann, to grant him a pension of a thousand speciesdaler (equivalent to about $1000), with the injunction to take care of his health and not overwork. In the spring of 1804 he went to Berlin to a representation of 'William Tell,' but the exertion caused a recurrence of his old malady. He grew better, however; translated Racine's 'Phèdre' in twenty-six days, and completed two acts of a new play, 'The False Demetrius,'—when a return of catarrhal fever ended his days on May 9th, 1805.

During the last ten years of his life, Schiller's relations to Goethe were those of cordial friendship and literary co-operation; one of the most important results of which was the joint production of a series of satirical epigrams called 'Xenien,' and published in the Musenalmanach in 1797. The more philosophic and less personal, or what Schiller called the "harmless" ones, were also collected and printed under the title of 'Tabulæ Votivæ' (Votive Tablets). 'Xenia' (*ξείνια*, gifts to guests) is the title of the thirteenth book of the epigrams of the Roman poet Martial, from whom the term was borrowed by Goethe, who first mentioned it in a letter to Schiller dated December 23d, 1795; Schiller immediately replied that the idea "is splendid, and must be carried out." The epigrams contain many happy hits at the isms and ologies of the day, as well as at individual foibles. They were evidently thrown off hastily, and are not always perfect in form; but they are full of pointed wit and pungency, and made an immense sensation. Some writers by whom they were fiercely resented, ought to have been gratified and grateful, since the allusions to them in these distichs have alone saved their names from oblivion.

In the ordinary relations of life Schiller was a simple-hearted, noble-minded, and clear-sighted man, all alive with enthusiasm and full of delicate sensibility, but free from every sort of affectation. He was endowed with an intellect of high order, which he spared no pains to cultivate by assiduous and systematic study. The versatility of his genius was remarkable; and he might have excelled as a philosopher or historian, had it not been for the predominance of his

poetic gifts, to which he made all acquisitions of learning subordinate and contributory. Perhaps the least conspicuous of his mental powers was humor; but the scenes in 'Wallenstein's Camp,' 'The Famous Wife, an Epistle from One Husband to Another,' and some of his epigrams and parables, show that he was by no means destitute of this rare faculty. Remembering that he died before he was forty-six, and suffered severely from sickness during the last decade of his life, one cannot but wonder at the extent and brilliancy of his achievements as a poet and scholar.

E. P. Evans

TO LAURA

(RAPTURE)

LAURA, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams,—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

Bulwer's Translation.

THE KNIGHT TOGGENBURG

"KNIGHT, a sister's quiet love
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly—not a word he said—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band—
To the Savior's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair,—
On to that belovèd land
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.
There when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice till
Clinked the lattice bar.
Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping — till
Clinks the lattice bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.
So upon that lonely spot
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not,
Towards the casement cast.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH

"TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given:
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire:
The harvest the husbandman seizes;
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the squire.

The merchant his warehouse is locking;
The abbot is choosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfare blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet,—he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me! is there nothing remaining
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of thy dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God, "Canst thou murmur at *me?*
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"*I was,*" said the poet, "by thee!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,
Mine ear by thy music of bliss:
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

Bulwer's Translation.

THE BEST STATE

How the best state to know? It is found out:
Like the best woman — that least talked about.

Bulwer's Translation.

GERMAN ART

By no kind Augustus reared,
To no Medici endeared,
German Art arose:
Fostering glory smiled not on her;
Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
Did her blooms unclose.

No,— she went by monarchs slighted,
Went unhonored, unrequited,
From high Frederick's throne;
Praise and pride be all the greater,
That man's genius did create her
From man's worth alone.

Therefore, all from loftier mountains,
Purer wells and richer fountains,
Streams our poet-art:
So no rule to curb its rushing;
All the fuller flows it gushing
From its deep,— the heart.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The maiden sits lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.

Thou Holy One, call now thy child from below;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived and have loved.»—

«In vain, oh how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast.»

Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear:
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's sorrows and tears.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR

WITHIN a vale each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place;
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there:
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
The products of a brighter sun,
Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared,—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some:

Alike the young, the aged, fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear;
And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
She saw two loving hearts draw near.

Bulwer's Translation.

PUNCH SONG

FOUR elements joined in
An emulous strife
Fashion the world and
Constitute life.

From the sharp citron
The starry juice pour:
Acid to life is
The innermost core.

Now let the sugar
The bitter one meet:
Still be life's bitter
Tamed down to the sweet.

Let the bright water
Flow into the bowl:
Water, the calm one,
Embraces the whole.

Drops from the spirit
Pour quickening within:
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Haste while it gloweth,
Your vessel to bring:
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring.

Bulwer's Translation.

WORTH OF WOMEN

HONOR to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir,—
In the veil of her Graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to Feeling,
And keeps ever living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman, with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck that wild truant again
By the spell of her presence beguiled;
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife,—
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life:
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing,
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses.
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong and proud and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone:
Heart with heart divinely blending
In the love that Gods have known.

Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears,—he never knows;
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor,
Might to right the Statute gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
Where the Mede reigned, see the Slave!
Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the War lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth;
Of the mild realm of manners the sceptre she swayeth;
She lulls, as she looks from above,
The Discord whose hell for its victims is gaping,
And blending awhile the forever-escaping,
Whispers Hate to the Image of Love.

Bulwer's Translation.

RIDDLES

I

THE RAINBOW

FROM pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!

Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas;
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near—it flees!

First with the floods it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the artist's plastic hand?

Bulwer's Translation.

II

THE MOON AND STARS

O'ER a spacious pasture go
Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
As to-day we see them, so
In the oldest grandsire's sight.

They drink, never waxing old,
Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a shepherd to their fold,
With a silver-hornèd crook.

From a gate of gold let out,
Night by night he counts them over;
Wide the field they rove about,
Nèver hath he lost a rover.

True the *Dog* that helps to lead them,
One gay *Ram* in front we see:
What the flock, and who doth heed them,
Sheep and shepherd,—tell to me?

Bulwer's Translation.

THE POWER OF SONG

A RAIN-FLOOD from the mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirled away!
Awed—yet in awe all wildly gladdening—
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters maddening,
Nor wits the source from whence they go:
So, from their high, mysterious founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the waves of song!

Knit with the threads of life forever,
By those dread powers that weave the woof,—
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the bard a wand of wonder
The herald of the gods has given;
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven,—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As when in hours the least unclouded,
Portentous, strides upon the scene
Some fate before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of men,—
Before that stranger from *another*,
Behold how *this* world's great ones bow;
Mean joys their idle clamor smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow:
And from truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurled
Fly all the craven falsehoods of the world!

So Song—like Fate itself—is given
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To lift the earthly up to heaven,
To wake the spirit from the clay!
One with the gods the bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly;
Hushed are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharming by:
And while the soother's magic measures flow,
Smoothed every wrinkle on the brows of woe!

Even as a child, that after pining
For the sweet absent mother, hears
Her voice, and round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all its soul in tears:
So by harsh custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged
The swift song wafts the wanderer back,—
Snatched from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the great mother to her glowing breast!

Bulwer's Translation.

HYMN TO JOY

SPARK from the fire that gods have fed —
Joy — thou elysian child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other,
Thy magic all together brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus — Embrace, ye millions — let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp,—
Of one true friend the friend to be,
He who one faithful maid can clasp,—
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus — Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
Up to yon star pavilions — she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link: to *us* the treasure
Of Wine and Love; beneath the sod,
The worm has instincts fraught with pleasure;
In heaven the Cherub looks on God!

Chorus — Why bow ye down — why down — ye millions?
O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
Look upward — search the star pavilions:
There must his mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons — suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,—
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus — Joyous as suns careering gay
Along their paths on high,
March, brothers, march your dauntless way,
As chiefs to victory!

Joy from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to virtue man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.
High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Lo, 'mid the choral Angels — Joy!

Chorus — Bear this life, millions, bravely bear —
Bear this life for the better one!
See the stars! a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Men like the Gods themselves may be,
Though men may not the Gods requite;
Go soothe the pangs of Misery,
Go share the gladness with delight.
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
Have naught but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus — Let all the world be peace and love,
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl:
Behold the juice whose golden color
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a hero's valor.

Up, brothers! Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright fount spring heavenward! Up!
To the Good Spirit this glass! *To him!*

Chorus—Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of stars, and tuneful Seraphim,—
To the Good Spirit, the Father-King
In heaven! This glass to him!

Firm mind to bear what fate bestows;
Comfort to tears in sinless eyes;
Faith kept alike with friends and foes;
Man's oath eternal as the skies;
Manhood,—the thrones of Kings to girth,
Though bought by life or limb the prize;
Success to merit's honest worth;
Perdition to the brood of lies!

Chorus—Draw closer in the holy ring;
Swear by the wine-cup's golden river,
Swear by the stars, and by their King,
To keep this vow forever.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE GODS OF GREECE

YE IN the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!
And guided still the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

Then, through a veil of dreams
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
Gave to the soulless, soul—where'er they flowed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless — fixed afar —
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
Phœbus Apollo in his golden car
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
On yonder hill the Oread was adored;
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;
And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed;
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell;
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —
Shed for Proserpina to Hades borne;
And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
Heard Cytherea mourn!

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
The mortal race of old Deucalion:
Pyrrha's fair daughter humanly to woo,
Came down, in shepherd's guise, Latona's son;
Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then,
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine,
Blest Amathusia, — heroes, gods, and men,
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,
Stern self-denial or sharp penance wan!
Well might each heart be happy in that day,
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!
The beautiful alone the holy there!
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;
So that the chaste Camenæ favoring were,
And the subduing Grace!

A palace every shrine;
Your very sports heroic; — yours the crown
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,
As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer;
Bounded the satyr and blithe faun before;
And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
Hymned in their madding dance the glorious wine,
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death
No ghastly spectre stood; but from the porch
Of life—the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.
The judgment balance of the realms below,
A judge himself of mortal lineage held;
The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the meads the charioteer;
There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; won
Orestes hath his faithful friend again,
His arrows Pœas's son.

More glorious then the meeds
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renownèd deeds,
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave.
Before the rescued rescuer of the dead,
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;
And the twin stars their guiding lustre shed
On the bark tempest-tost!

Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin bloom on nature's face;—
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth, of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

Cold from the north has gone
Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
And to enrich the worship of the One,
A universe of gods must pass away!
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
And — Echo answers me!

Deaf to the joys she gives,
Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed,
Unconscious of the spiritual power that lives
Around and rules her, by our bliss unblessed,
Dull to the art that colors or creates,—
Like the dead timepiece, godless nature creeps
Her plodding round, and by the leaden weights
The slavish motion keeps.

To-morrow to receive
New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
And icy moons with weary sameness weave
From their own light their fullness and decay.
Home to the poets' land the gods are flown;
Light use in *them* that later world discerns,
Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,
On its own axle turns.

Home! and with them are gone
The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
Life's beauty and life's melody; — alone
Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless word:
Yet rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish:
Ah, that which gains immortal life in song,
To mortal life must perish!

Bulwer's Translation

THE ARTISTS

[Only the concluding lines of this long and beautiful poem are given, in which Schiller embodies his conceptions of the mission of art (in its broadest sense, including poetry and all creations of the imagination), and of its relations to philosophy and science.]

If on the course of Thought, now barrier-free,
Sweeps the glad search of bold Philosophy;
And with self-pæans and a vain renown
Would claim the praise and arrogate the crown,
Holding but as a soldier in her band
The nobler Art that did in truth command;
And grants, beneath her visionary throne,
To Art, her queen, the slave's first rank alone,—
Pardon the vaunt! For *you* Perfection all
Her star-gems weaves in one bright coronal!
With you, the first blooms of the spring, began
Awakening Nature in the soul of man!
With you fulfilled, when Nature seeks repose,
Autumn's exulting harvests ripely close.

If Art rose plastic from the stone and clay,
To mind from matter ever sweeps its sway;
Silent, but conquering in its silence, lo,
How o'er the spiritual world its triumphs go!
What in the land of knowledge, wide and far,
Keen science teaches, for *you* discovered are:
First in your arms the wise their wisdom learn,—
They dig the mine you teach them to discern;
And when that wisdom ripens to the flower
And crowning time of Beauty,—to the power
From whence it rose new stores it must impart,
The toils of science swell the wealth of art.
When to one height the sage ascends with you,
And spreads the vale of matter round his view
In the mild twilight of serene repose,—
The more the artist charms, the more the thinker knows.
The more the shapes in intellectual joy
Linked by the genii which your spells employ,
The more the thought with the emotion blends,—
The more upbuoyed by both the soul ascends
To loftier harmonies and heavenlier things,
And tracks the stream of beauty to its springs.

The lovely members of the mighty whole,
Till then confused and shapeless to his soul,
Distinct and glorious grow upon his sight;
The fair enigmas brighten from the night;
More rich the universe his thoughts inclose,
More wide the ocean with whose wave he flows;
The wrath of fate grows feebler to his fears,
As from God's scheme Chance wanes and disappears;
And as each straining impulse soars above,
How his pride lessens, how augments his love!
So, scattering blooms, the still guide Poetry
Leads him through paths, though hid, that mount on high,
Through forms and tones more pure and more sublime,—
Alp upon Alp of beauty,—till the time
When what we long as poetry have nurst,
Shall as God's own swift inspiration burst,
And flash in glory, on that youngest day,—
One with the truth to which it wings the way! . . .
O sons of Art! into your hands consigned,
O heed the trust, O heed it and revere!—
The liberal dignity of human-kind!
With you to sink, with you to reappear.
The hallowed melody of Magian song
Does to creation as a link belong,
Blending its music with God's harmony,
As rivers melt into the mighty sea.

Truth, when the age she would reform expels,
Flies for safe refuge to the Muses' cells.
More fearful for the veil of charms she takes,
From song the fullness of her splendor breaks;
And o'er the foe that persecutes and quails
Her vengeance thunders, as the bard prevails.
Rise, ye free sons of the free Mother, rise:
Still on the light of Beauty sun your eyes;
Still to the heights that shine afar aspire,
Nor meaner meads than those she gives, desire.
If here the sister Art forsake awhile,
Elude the clasp, and vanish from the toil:
Go seek and find her at the mother's heart;
Go search for Nature—and arrive at Art!
Ever the Perfect dwells in whatsoe'er
Fair souls conceive and recognize as fair!
Borne on your daring pinions, soar sublime
Above the shoal and eddy of the time.

Far-glimmering on your wizard mirror, see
The silent shadow of the age to be.
Through all life's thousandfold entangled maze,
One godlike bourne your gifted sight surveys;
Through countless means one solemn end foreshown,
The labyrinth closes at a single Throne.
As in seven tints of variegated light
Breaks the lone shimmer of the lucid white,
As the seven tints that paint the Iris bow
Into the lucid white dissolving flow,—
So truth in many-colored splendor plays:
Now on the eye enchanted with the rays;
Now in one lustre gathers every beam,
And floods the world with light—a single stream!

Bulwer's Translation.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE SONG OF THE BELL'

See the mold of clay, well heated,
In the earth walled firmly, stand.
Be the bell to-day created!
Come, my comrades, be at hand!
From the glowing brow
Sweat must freely flow,
So the work the master showeth;
Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work we earnestly are doing
Befitteth well an earnest word;
Then toil goes on, more briskly flowing,
When good discourse is also heard.
So let us then with care now ponder
What through weak strength originates:
To him no reverence can we render,
Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 'tis his to understand,—
That in his inner heart he traceth
What he produces with his hand. . . .

See how brown the pipes are getting!
This little rod I dip it in;
If it show a glazèd coating,
Then the casting may begin.

Now my lads, enough!
Prove me now the stuff,
The brittle with the tough combining,
See if they be rightly joining.

For when the strong and mild are pairing,
The manly with the tender sharing,
Then is the concord good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
If heart with heart be in communion!
For fancy's brief, repentance long. . . .

Be the casting now beginning;
Finely jaggèd is the grain.
But before we set it running,
Let us breathe a pious strain.
Let the metal go!
God protect us now!
Through the bending handle hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Benignant is the might of flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame;
In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this heaven's force he takes:
But fearful is this heaven's force
When all unfettered in its course;

It steps forth on its own fierce way,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free.
Woe! when once emancipated,
With naught her power to withstand,
Through the streets thick populated,
Waves she high her monstrous brand!
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand. . . .
From the tower,
Heavy and slow,
Tolls the funeral
Note of woe,
Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
Some new wanderer on the last way wending.

Ah! the wife it is, the dear one,
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is tearing
From the husband's arms endearing,

From the group of children, far,
Whom she, blooming, to him bare,
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw with joy maternal rest;
Ah! the household ties so tender
Broken are for evermore,
For the shadow-land now holds her,
Who the household rulèd o'er!
For her faithful guidance ceases;
No more keepeth watch her care;
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there. . . .

Woe! if, heaped up, the fire-tinder
Should the still heart of cities fill,
Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work then their own will!
Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth riot;
The bell gives forth a wailing sound,—
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.
«Equality and Freedom» howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men;
Then women, to hyenas changing,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And with the thirst of panthers ranging,
The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
Naught sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious awe;
The good man's place the bad are taking,
And vice acknowledges no law.
'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
Deadly to cross the tiger's path,
But the most terrible of terrors
Is man himself in his wild wrath.
Alas! when to the ever blinded
The heavenly torch of light is lent!
It guides him not,—it can but kindle
Whole States in flames and ruin blent.

Translation of William H. Furness.

THE EPIC HEXAMETER

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

Coleridge's Translation.

THE DISTICH

IN THE hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Coleridge's Translation.

MY CREED

WHAT'S the religion I confess? Well, none of all those
Which you mention. Why none? From sense of religion.

Translation Anonymous.

KANT AND HIS INTERPRETERS

HOW one man of wealth gives a living to whole hosts of beggars!
If kings only build, the carters have plenty to do.

Translation Anonymous.

FROM 'WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH'

MAX PICCOLOMINI [*advancing to Wallenstein*]—
My general!
Wallenstein— That I am no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max— Then thou wilt leave the army, general?
Wallenstein— I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max— And thou wilt leave the army?
Wallenstein— Rather I hope
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.
[*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right,—yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
This is now present. Do not look behind thee!
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! Judge not! Prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they
And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises and retires to the back of the stage. Max remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.*]

Max— My general, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person;
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wallenstein—Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day:
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other, duties strive with duties:
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max— War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence;
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will, as *that* is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?

O God of heaven! What a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fixed star of the Pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
Oh, what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency—
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me:
It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds; although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wallenstein— Max, hear me.

Max— Oh! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste; it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence.
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wallenstein— The world will judge me sternly: I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use
Or suffer violence,—so stands the case;
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max— So be it then! Maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel.
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But do not be a *traitor*—yes! the word
Is spoken out—be not a traitor.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature; that is wholly different;
Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell! . . .

Oh, turn back to thy duty. That thou canst
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, duke, with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wallenstein— It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

Max— Were it too late, and were it gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then — fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it — do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others:
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wallenstein— It is too late. Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[*Max stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing th most intense anguish.*]

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou* — no — thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

Coleridge's Translation.

THE ICONOCLASTS

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1556

THE commencement of the attack on images took place in West Flanders and Artois, in the district between Lys and the sea. A frantic band of artisans, boatmen, and peasants, mixed with public prostitutes, beggars, and thievish vagabonds, about three hundred in number, provided with clubs, axes, hammers, ladders, and cords, only few among them furnished with firearms and daggers, cast themselves, inspired with fanatical fury, into the villages and hamlets near St. Omer; burst the gates of such churches and cloisters as they find locked, overthrow the altars, dash to pieces the images of the saints and trample them under foot. Still more inflamed by this execrable deed, and reinforced by fresh accessions, they press forward straightway to Ypres, where they can count on a strong following of Calvinists. Unopposed they break into the cathedral; the walls are mounted with ladders, the pictures are beaten into fragments with hammers, the pulpits and pews hewn to pieces with axes, the altars stripped of their ornaments, and the sacred vessels stolen. This example is immediately followed in Menin, Comines, Verrich, Lille, and Oudenarde; the same fury in a few days seizes the whole of Flanders. At the very time when the first tidings of these events arrived, Antwerp was swarming with a crowd of homeless people, which the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin had brought together in that city. The presence of the Prince of Orange can scarcely keep within bounds the licentious band, who burn to imitate their brothers in St. Omer; but an order of the court which summons him in haste to Brussels, where the regentess is just convening her council of State in order to lay before them the royal letters, obliges him to abandon Antwerp to the wantonness of this band. His departure is the signal for tumult. From fear of the lawless violence of the mob, which manifested itself in derisive allusions in the very first days of the festival, the image of the Virgin, after having been carried about for a short time, was brought for safety to the choir, without being set up as formerly in the middle of the church. This incited some impudent boys of the common people to pay it a visit there, and scoffingly to inquire why it had recently absented itself in such haste? Others mounted the pulpit, where they mimicked the preacher and challenged the papists to contest.

A Catholic boatman, who was indignant at this jest, wished to pull them down from thence; and it came to blows in the preacher's seat. Similar scenes occurred the following evening. The numbers increased, and many came provided with suspicious implements and secret weapons. Finally it occurred to one of them to cry "Long live the Geuses!" Immediately the whole rabble took up the cry, and the Virgin was called upon to do the same. The few Catholics who were there, and who had given up the hope of effecting anything against these desperadoes, left the church after they had locked all the doors except one. As soon as they found themselves alone, it was proposed to sing one of the psalms according to the new melody, which was forbidden by the government. While they were yet singing, they all cast themselves with fury upon the image of the Virgin, piercing it through with swords and daggers, and striking off its head; prostitutes and thieves snatched the great wax-lights from the altars and lighted them to the work. The beautiful organ of the church — a masterpiece of the art of that period — was broken in fragments; the paintings were defaced and the statues dashed to pieces. A crucified Christ of life size, which was set up between the two thieves opposite the high altar, — an old and highly prized work, — was pulled to the ground with cords and cut to pieces with axes, while the two murderers at its side were respectfully spared. The holy wafers were strewed on the ground and trampled under foot; in the wine for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which was accidentally found there, the health of the Geuses was drunk; with the holy oil they greased their shoes. Graves even were rummaged, and the half-decayed corpses taken out and trampled under foot. All this was done with as wonderful regularity as if the parts had been assigned to each one beforehand; every one worked into his neighbor's hands. Dangerous as this business was, no one met with any injury, notwithstanding the dense darkness, notwithstanding the heavy objects which fell around and near them, while many were scuffling on the highest steps of the ladders. Notwithstanding the many tapers which lighted them in their villainous doings, not a single individual was recognized. With incredible rapidity the deed was accomplished; in a few hours a hundred men, at most, despoiled a temple of seventy altars, and next to St. Peter's in Rome perhaps the largest and most magnificent in Christendom.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF ORANGE WITH EGMONT

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1567

THE warning of Orange came from a sad and dispirited heart; and for Egmont the world still smiled. To quit the lap of abundance, of affluence and splendor, in which he had grown up to youth and manhood, to part from all the thousand comforts of life which alone made it of value to him, and all this in order to escape an evil which his buoyant courage regarded as still far off,—no, that was not a sacrifice which could be asked from Egmont. But even had he been less self-indulgent than he was, with what heart could he have made a princess pampered by long prosperity—a loving wife and children, on whom his soul hung—acquainted with privations at which his own courage sank, which a sublime philosophy alone can exact from sensuality? "Thou wilt never persuade me, Orange," said Egmont, "to see things in this gloomy light in which they appear to thy mournful prudence. When I have succeeded in abolishing the public preachings, in chastising the iconoclasts, in crushing the rebels and restoring their former quiet to the provinces, what can the King have against me? The King is kind and just, and I have earned claims upon his gratitude; and I must not forget what I owe to myself." "Well then," exclaimed Orange with indignation and inner anguish, "risk the trust in this royal gratitude! But a mournful presentiment tells me—and may Heaven grant that I may be deceived!—thou wilt be the bridge, Egmont, over which the Spaniards will pass into the country, and which they will destroy when they have passed over it." He drew him, after he had said this, with ardor to himself, and clasped him fervently and firmly in his arms. Long, as though for the rest of his life, he kept his eyes fixed upon him and shed tears. . . . They never saw each other again.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

ON THE ÆSTHETIC EDUCATION OF MAN

Extract from Letter No. 9

THE artist, it is true, is the son of his age; but woe be to him if he is also its pupil, or even its favorite. Let a beneficent divinity snatch him betimes as a suckling from his mother's breast, nurse him with the milk of a better time, and

let him ripen to manhood beneath a distant Grecian sky. Then when he has attained his full growth, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not however to delight it by his presence, but terrible, like Agamemnon's son, to purify it. The subject-matter he will of course take from the present; but the form he will derive from a nobler time, or rather from beyond all time,—from the absolute, unchangeable unity of his own being. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual nature, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the corruption of generations and ages, which welter in turbid whirlpools far beneath it. The matter caprice can dishonor, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his emperors when the statues were still standing erect; the temples remained holy to the eye when the gods had long served as a laughing-stock, and the infamies of a Nero and a Commodus were put to shame by the noble style of the edifice which gave them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but art has saved it and preserved it in significant stones; truth lives on in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored. As noble art survived noble nature, so too it goes before it in the inspiration that awakens and creates it. Before truth sends its conquering light into the depths of the heart, the poetic imagination catches its rays, and the summits of humanity begin to glow, while the damp night is still lying in the valleys.

But how is the artist to guard himself against the corruptions of his time, which encircle him on every side? By contempt for its judgments. Let him look upward to his dignity and the law of his nature, and not downward to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that would fain make its impress on the fleeting moment, and from the impatient spirit of enthusiasm that measures the meagre product of the time by the standard of absolute perfection, let him leave to common-sense, which is here at home, the sphere of the actual; but let him strive from the union of the possible with the necessary to bring forth the ideal. Let him imprint this in fiction and truth; let him imprint it in the play of his imagination and in the earnestness of his deeds; imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into endless time.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL

(1767–1845)

FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL

(1772–1829)

The older Romantic school of Germany, which had its origin in the movement inaugurated by Herder and Goethe, found in the Schlegel brothers its first philosophical expounders. It is in this sense that historians refer to them as the founders of the new school. In the pages of the Athenæum, which from 1798 to 1800 was the official organ of the Romanticists, the Schlegels, by their essays and aphorisms, sought to establish upon philosophic foundations a critical theory of romantic poetry.

The two brothers came of a family of poets and distinguished men. Their father, Johann Elias Schlegel, was the author of several tragedies in Alexandrines; and although he belonged to the periwig-pated age of Gottsched, he had called public attention to the beauties of Shakespeare. Their two uncles, Johann Adolf and Johann Heinrich Schlegel, were, the former a well-known poet and pulpit orator, the latter royal historiographer of Denmark.

August Wilhelm, the elder brother, was the less original of the two, but he nevertheless won distinction as a poet and a scholar and especially as a translator of the dramas of Calderon and Shakespeare. He began his translation of Shakespeare in 1798 and completed seventeen plays, the undertaking being finally carried through under the superintendence of Ludwig Tieck. His lectures on ‹Dramatic Art and Literature,› delivered in Vienna in 1808, have been translated into many languages and in England deeply influenced the criticism of Coleridge. A. W. von Schlegel was in life and in letters intimately associated with two extremely brilliant women — with his wife, Karoline, who aided him in his translations, and who, after her divorce, married the philosopher Schelling, — and with Madame de Staël, with whom he traveled about Europe and whom he assisted with her famous book ‹De l'Allemagne› (Germany). His later years were passed as professor of literature in the University of Bonn, and he was a pioneer in Sanskrit scholarship in Germany. As a critic he did much to establish the romanticist principle that criticism should be appreciative and interpretative.

THE ROMANTIC DRAMA

From (Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature,) translated by John Black.

So many things among men have been handed down from century to century and from nation to nation, and the human mind is in general so slow to invent, that originality in any department of mental exertion is everywhere a rare phenomenon. We are desirous of seeing the result of the efforts of inventive geniuses when, regardless of what in the same line has elsewhere been carried to a high degree of perfection, they set to work in good earnest to invent altogether for themselves; when they lay the foundation of the new edifice on uncovered ground, and draw all the preparations, all the building materials, from their own resources. We participate, in some measure, in the joy of success, when we see them advance rapidly from their first helplessness and need to a finished mastery in their art. The history of the Grecian theatre would afford us this cheering prospect could we witness its rudest beginnings, which were not preserved, for they were not committed to writing; but it is easy, when we compare together Æschylus and Sophocles, to form some idea of the preceding period. The Greeks neither inherited nor borrowed their dramatic art from any other people; it was original and native, and for that very reason was it able to produce a living and powerful effect. But it ended with the period when Greeks imitated Greeks; namely, when the Alexandrian poets began learnedly and critically to compose dramas after the model of the great tragic writers. The reverse of this was the case with the Romans: they received the form and substance of their dramas from the Greeks; they never attempted to act according to their own discretion, and to express their own way of thinking; and hence they occupy so insignificant a place in the history of dramatic art. Among the nations of modern Europe, the English and Spaniards alone (for the German stage is but forming), possess as yet a theatre entirely original and national, which, in its own peculiar shape, has arrived at maturity.

Those critics who consider the authority of the ancients as models to be such, that in poetry, as in all the other arts, there can be no safety out of the pale of imitation, affirm, that as the nations in question have not followed this course, they have brought nothing but irregular works on the stage, which, though they may possess occasional passages of splendor and beauty, must yet, as a whole, be forever reprobated as barbarous, and wanting in form. We have already, in the introductory part of these Lectures, stated our sentiments

generally on this way of thinking; but we must now examine the subject somewhat more closely.

If the assertion be well founded, all that distinguishes the works of the greatest English and Spanish dramatists, a Shakespeare and a Calderon, must rank them far below the ancients; they could in no wise be of importance for theory, and would at most appear remarkable, on the assumption that the obstinacy of these nations in refusing to comply with the rules may have afforded a more ample field to the poets to display their native originality, though at the expense of art. But even this assumption, on a closer examination, appears extremely questionable. The poetic spirit requires to be limited, that it may move with a becoming liberty, within its proper precincts, as has been felt by all nations on the first invention of metre; it must act according to laws derivable from its own essence, otherwise its strength will evaporate in boundless vacuity.

The works of genius cannot therefore be permitted to be without form; but of this there is no danger. However, that we may answer this objection of want of form, we must understand the exact meaning of the term form, since most critics, and more especially those who insist on a stiff regularity, interpret it merely in a mechanical, and not in an organical sense. Form is mechanical when, through external force, it is imparted to any material merely as an accidental addition without reference to its quality; as, for example, when we give a particular shape to a soft mass that it may retain the same after its induration. Organical form, again, is innate; it unfolds itself from within, and acquires its determination contemporaneously with the perfect development of the germ. We everywhere discover such forms in nature throughout the whole range of living powers, from the crystallization of salts and minerals to plants and flowers, and from these again to the human body. In the fine arts, as well as in the domain of nature, — the supreme artist, — all genuine forms are organical, that is, determined by the quality of the work. In a word, the form is nothing but a significant exterior, the speaking physiognomy of each thing, which, as long as it is not disfigured by any destructive accident, gives a true evidence of its hidden essence.

Hence it is evident that the spirit of poetry, which, though imperishable, migrates, as it were, through different bodies, must, so often as it is newly born in the human race, mold to itself, out of the nutrimental substance of an altered age, a body of a different conformation. The forms vary with the direction taken by the poeti-

cal sense; and when we give to the new kinds of poetry the old names, and judge of them according to the ideas conveyed by these names, the application which we make of the authority of classical antiquity is altogether unjustifiable. No one should be tried before a tribunal to which he is not amenable. We may safely admit, that the most of the English and Spanish dramatic works are neither tragedies nor comedies in the sense of the ancients: they are romantic dramas. That the stage of a people who, in its foundation and formation, neither knew nor wished to know anything of foreign models, will possess many peculiarities; and not only deviate from, but even exhibit a striking contrast to, the theatres of other nations who had a common model for imitation before their eyes, is easily supposable, and we should only be astonished were it otherwise. But when in two nations, differing so widely as the English and Spanish, in physical, moral, political, and religious respects, the theatres (which, without being known to each other, arose about the same time) possess, along with external and internal diversities, the most striking features of affinity, the attention even of the most thoughtless cannot but be turned to this phenomenon; and the conjecture will naturally occur, that the same, or at least a kindred, principle must have prevailed in the development of both. This comparison, however, of the English and Spanish theatre, in their common contrast with every dramatic literature which has grown up out of an imitation of the ancients, has, so far as we know, never yet been attempted. Could we raise from the dead a countryman, contemporary, and intelligent admirer of Shakespeare, and another of Calderon, and introduce to their acquaintance the works of the poet to which in life they were strangers, they would both, without doubt, considering the subject rather from a national than a general point of view, enter with difficulty into the above idea, and have many objections to urge against it. But here a reconciling criticism must step in; and this, perhaps, may be best exercised by a German, who is free from the national peculiarities of either Englishmen or Spaniards, yet by inclination friendly to both, and prevented by no jealousy from acknowledging the greatness which has been earlier exhibited in other countries than in his own.

The similarity of the English and Spanish theatres does not consist merely in the bold neglect of the Unities of Place and Time, and in the commixture of comic and tragic elements: that they were unwilling or unable to comply with the rules and with right reason, (in the meaning of certain critics these terms are equivalent), may be

considered as an evidence of merely negative properties. The ground of the resemblance lies far deeper, in the inmost substance of the fictions, and in the essential relations, through which every deviation of form becomes a true requisite, which, together with its validity, has also its significance. What they have in common with each other is the spirit of the romantic poetry, giving utterance to itself in a dramatic shape. However, to explain ourselves with due precision, the Spanish theatre, in our opinion, down to its decline and fall in the commencement of the eighteenth century, is almost entirely romantic; the English is completely so in Shakespeare alone, its founder and greatest master: in later poets the romantic principle appears more or less degenerated, or is no longer perceivable, although the march of dramatic composition introduced by virtue of it has been, outwardly at least, pretty generally retained. The manner in which the different ways of thinking of the two nations, one a northern and the other a southern, have been expressed; the former endowed with a gloomy, the latter with a glowing imagination; the one nation possessed of a scrutinizing seriousness disposed to withdraw within themselves, the other impelled outwardly by the violence of passion; the mode in which all this has been accomplished will be most satisfactorily explained at the close of this section, when we come to institute a parallel between Shakespeare and Calderon, the only two poets who are entitled to be called great.

Of the origin and essence of the romantic I treated in my first Lecture, and I shall here, therefore, merely briefly mention the subject. The ancient art and poetry rigorously separate things which are dissimilar; the romantic delights in indissoluble mixtures; all contrarieties: nature and art, poetry and prose, seriousness and mirth, recollection and anticipation, spirituality and sensuality, terrestrial and celestial, life and death, are by it blended together in the most intimate combination. As the oldest lawgivers delivered their mandatory instructions and prescriptions in measured melodies; as this is fabulously ascribed to Orpheus, the first softener of the yet untamed race of mortals; in like manner the whole of the ancient poetry and art is, as it were, a *rhythmical nomos* (law), an harmonious promulgation of the permanently established legislation of a world submitted to a beautiful order, and reflecting in itself the eternal images of things. Romantic poetry, on the other hand, is the expression of the secret attraction to a chaos which lies concealed in the very bosom of the ordered universe, and is perpetually striving after new and marvelous births; the life-giving spirit of primal love broods here

anew on the face of the waters. The former is more simple, clear, and like to nature in the self-existent perfection of her separate works; the latter, notwithstanding its fragmentary appearance, approaches more to the secret of the universe. For Conception can only comprise each object separately, but nothing in truth can ever exist separately and by itself; Feeling perceives all in all at one and the same time.

Respecting the two species of poetry with which we are here principally occupied, we compare the ancient Tragedy to a group in sculpture: the figures corresponding to the characters, and their grouping to the action; and to these two in both productions of art is the consideration exclusively directed, as being all that is properly exhibited. But the romantic drama must be viewed as a large picture, where not merely figure and motion are exhibited in larger, richer groups, but where even all that surrounds the figures must also be portrayed; where we see not merely the nearest objects, but are indulged with the prospect of a considerable distance; and all this under a magical light, which assists in giving to the impression the particular character desired.

Such a picture must be bounded less perfectly and less distinctly, than the group; for it is like a fragment cut out of the optic scene of the world. However the painter, by the setting of his foreground, by throwing the whole of his light into the centre, and by other means of fixing the point of view, will learn that he must neither wander beyond the composition, not omit anything within it.

In the representation of figure, Painting cannot compete with Sculpture, since the former can only exhibit it by a deception and from a single point of view; but, on the other hand, it communicates more life to its imitations, by colors which in a picture are made to imitate the lightest shades of mental expression in the countenance. The look, which can be given only very imperfectly by Sculpture, enables us to read much deeper in the mind, and to perceive its lightest movements. Its peculiar charm, in short, consists in this, that it enables us to see in bodily objects what is least corporeal, namely, light and air.

The very same description of beauties are peculiar to the romantic drama. It does not (like the Old Tragedy) separate seriousness and the action, in a rigid manner, from among the whole ingredients of life; it embraces at once the whole of the checkered drama of life with all its circumstances; and while it seems only to represent subjects brought accidentally together, it satisfies the unconscious requisi-

tions of fancy, buries us in reflections on the inexpressible signification of the objects which we view blended by order, nearness and distance, light and color, into one harmonious whole; and thus lends, as it were, a soul to the prospect before us.

The change of time and of place (supposing its influence on the mind to be included in the picture; and that it comes to the aid of the theatrical perspective, with reference to what is indicated in the distance, or half-concealed by intervening objects); the contrast of sport and earnest (supposing that in degree and kind they bear a proportion to each other); finally, the mixture of the dialogical and the lyrical elements (by which the poet is enabled, more or less perfectly, to transform his personages into poetical beings): these, in my opinion, are not mere licenses, but true beauties in the romantic drama. In all these points, and in many others also, the English and Spanish works, which are pre-eminently worthy of this title of Romantic, fully resemble each other, however different they may be in other respects.

Of the two we shall first notice the English theatre, because it arrived earlier at maturity than the Spanish. In both we must occupy ourselves almost exclusively with a single artist, with Shakespeare in the one and Calderon in the other; but not in the same order with each, for Shakespeare stands first and earliest among the English.

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In England, the greatest actors vie with each other in the impersonation of his characters; the printers in splendid editions of his works; and the painters in transferring his scenes to the canvas. Like Dante, Shakespeare has received the perhaps indispensable but still cumbersome honor of being treated like a classical author of antiquity. The oldest editions have been carefully collated, and where the readings seemed corrupt, many corrections have been suggested; and the whole literature of his age has been drawn forth from the oblivion to which it had been consigned, for the sole purpose of explaining the phrases, and illustrating the allusions of Shakespeare. Commentators have succeeded one another in such number, that their labors alone, with the critical controversies to which they have given rise, constitute of themselves no inconsiderable library. These labors deserve both our praise and gratitude; and more especially the historical investigations into the sources from which Shakespeare drew the materials of his plays, and also into the previous and contemporary state of the English stage, and other kindred subjects of inquiry.

Friedrich von Schlegel was born in Hanover on March 10th, 1772. Although reared among family traditions so entirely intellectual, he was, strangely enough, destined for a mercantile career; but the inherited tendencies proved too strong, and he joined his brother Wilhelm at Göttingen. There and at Leipzig he pursued the study of law; in 1793, however, he abandoned this also, and the remainder of his life was devoted to scholarly and literary labors. His mind turned first to the Greeks, and for the literature of Greece he aspired to do what Winckelmann had done for her art; but beyond a few thoughtful essays his attainments in this field never grew, and in 1796 he turned all his energies to the study of modern literature and philosophy. Fichte was the largest influence in his intellectual life; Goethe was his idolized master in the realms of poetry. The offensive tone of his reviews, however, led to a bitter unpleasantness with Schiller. In 1797 Schlegel went to Berlin, where he began a campaign against the rationalistic philistinism that dominated the intellectual life of the Prussian capital.

During this sojourn in Berlin, Schlegel met the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the wife of a Jewish merchant named Veit. This was the famous Dorothea, who played so prominent a part in the annals of the Romantic circle. One year later she separated from her husband, to live thenceforth with Friedrich von Schlegel. Their relations have been set forth in Schlegel's ‹Lucinde,› the exemplification of the author's dogma that the poet's caprice is the supreme æsthetic law. This book became the centre of a literary strife in which Schleiermacher undertook its defense. It has been omitted from the later editions of Schlegel's collected works. In April, 1804, Friedrich and Dorothea were married. Four years later, both became Catholics. Dorothea outlived her husband by ten years. Her few writings, including the unfinished romance, ‹Florentia› (1801), all appeared under her husband's name. The standard German version of Madame de Staël's ‹Corinne› was her work.

Schlegel's career was a brilliant one. For a brief space he was tutor at Jena; but his most effective work was as a lecturer. In Paris he made a thorough study of Persian and Hindu; and with a most unusual scholarly equipment, including a knowledge of ancient, modern, and remote literatures, he entered the lecture field. Honors were showered thickly upon him; crowds thronged to his lecture-room. When in 1809 he went to Vienna he was made court councilor, and became the literary secretary of the State Chancellery. The ringing proclamations with which Austria announced her uprising against Napoleon in 1809 were from his pen. In the campaign that followed, it was he who at the headquarters of the Archduke Karl took editorial charge of the army paper, known as the Austrian Gazette. But after the disenchanting peace in the autumn Schlegel fell back into that state

of pessimistic resignation which characterized the Metternich régime. From 1815 to 1818 he was counsel of the Austrian legation at Frankfort. In 1819 he accompanied Metternich to Italy; but on his return he left the service of the State, and gave his energies exclusively to literature. He founded a magazine called Concordia, whose sole purpose was to bring all confessions back into the fold of the church. A course of lectures which in 1827 he delivered in Vienna on the 'Philosophy of History' showed that his Catholicism had injured his catholicity. In the following year, in Dresden, he began another course on the 'Philosophy of Language and of Words'; but it was never finished. He died on January 12th, 1829.

Schlegel's most important contributions to literature, with one notable exception, were conceived in the form of lectures. That exception was the ripe fruit of his Oriental studies, and appeared in 1808 under the title of 'Sprache und Weisheit der Indier' (Language and Wisdom of the [East] Indians). It gave an important impulse to the then young science of comparative philology. Of more far-reaching influence was the course of lectures, delivered in Vienna before crowded audiences in the years 1810 to 1812, on 'Die Geschichte der Alten und Neuen Litteratur' (History of Ancient and Modern Literature). Although the heyday of his youthful enthusiasm is tamed, and a growing intolerance is evident, there is an exultant vigor in these lectures that marks the man who consciously commands his subject, and develops it with a sure mastery along clearly thought-out and original lines. He fights for the ideal of a free individuality which he saw incorporated in Goethe; but the tinge of mediævalism is apparent in his exaltation of Dante and Calderon. Schlegel, if he was not creative, may be called productive; his work was vital, and the rich nobility of his essentially poetic mind has made his critical writings a positive constructive force.

OF ROMANCE: SPENSER AND SHAKESPEARE

From 'Lectures on the History of Literature'

The romance of Cervantes has been, notwithstanding its high internal excellence, a dangerous and unfortunate model for the imitation of other nations. The 'Don Quixote,' a work in its kind of unexampled invention, has been the origin of the whole of modern romance; and of a crowd of unsuccessful attempts among French, English, and Germans, the object of which was to elevate into a species of poetry the prosaic representations of

the actual and the present. To say nothing of the genius of Cervantes,—which stands entirely by itself, and was sufficient to secure him from many of the faults of his successors,—the situation in which he cultivated prose fiction was fortunately far above what has fallen to the lot of any of them. The actual life of Spain in his day was much more chivalric and romantic than it has ever since been in any country of Europe. Even the want of a very exact civil subordination, and the free or rather lawless life of the provinces, might be of use to his imagination.

In all these attempts to raise the realities of Spanish life, by wit and adventure or by the extraordinary excitements of thought and feeling, to a species of poetic fiction, we can perceive that the authors are always anxious to create for themselves, in some way or other, the advantages of a poetic distance; if it were only in the life of Italian artists, a subject frequently treated in German romances, or in that of American woods and wildernesses, one very common among those of foreigners. Even when the scene of the fable is laid entirely at home, and within the sphere of the common citizen life, the narrative — so long as it continues to be narrative, and does not lose itself altogether in wit, humor, or sentiment — is ever anxious to extend in some degree the limit of that reality by which it is confined, and to procure somewhere an opening into the region where fancy is more at liberty in her operations: when no other method can be found, traveling adventures, duels, elopements, a band of robbers, or the intrigues and anxieties of a troop of strollers, are introduced pretty evidently more for the sake of the author than of his hero.

The idea of the Romantic in these romances — even in some of the best and most celebrated of them — appears to coincide very closely with that of unregulated and dissolute conduct. I remember it was the observation of a great philosopher, that the moment the world should see a perfect police, the moment there should be no contraband trade and the traveler's pass should contain an exact portrait and biography of its bearer, that moment it would become quite impossible to write a good romance; for that then nothing could occur in real life which might, with any moderate degree of ornament, be formed into the groundwork of such fiction. The expression seems quaint, but I suspect the opinion is founded very nearly upon the truth.

To determine the true and proper relation between poetry and the past or the present, involves the investigation of the whole

depth and essence of the art. In general, in our theories,—with the exception of some very general, meaningless, and most commonly false definitions of the art itself, and of the beautiful,—the chief subjects of attention are the mere forms of poetry; things without doubt necessary to be known, but by no means sufficient. As yet there has scarcely been any theory with regard to the proper subject of poetry, although such a theory would evidently be far the most useful of any in regard to the effect which poetry is to have upon life. In the preceding discourse I have endeavored to supply this defect, and to give some glimpses of such a theory, wherever the nature of my topics has furnished me with an opportunity.

With regard to the representation of actual life in poetry, we must above all things remember that it is by no means certain that the actual and the present are intractable or unworthy subjects of poetical representation, merely because in themselves they appear less noble and uncommon than the past. It is true that in what is near and present, the common and unpoetical come at all times more strongly and more conspicuously into view; while in the remote and the past, they occupy the distance and leave the foreground to be filled with forms of greatness and sublimity alone. But this difficulty is one which the true poet can easily conquer: his art has no more favorite mode of displaying itself than in lending to things of commonplace and every-day occurrence the brilliancy of a poetic illumination, by extracting from them higher signification and deeper purpose and more refined feeling than we had before suspected them of concealing, or dreamed them to be capable of exciting. Still, the precision of the present is at all times binding and confining for the fancy; and when by our subject we impose so many fetters upon her, there is always reason to fear that she will be inclined to make up for this restraint by an excess of liberty in regard to language and description.

To make my views upon this point intelligible to you in the shortest way, I need only recall to your recollection what I said some time ago with regard to subjects of a religious or Christian import. The invisible world, the Deity, and pure intellect, can never upon the whole be with propriety represented by us; nature and human beings are the proper and immediate subjects of poetry. But the higher and spiritual world can be everywhere embodied and shadowed forth in our terrestrial materials.

In like manner, the indirect representation of the actual and the present is the best and most appropriate. The bloom of young life, and the high ecstasies of passion, as well as the maturity of wise reflection, may all be combined with the old traditions of our nation: they will there have more room for exertion, and be displayed in a purer light, than the present can command. The oldest poet of the past, Homer, is at the same time to us a describer of the present in its utmost liveliness and freshness. Every true poet carries into the past his own age, and in a certain sense himself. The following appears to me to be a true account of the proper relation between poetry and time: The proper business of poetry is to represent only the eternal,— that which is at all places and in all times significant and beautiful; but this cannot be accomplished without the intervention of a veil. Poetry requires to have a corporeal habitation; and this she finds in her best sphere,— the traditions of a nation, the recollections and the past of a people. In her representations of these, however, she introduces the whole wealth of the present, so far as that is susceptible of poetical ornament; she plunges also into the future, because she explains the apparent mysteries of earthly existence, accompanies individual life through all its development down to its period of termination, and sheds from her magic mirror the light of a higher interpretation upon all things; she embraces all the tenses — the past, the present, and the future — in order to make a truly sensible representation of the eternal or the perfect time. Even in a philosophical sense, eternity is no nonentity, no mere negation of time; but rather its entire and undivided fullness, wherein all its elements are united, where the past becomes again new and present, and with the present itself is mingled the abundance of hope and all the richness of futurity.

Although, upon the whole, I consider the indirect representation of the present as the one most suitable for poetry, I would by no means be understood to be passing a judgment of condemnation upon all poetical works which follow the opposite path. We must leave the artist to be the judge of his own work. The true poet can show his power even though he takes a wrong way, and composes works which are far from perfection in regard to their original foundation. Milton and Klopstock must at all times be honored as poets of the first class, although no one will deny that they have both done themselves the

injustice to choose subjects which they never could adequately describe.

In like manner, to Richardson, who erred in a very opposite way, by trying to imitate Cervantes in elevating to poetry the realities of modern life, we cannot refuse the praise of a great talent for description, and of having at least manifested great vigor in his course, although the goal which he wished to reach was one entirely beyond his power. . . .

The chivalrous poem of Spenser, the 'Fairy Queen,' presents us with a complete view of the spirit of romance which yet lingered in England among the subjects of Elizabeth; that maiden queen who saw herself, with no ordinary delight, deified while yet alive by such playful fancies of mythology and the Muse. Spenser is a perfect master of the picturesque: in his lyrical pieces there breathes all the tenderness of the idyl, the very spirit of the Troubadours. Not only in the species and manner of his poetry, but even in his language, he bears the most striking resemblance to our old German poets of love and chivalry. The history of the English literature was indeed quite the reverse of ours. Chaucer is not unlike our poets of the sixteenth century; but Spenser is the near kinsman of the tender and melodious poets of our older time. In every language which is, like the English, the product of the blending of two different dialects, there must always be two ideals, according as the poet shall lean more to the one or the other of the elements whereof his language is composed. Of all the English poets the most Teutonic is Spenser; while Milton, on the contrary, has an evident partiality to the Latin part of the English tongue. The only unfortunate part of Spenser's poetry is its form. The allegory which he has selected and made the groundwork of his chief poem is not one of that lively kind which prevails in the elder chivalrous fictions, wherein the idea of a spiritual hero, and the mysteries of his higher vocation, are concealed under the likeness of external adventures and tangible events. It is only a dead allegory, a mere classification of all the virtues of an ethical system; in short, such a one that but for the proper names of the personages, we should never suspect any part of their history to contain "more than meets the ear."

The admiration with which Shakespeare regarded Spenser, and the care with which he imitated him in his lyrical and idyllic poems, are circumstances of themselves sufficient to make us

study, with the liveliest interest, the poem of the 'Fairy Queen.' It is in these minor pieces of Shakespeare that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. When he wrote sonnets, it seems as if he had considered himself as more a poet than when he wrote plays: he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power: but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him less familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in his short effusions, the character of Shakespeare. In them we see that he who stood like a magician above the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths and mysteries and perplexities of human character, and having power to call up into open day the darkest workings of human passions,—that this great being was not deprived of any portion of his human sympathies by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved amidst all his stern functions a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity, and love. His feelings are intense, profound, acute, almost to selfishness; but he expresses them so briefly and modestly as to form a strange contrast with most of those poets who write concerning themselves. For the right understanding of his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance. They show us that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own feelings or his own thoughts, but according to his knowledge. The world lay clear and distinct before his eyes, but between him and it there was a deep gulf fixed. He gives us a portrait of what he saw, without flattery or ornament, having the charm of unrivaled accuracy and truth. Were understanding, acuteness, and profoundness of thought (in so far as these are necessary for the characterizing of human life), to be considered as the first qualities of a poet, there is none worthy to be compared with Shakespeare. Other poets have endeavored to transport us, at least for a few moments, into another and an ideal condition of mankind. But Shakespeare is the master of reality; he sets before us, with a truth that is often painful, man in his degraded state, in this corruption which penetrates and contaminates all his being, all that he does and suffers, all the thoughts and aspirations of his fallen spirit. In this respect he may not unfrequently be said to be a satirical poet; and well indeed may the picture which he presents of human debasement, and the

enigma of our being, be calculated to produce an effect far more deep and abiding than the whole body of splenetic and passionate revilers whom we commonly call by the name of satiric poets. In the midst of all the bitterness of Shakespeare we perceive continual glimpses of thoughts and recollections more pure than satirists partake in: meditation on the original height and elevation of man; the peculiar tenderness and noble-minded sentiment of a poet. The dark world of his representation is illuminated with the most beautiful rays of patriotic inspiration, serene philanthropy, and glowing love.

But even the youthful glow of love appears in his Romeo as the mere inspiration of death; and is mingled with the same skeptical and melancholy views of life which in Hamlet give to all our being an appearance of more than natural discord and perplexity, and which in Lear carry sorrow and passion into the utmost misery of madness. This poet, who externally seems to be most calm and temperate, clear and lively; with whom intellect seems everywhere to preponderate; who as we at first imagine, regards and represents everything almost with coldness,— is found, if we examine into the internal feelings of his spirit, to be above all others the most deeply sorrowful and tragic.

Shakespeare regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people, and at first treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it; and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors and of the audience in London. Even in the earliest of his tragic attempts, he takes possession of the whole superstitions of the vulgar; and mingles in his poetry not only the gigantic greatness of their rude traditions, but also the fearful, the horrible, and the revolting. All these, again, are blended with such representations and views of human debasement as passed, or still pass, with common spectators for wit; but were connected in the depths of his reflective and penetrating spirit with the very different feelings of bitter contempt or sorrowful sympathy. He was not in knowledge, far less in art, such as since the time of Milton it has been usual to represent him. But I believe that the inmost feelings of his heart, the depths of his peculiar, concentrated, and solitary spirit, could be agitated only by the mournful voice of nature. The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of

nationality. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history, during the conquests in France, in a series of dramatic pieces which possess all the simplicity and liveliness of the ancient chronicles, but approach in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory to the most dignified and effective productions of the epic Muse.

In the works of Shakespeare a whole world is unfolded. He who has once comprehended this, and been penetrated with its spirit, will not easily allow the effect to be diminished by the form, or listen to the cavils of those who are incapable of understanding the import of what they would criticize. The form of Shakespeare's writings will rather appear to him good and excellent because in it his spirit is expressed and clothed, as it were, in a convenient garment. The poetry of Shakespeare is near of kin to the spirit of the Germans; and he is more felt and beloved by them than any other foreign — I had almost said than any vernacular — poet. Even in England, the understanding of Shakespeare is rendered considerably more difficult in consequence of the resemblance which many very inferior writers bear to him in those points which come most immediately before the eye. In Germany, we admire Shakespeare and are free from this disadvantage; but we should beware of adopting either the form or the sentiment of this great poet's writings as the exclusive model of our own. They are indeed, in themselves, most highly poetical; but they are far from being the only poetical ones, and the dramatic art may attain perfection in many other ways besides the Shakespearean.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

(1862–)

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

GRILLPARZER, the great Austrian dramatist, declared that to understand him at all one must understand Vienna. The same is true of Arthur Schnitzler, the most distinguished Viennese dramatist of our time. For the ancient and imperial city has indeed developed a culture and a mood of its own, an attitude and an aroma that are unmistakable. It is the city of Mozart, we must remember, and of the dreamy sweetness of waltzes: it has never been for long, or in any strenuous sense, politically minded, but deeply concerned always over the art of life. The native German civilization has been touched with melancholy by the surging of the Slavs to the south, with subtlety and grace and disillusion by the large and thoroughly assimilated Jewish element, from which, indeed, both Schnitzler and Hofmannsthal have sprung. To call the city Phæacian is to be unjust, as profoundly unjust as it would be to call Schnitzler a graceful trifler. It is true enough, however, that grace has here sometimes flourished at the expense of strength, and endless currents of music and verse and talk at the expense of action. In a word an intensely ripe, richly memoried, but very modern culture has here arisen from a civilization which one might call Alexandrian but for the splendid paradox of its ceaseless productivity in every department of art and thought.

Arthur Schnitzler was born in Vienna in 1862 as the son of a distinguished physician. He himself studied medicine and practised until he was past thirty. The evidence of this training may be traced in all his works. He has the physician's firmness and tenderness, his insight and his sad detachment. He is not concerned — or only very rarely — with the accidents of existence: matters social or economic or political or racial. He speaks in that subdued and exquisite yet so telling way of his of but three things, and these three things are life and love and death. His light touch, his beautiful and apparently effortless art have often deceived critics as to the deep gravity of mood and import of his plays and stories.

He began his career with the famous series of one-act plays known as ‹Anatol› (1889), so admirably presented to the American public by John Barrymore and Frank Reicher in 1913. And these scenes, though so deftly written and with so light a touch, are, in truth, a prelude to the spirit of even his most serious work. For what Anatol wants, trifler

though he is, is to raise the hours into beauty and significance and to distill from life, that is so shadowy and brief, a touch of immortality. And that is the fundamental theme or *leit-motif* of Schnitzler both as a dramatic artist and as a writer of fiction. Life is transitory: of the beyond in any sense we have no certain message. To render permanent and touch with nobility the fleeting moments of this brief existence there are art and thought and love. Love, however, must not be tenacious and enslaving, but kind and full of subtle renunciations. It is useless to be pedantic about institutions or social conventions, for «the land of the soul» is a great land in which the strangest and most contradictory impulses can co-exist. It must not be thought that Schnitzler is absolutely careless of the immediately practical issues of life. In ‹The Fairy-Tale› (1891); ‹Free Game› (1896); ‹The Legacy› (1897), and more recently in ‹Professor Bernhardi› (1912) he has spoken with virile energy and pointedness on moral and social problems. But his plea has always been for tolerance, for kindness, for freedom. Why should men torment each other during their brief and perishable years, and enslave and judge harshly and condemn? Life is difficult and complex. To make it lovely and harmonious for even an hour, and to make it that at the expense of no pain to any other soul — such is, in many forms, the recurrent philosophy of Schnitzler's characters. They seem ever mindful of that great saying of the elder Goethe: «The world-spirit is far more tolerant than one thinks. . . .»

Aside from the one-act plays (a form of writing in which he easily ranks first among modern dramatists) Schnitzler's best dramas are probably ‹Light o' Love› (1894); ‹The Lonely Way› (1900), and ‹The Land of the Soul› (1910). These are, at least, highly characteristic examples of his genius and his art. The fables are in all three cases of the highest interest. They have truth and representative power. The characters are memorable. No one who has read or seen the plays is likely to forget Christine Weiring or Georg von Skala or Friedrich Hofreiter. Yet when all is said and done — and with this point one disengages the master quality of Schnitzler — it is neither of the story nor of the characters that one thinks longest or most deeply. It is of the dialogue. For Schnitzler's characters are chosen for the most part from among the most cultivated members of a very cultivated society. And it must be remembered that culture in Germany and German-Austria means quite rarely a veneer of letters and art superimposed upon the most cheerless philistinism of thought and feeling. Culture in Schnitzler's men and women means emotional richness and subtlety, boundless flexibility of mind, a searching, troubled philosophic vision that is alive to all points of view, to all the perplexities, dissonances, yearnings of our mortal lot. These people never fancy when they have approved or disapproved a thing or an action or a problem by some tribal rule of thumb that they have yet measurably approached

it. Hence the mere dialogue of Schnitzler's dramas with its exquisite play of mind, its fine curiosity, its blending of complete naturalness with a constant plangency of rhythm, is one of the most remarkable and most moving artistic experiences of our age. To turn from the hurry and heat of life, from crude judgments and haphazard action into those Viennese gardens in which Schnitzler's men and women walk and discourse of love and life and death — this is, in truth, like the love of Steele's ideal lady, a liberal education.

All these qualities of Schnitzler's dialogue appear in an even higher degree in his stories. These are, unhappily, not nearly so well known in America as his plays. They are written with an air of detachment which is, however, neither cold nor hard. They are psychological in character — masterly analyses of modern souls. Yet again the highest beauty of these stories is in their style, if we use the word style in a broader than the merely technical sense. That style has infinite ease and grace, yet never a touch of the facile. It is a style in which every syllable has been weighed not only for its tone-color but also for its meaning: it is rich in implication without ever verging upon obscurity and constantly felicitous without a touch of the merely precious. The best of these stories are ‹Dying,› ‹Mrs. Bertha Garlan,› ‹A Farewell,› ‹The Dead are Silent,› ‹The Stranger,› ‹The New Song,› ‹The Sage's Wife,› ‹Lieutenant Gustle.› To convey a notion of the quality of these stories is difficult. But imagine a Henry James possessed of a warmer style, a richer rhythm, a Henry James, above all, who is not at all concerned for the manners but wholly for the souls of men, who has behind him no New England tradition that causes him to cling desperately to the mere periphery of the events of whose core he is so uncomfortably conscious. Schnitzler, with an equal fineness and keenness, exhausts his subjects and thus adds, in his stories not less than in his plays, a notable chapter to the spiritual history of his age.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

(A Christmas Present,) being one of the episodes from (Anatol,) a sequence of dialogues by Arthur Schnitzler, paraphrased for the English stage by Granville Barker (Little, Brown & Co., $1.00 net), is fully protected by copyright. It must not be performed either by amateurs or professionals without written permission. For such permission, and for the «acting version» with full stage instructions apply to the Paget Dramatic Agency, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

It is Christmas Eve, about five o'clock. In a bye-street, that links up two others busy with shops, a builder's scaffold has formed a little arcade. Beneath this, and just beside a big arc lamp that sheds its whiteness down, Anatol, *hurrying along with umbrella up, meets* Gabrielle.

ANATOL [*stopping*] — Oh! how do you do, Gabrielle? What are you doing? All those parcels . . . and no umbrella!

Gabrielle — I'm trying to find a cab.

Anatol — But it's raining.

Gabrielle — That's the reason. I've been buying presents.

Anatol — Let me carry some of them . . . please.

Gabrielle — It doesn't matter.

Anatol — I insist. [*He captures one.*] But hadn't you better wait here in shelter? We shall find a cab just as quickly.

Gabrielle — You really mustn't trouble.

Anatol — Let me be a little attentive for once in a way.

Gabrielle — I'll wait here a minute to see if one passes. Or I'll be grateful for the umbrella. [*He tries for another parcel.*] No, I can manage that, thanks. It's not at all heavy. [*But she surrenders it.*] Oh, very well then!

Anatol — Won't you believe that I like being polite?

Gabrielle — As one only notices it when it's raining, and I haven't an umbrella . . .

Anatol — And it's Christmas Eve, and dark too . . . ! Warm weather for Christmas, isn't it?

Gabrielle — Very. [*They take their stand looking out for a cab to pass.*] Marvelous to see you at all.

Anatol — I've not been to call once this year . . . is that what you mean?

Gabrielle [*with much indifference*] — Oh, haven't you?

Anatol — The fact is I've not been anywhere much. How is your husband . . . and how are the dear children?

Gabrielle — Why ask that? You don't in the least want to know.

Anatol — You read me like a book.

Gabrielle — It's such very large print.

Anatol — I wish you knew more of it . . . by heart.

Gabrielle [*with a toss of her head*] — Don't say things like that.

Anatol — They just spring from me.

Gabrielle — Give me my parcels. I'll walk on.

Anatol — Oh, don't be angry . . . I'll be as prim and proper as you please.

Gabrielle — There's a cab. No, it's full. Oh, dear, shall I have to wait long? [*He is standing mum.*] Do say something.

Anatol — I'm longing to . . . but the censorship is so strict.

Gabrielle — You can tell me your news, can't you? It's ages since we met. What are you doing now?

Anatol — As usual . . . nothing.

Gabrielle — Nothing?

Anatol — Rather less than nothing.

Gabrielle — Isn't that a pity?

Anatol — Why say that . . . when you don't in the least care?

Gabrielle — You shouldn't take that for granted.

Anatol — If I'm wasting my life, whose fault is it? Whose, would you mind telling me?

Gabrielle — I'd better go on. Give me my parcels.

Anatol [*mischievously*] — I didn't imply it was anyone's fault in particular. I just wanted your valuable opinion.

Gabrielle [*with a touch of feeling*] — You idler!

Anatol — Don't despise idlers. They're the last word in civilization. But I'm not idling to-night. I'm as busy as you are.

Gabrielle — What with?

Anatol — I'm out to buy Christmas presents, too.

Gabrielle — Are you?

Anatol — If I could find anything worth buying. I've been looking at the shops for weeks. They haven't a notion amongst 'em.

Gabrielle — That's what the good customer has to supply. But, bless me! an idle person like you ought to be thinking out his presents all the summer.

Anatol — How could I? How can I tell in the summer whom I may be making up to at Christmas? And the shops will be shut in an hour or two, and I'm still empty-handed!

Gabrielle — Could I help?

Anatol — Oh, you are a darling! What's my best shop?

Gabrielle — Well, you must know that. We'll take the cab there when we find it.

Anatol — Thank you for passing the Darling . . . it's my favorite word.

Gabrielle — I ignored it.

Anatol — Very well . . . I'm prim and proper again.

Gabrielle — Where shall we go when the cab comes? What sort of a present? Who's it for?

Anatol — Now . . . how shall I tell you?

Gabrielle — It's for a woman, of course.

Anatol — Didn't I say you could read me like a book?

Gabrielle — What sort of a woman?

Anatol — There, again! How do you women sort yourselves out?

Gabrielle — Is it a woman I know?

Anatol — Not at all.

Gabrielle — Not . . . a woman I should call on?

Anatol — Never.

Gabrielle — No . . . I thought as much.

Anatol — Don't sneer.

Gabrielle — You have extraordinary tastes. What's she like . . . pretty-pretty?

Anatol — Pretty.

Gabrielle — A man is a marvelous creature. Good breeding, good manners, are nothing to you!

Anatol — Oh, a great deal . . . when they'll condescend to us. But if they won't . . .

Gabrielle — Don't be silly again. No, you prefer a cheap and easy conquest!

Anatol — I go where I'm appreciated.

Gabrielle — Can she read you like a book?

Anatol — God forbid. But she admires the binding, and takes the rest on trust. While you despise the contents . . . as if you really knew them!

Gabrielle — I really don't know what you mean. I can tell you of an excellent shop; I passed it just now. Cases of scent in the window. One with three sorts . . . Patchouli, Jockey Club, Cherry Blossom. I'm sure that's the very thing.

Anatol — You're unkind.

Gabrielle — Well, there was another shop next door . . . with brooches and suchlike. One with six Parisian diamonds in it . . . six. Oh, so sparkling! Or a bracelet with charms hung round; or a long bead necklace . . . quite savage! That's the sort of thing these ladies like, isn't it?

Anatol — I'm afraid you know nothing about them.

Gabrielle — Or I can tell you of a hat shop with a style of its own. Their bows are too large, and they put in a feather too many. These persons like to be conspicuous, don't they?

Anatol — Not at all.

Gabrielle — It's hard to be helpful. Make a suggestion yourself.

Anatol — You're waiting to laugh at it.

Gabrielle — I promise I won't. Let me know what she likes. Is she demure in sealskins?

Anatol — I said you'd laugh.

Gabrielle — I'm not laughing. Tell me about her.

Anatol — I don't think I can.

Gabrielle — Of course you can. How long have you known her?

Anatol — Oh . . .

Gabrielle — Well?

Anatol — Ever so long.

Gabrielle — Don't be so difficult. Tell me all about it.

Anatol — There's nothing to tell.

Gabrielle — What nonsense! Where did you meet her and what's she like? What's her name and her age? Is she tall or short and dark or fair?

Anatol — It'll only bore you.

Gabrielle — No it won't. I've always wanted to know about that sort of person . . . what they're really like.

Anatol — You'll never know.

Gabrielle — Why not?

Anatol — As long as you fully believe that women you can't call on don't really exist at all.

Gabrielle — But I want to learn better. And if no one dares tell me the truth . . .

Anatol [*with a sudden break of tone*] — Haven't you very virtuous ladies a feeling that this other sort of woman . . . somehow gets the better of you after all?

Gabrielle — That's a delicate insult.

Anatol — You wouldn't change places, of course, but . . . how dare she be so improperly happy?

Gabrielle — Is it the only way then?

Anatol — That's feminine fellow-feeling, I'm told . . . and therefore all that's charming and charitable.

Gabrielle — You've learnt to be very sarcastic since we last met.

Anatol [*seriously, almost passionately*] — Shall I tell you how?

Once I used to believe that a good woman so-called was an honest woman. I've taken a few knock-down blows with my teeth shut . . .

Gabrielle — Please don't be heroic . . . that's far worse!

Anatol — Straight blows. I can take a No when it's honestly meant and said without flinching. But when the eyes say Perhaps and the smile says Wait a little, and what the No means is Yes, Yes, Yes . . . if only I dared! Then . . .

Gabrielle [*biting her lips*] — I think I won't wait for this cab to come by . . .

Anatol — Then you've your choice between feeling a fool and becoming a cynic.

Gabrielle — . . . Unless you mean to go on telling me about . . . about your new friend.

Anatol [*back to his bantering humor*] — You simply must know, must you?

Gabrielle — Certainly I must. How did you first meet?

Anatol—How does one meet people? In the streets, at the seaside, in an omnibus, sharing an umbrella!

Gabrielle — Never mind how one meets people. How did you meet her . . . the Her we're finding a Christmas present for? I'm sure she's like nobody else.

Anatol — She's just as like every other girl of her sort as you are like every other woman of yours.

Gabrielle [*for the first time really annoyed*] — Am I indeed!

Anatol — Oh, don't be offended. Or as I'm like every other man of mine. Are there a dozen different patterns of any of us altogether?

Gabrielle — What's yours?

Anatol — I, madam, am a Toy Philosopher.

Gabrielle — And mine?

Anatol — You are a Married Lady.

Gabrielle — And what's she?

Anatol — She? She is just a Dear Little Girl.

Gabrielle — Then let's hear all about your Dear Little Girl.

Anatol — It's not that she's so pretty, or so smart . . . and certainly not that she's so clever.

Gabrielle — Never mind what she's not.

Anatol — She's as sweet as a wild flower, and as elusive as a fairy tale . . . and she knows what love means.

Gabrielle — No doubt. These Dear Little Girls have every chance to learn.

Anatol — Quite so, but you'll never learn what she s really like.

For when you were a dear little girl . . . of another sort . . . you knew nothing at all. And now you're a married lady you think you're so worldly wise.

Gabrielle — Not at all. I'm quite open-mouthed for your fairy tale. What sort of a castle does the princess live in?

Anatol — Can you imagine a fairy princess in anything but the smartest of drawing-rooms?

Gabrielle [*a little tartly*] — Thank you, I can.

Anatol — Because this one lives in a little room . . . with a cheap and nasty wall-paper. With a few Christmas numbers hanging about and a white shaded lamp on her table. You can see the sun set from the window over the roofs and through the chimneys. And in the spring you can almost smell the flowers in a garden across the way.

Gabrielle — It must be a sign of great happiness . . . looking forward to the spring.

Anatol — Yes, even I feel happy now and then . . . sitting with her at that window.

[Gabrielle *gives a little shiver; it's the cold, no doubt. Then . . .*]

Gabrielle — It is getting late. Shall we walk on? You must buy her something. Something to hang on the nasty wall-paper and hide it a little.

Anatol — She thinks it so pretty.

Gabrielle — Why don't you refurnish the room to your taste?

Anatol — Why should I?

Gabrielle — With a Persian carpet, and .

Anatol — No, no, no . . . She knows what she likes.

[*There falls a little silence. But no cab passes.*]

Gabrielle — Is she waiting for you now?

Anatol — Sure to be.

Gabrielle — What will she say when you come?

Anatol — Oh . . . the right thing.

Gabrielle — She knows your step on the stairs, doesn't she?

Anatol — I expect so.

Gabrielle — And goes to the door?

Anatol — Yes.

Gabrielle — And puts her arms round your neck, and says . . . What does she say?

Anatol — The right thing.

Gabrielle — What's that?

Anatol — It's just . . . the right thing to say.

Gabrielle — What was it yesterday?

Anatol — It sounds nothing repeated. I suppose it's the way that she says it.

Gabrielle — I'll imagine that. Tell me the words.

Anatol — It is good to have you back again.

Gabrielle — It is good . . . what?

Anatol — To have you back again.

Gabrielle — That's very beautiful.

Anatol — You see . . . she means it.

Gabrielle — And she lives there alone? You can always be with her?

Anatol — She's quite alone. She has no father or mother.

Gabrielle — And you . . . are all the world to her?

Anatol [*the cynic in him shrugs his shoulders*] — I hope so. For the moment.

[*There is another silence.*]

Gabrielle — I'm afraid I'm getting cold standing still . . . and all the cabs seem to be full.

Anatol — I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have kept you. Let me see you home.

Gabrielle — Yes . . . they'll all be fidgeting. But what about your present?

Anatol — Never mind, I shall find something.

Gabrielle — Will you? But I wanted to help you buy it.

Anatol — No, no, you mustn't trouble.

Gabrielle — I wish I could be there when you give it her. I wish I could see that little room and that . . . lucky little girl. There's a cab empty. Call it, please.

[Anatol *waves to the cab.*]

Anatol — Taxi!

Gabrielle — Thank you. [*As the cab turns and she moves towards it. . . .*] May I send her something?

Anatol — You?

Gabrielle — Take her these flowers. Will you give her a message as well?

Anatol — It's really most awfully good of you.

Gabrielle — But you will take them to her, and promise to give her the message?

Anatol — Certainly.

Gabrielle — Promise.

Anatol [*by this he has opened the cab door*] — I promise. Why shouldn't I?

Gabrielle — This is it . . .

Anatol — Yes?

Gabrielle — These flowers, dear little girl, are from . . . someone who might have been as happy as you . . . if she hadn't been quite such a coward! [*She gets in without his help.*] Tell him where to drive.

[*He does so, and then goes his way too.*]

DOCTOR AND PRIEST

From ‹Professor Bernhardi,› Act I.

The scene is the anteroom for a hospital ward. The Priest *arrives to visit a dying patient. He is a young man, twenty-eight years old, with energetic, intelligent features. The* sacristan *remains standing near the door.*

Other persons present: Hochroitzpointner, *a medical student;* Kurt Pflugfelder, *a young assistant doctor;* Adler, *instructor in pathological anatomy;* Dr. Cyprian, *nerve specialist.*

ADLER [*studiously*] — How do you do, your Reverence?

Priest — Good-morning, gentlemen. I hope I am not coming too late?

Kurt — No, your Reverence. The professor is just now with the patient. [*Introducing himself.*] Assistant Dr. Pflugfelder.

Priest — Then all hope has not yet been abandoned?

Oskar [*young assistant doctor and son of* Professor Bernhardi, *enters from the ward*] — Good-morning, your Reverence.

Kurt — Oh yes, your Reverence, it is an absolutely hopeless case.

Oskar — Would your Reverence please ——

Priest — Perhaps I would rather wait until the Professor has left the patient.

[*The* sacristan *steps back, the door is closed.* Hochroitzpointner *brings an armchair forward for the* Priest.]

Priest — Thank you, thank you. [*He does not sit down at once.*]

Cyprian — Well, well, your Reverence, if we only went to those patients whom there is still a possibility of helping. Sometimes we doctors too can do nothing better than comfort.

Kurt — And tell lies.

Priest [*sits down*] — There you are using a somewhat harsh term, doctor.

Kurt — I beg pardon, your Reverence; it was of course said only with reference to us doctors. By the way, this very lying is sometimes the most difficult and also the noblest task in our profession.

[Bernhardi *can be seen at the door. The* Priest *rises. A* nurse *comes from the ward, behind* Prof. Bernhardi.]

Bernhardi [*somewhat taken aback*] — Oh, your Reverence.

Priest — We are relieving each other, Professor. [*He shakes hands with* Bernhardi.] I suppose I shall find the patient still in full consciousness?

Bernhardi — Yes. One might even say, in increased consciousness. [*Turning rather to the others.*] She has entered a state of absolute euphoria. [*In an explanatory manner to the* Priest.] One might say that she feels practically well.

Priest — Oh well, now, that is very satisfactory. Who knows — ? Only the other day I had the pleasure of meeting in the street, and in perfect health, a young man who had been wholly prepared for death a few weeks before and had actually received extreme unction from me.

Adler — And who knows whether it was not your Reverence who had given back to him the strength and courage to live.

Bernhardi [*to* Adler] — It is only a misunderstanding on the part of his Reverence, doctor. [*To the* Priest]. I must explain to you that I meant to say the patient is entirely without misgiving. She is lost, but she believes herself recovered.

Priest — Indeed.

Bernhardi — And it is almost to be feared that your appearance ——

Priest [*very mildly*] — Fear nothing for your patient, Professor. I am not coming to pronounce the death sentence.

Bernhardi — Of course. But all the same ——

Priest — Perhaps someone could forewarn the patient.

[*The* nurse, *unnoticed by the* Professor, *goes into the ward in obedience to a scarcely perceptible sign from the* Priest.]

Bernhardi — But that would not improve matters in this case. As I have already mentioned to your Reverence, the patient is entirely without misgiving. And she is expecting anything else rather than this visit. She is in fact under the happy delusion that within the

next hour someone who is very dear to her will appear in order to take her away, to take her to him again, back to life and to happiness. I believe, your Reverence, it would not be a good work, I would almost dare to assert, not pleasing in the sight of God, if we were to awaken her from this last dream.

Priest [*after hesitating slightly, grows more determined*] — Is there any possibility, Professor, that my appearance could unfavorably influence the course of the illness?

Bernhardi [*interrupting him quickly*] — It is not at all impossible that the end might be accelerated, though it would possibly be only a question of minutes, but all the same ——

Priest [*more emphatically*] — Once more: can your patient still be saved? Would my appearance mean a danger in that sense? Then I would of course be ready to withdraw immediately.

[Adler *nods assentingly.*]

Bernhardi — She is lost beyond all hope, there can be no doubt about that.

Priest — In that case, Professor, I see no reason whatever ——

Bernhardi — Pardon me, your Reverence, for the time being I am still present here in my capacity as a doctor. And it is one of my duties when nothing else remains within my power to do, to try to secure for my patients a happy dying hour, at least as far as possible.

[Cyprian *shows slight signs of impatience and disapproval.*]

Priest — A happy dying hour. It is probable, Professor Bernhardi, that we have each a different opinion of the word. And according to what the nurse has told me, your patient needs absolution more urgently than many another.

Bernhardi [*with his ironical smile*] — Are we not sinners every one of us, your Reverence?

Priest — That is not very much to the point, Professor. You cannot know whether somewhere in the depth of her soul where God alone can see, in these last moments which are left to her, there does not live an ardent desire to be absolved from all sins by a last confession.

Bernhardi — Must I repeat it once more, your Reverence? The patient does not know that she is lost. She is serene, happy and — free from remorse.

Priest — My part of guilt would be all the greater if I were to withdraw from this doorstep without having dispensed to the dying patient the sacred consolations of our religion.

Bernhardi — God and every human judge will acquit you of this guilt. [*As the* Priest *moves forward.*] Yes indeed, your Reverence; for I, as the doctor, cannot allow you to approach the bed of this patient.

Priest — I was called here. Therefore I must beg you ——

Bernhardi — Not by my orders, your Reverence. And I can only repeat that as a physician who feels responsible for the well-being of his patients up to the last hour, I am unfortunately compelled to forbid you to cross this threshold.

Priest [*stepping forward*] — You forbid me?

Bernhardi [*touching him lightly on the shoulder*] — Yes, your Reverence.

Nurse [*coming hastily from the ward*] — Your Reverence ——

Bernhardi — You were in the ward?

Nurse — It will be too late, your Reverence.

[Kurt *hurries into the ward.*]

Bernhardi [*to the* nurse] — You told the patient that his Reverence was here?

Nurse — Yes, sir.

Bernhardi — Very well, and — please answer me quite calmly — how did the patient behave with regard to it? Did she make any remarks? Answer me. Well?

Nurse — She said ——

Bernhardi — Well?

Nurse — Of course she was a bit frightened.

Bernhardi [*not angrily*] — Well, but tell me now, what did she say?

Nurse — «Oh, am I really going to die?»

Kurt [*coming from the ward*] — It is all over.

[*Short silence.*]

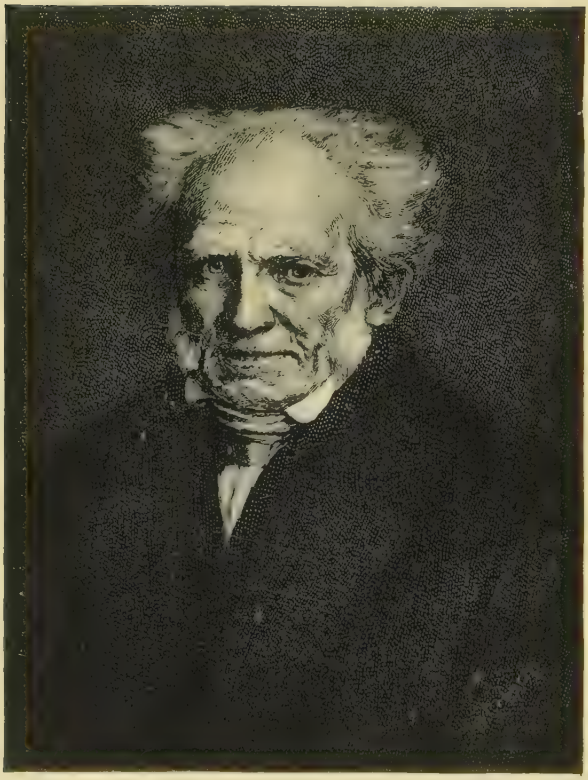
Bernhardi — Please do not be upset, your Reverence. It is not your fault. You only wanted to do your duty. I wished to do the same; and I am only too sorry that I did not succeed.

Priest — It is not you, Professor, who need to excuse me. The poor creature in there has passed away as a sinner and without the consolations of religion. And that is your fault.

Bernhardi — I take it upon myself.

Priest — It remains to be seen, Professor, whether you will be able to do that. I wish you a good morning, gentlemen.

[*He goes. The others are left in some embarrassment and emotion.* Bernhardi *looks at each one of them in turn.*]



SCHOPENHAUER

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

(1788–1860)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

SCHOPENHAUER enjoys a unique distinction among the great philosophers of the modern world. Apart from the extraordinary powers of analysis that make him so important a factor in the development of philosophical thought, he possesses the literary faculty in a degree quite unexampled among the metaphysical writers of modern times, and must be reckoned with as a man of letters no less than as a thinker. The world of his thought lies before the reader as a fair sunlit meadow; and offers an enticing prospect to the traveler who has been toiling through the rugged ways of the Kantian categories, or the barren morass of the Hegelian logic. He not only has a definite set of ideas, deeply conceived and organically united, to present to his students, but he has clothed them in a verbal garb that makes metaphysics, for once, easy reading, and is perhaps too alluring to do the best possible service to exact thought. His clear, rich, and allusive style makes him one of the greatest masters of German prose; while of his chief philosophical work it is hardly too much to say, with Professor Royce, that it "is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence," unless we hark back to Plato himself. When we add to these considerations the breadth of his culture,—which touched upon so many human concerns, and so adorned whatever it touched that a close acquaintance with the whole of his work is almost a liberal education in itself,—we may understand why his figure is the most interesting, if not the most significant, in the history of nineteenth-century thought; and why his influence, instead of becoming a matter of merely historical interest, or declining into the cult of a coterie, is now steadily growing nearly forty years after his death.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in Danzig, February 22d (Washington's and Lowell's birthday), 1788. His father was a merchant in prosperous circumstances; his mother was a brilliant woman, who afterwards became a novelist of some repute and a leader in the social life of Weimar. In 1793 Danzig lost its rank as a free city, being absorbed by Prussia; whereupon the Schopenhauers removed to Hamburg. At the age of nine Arthur was sent to France for two

years, and at the age of fifteen started upon two years of traveling with his family, although for a part of the time he was placed in an English school. He tried to follow the parental wishes in adopting a mercantile life; but the death of his father in 1805 changed these plans. The boy then determined to study the classics and work for a degree. He prepared himself at Gotha and Weimar, and entered the University of Göttingen in 1809. Here he studied for two years, then at Berlin; and then, in 1813, seeking to escape from the turmoil of warfare, he went first to Dresden, and afterwards to Rudolstadt, where he worked upon the dissertation which obtained for him, in the autumn of 1813, his degree at the University of Jena. This dissertation — which occupies an important place among his writings, because it contains the germ of his subsequent thinking — was entitled 'Ueber die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom Zureichenden Grunde' (The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason). The mind is constantly asking, Why is this or that thing so? Why does that stone fall to the earth? Why must a given judgment be either true or not true? Why are equilateral triangles equiangular? Why do I raise my hand when threatened by a blow? For each of these things there is a sufficient reason; but the reasons are not of the same sort. In the first case there is a physical cause, in the second a logical consequence, in the third the datum of the problem necessitates the conclusion, while in the fourth the will offers the immediate explanation. These cases are perhaps but four aspects of one general principle; but as Schopenhauer pointed out, much confusion may result from a failure to distinguish clearly between them, and a "cause" may be a very different thing from a "because."

After obtaining his degree, our philosopher in embryo lived with his mother for a winter in Weimar; but they were separated the following year by incompatibility of temperament, and never met again. The four years 1814–18 were spent in Dresden, devoted chiefly to the composition of the philosopher's *magnum opus*. A pamphlet 'Ueber das Sehen und die Farben' (Sight and Color), published during this period, is of historical but hardly of scientific interest. What value it still has, depends upon the acuteness of many of its observations, and upon the emphasis which it places upon the subjective aspect of color perception; but as an attempt to vindicate Goethe's fantastic 'Farbenlehre' as against Newton's, it was foredoomed to failure. Schopenhauer's great work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' (The World as Will and Idea), was turned over to his publisher in the spring of 1818, and without waiting for its appearance the author hastened to Italy, carrying with him the conviction that he had given to the world its first true and all-embracing system of philosophy; that he, and he alone, at the age of thirty, had unraveled "the master-knot of human

fate," and given their final solution to the problems that had been attempted by all the long line of philosophers from "Plato the Divine" to "Kant the Astounding." Before attempting a characterization of this masterpiece of philosophical thought, the history of the forty or more years remaining to him may be briefly set forth. The Italian journey filled two years. In 1820 he returned to Germany, lectured at Berlin, and waited in vain for the recognition that he felt to be his due. Another Italian journey followed; then a period of several years passed mainly in Berlin, until that city was threatened with cholera in 1831, and Schopenhauer fled to a safer place. He finally settled upon Frankfort, where the remainder of his life was spent; where his temper gradually mellowed as time brought to him his long-delayed desert of fame; and where he died September 20th, 1860. His body lies in the Friedhof of the old city on the Main, beneath a simple block of dark granite, upon which his name alone is engraved.

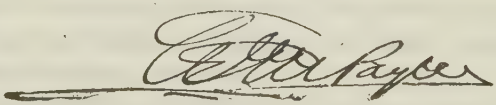
'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' is, as the preface declares, the expression of a single thought; and it may be added that all of Schopenhauer's subsequent writings are but further illustrations and amplifications of that thought. The work is divided into four books. The first, accepting as irrefragable the essential conclusions of the Kantian analysis of consciousness, discusses the world as Idea or Representation (Vorstellung). It fuses into one transparent whole the body of ideas that trace their lineage through Hobbes, Locke, and Berkeley to Kant; and shows how this so real world that we know, as presented to our senses, and built up into a self-consistent and harmonious structure by the acts of perception, conception, and reflection, must be viewed by the philosophical mind, after all, as but the Object with which the individual Subject is correlated, and can have no independent existence of its own in any way resembling the existence which it appears to have in our consciousness. For it is a world which lies in space and time, and is bound by the law of causality; and these things, as Kant once for all demonstrated, are but the forms of the intellect, the conditions which the Subject imposes upon whatever existence *per se* may turn out to be. It will thus be seen that there is nothing particularly novel in the first book; it is in the second that Schopenhauer makes his own most significant contribution to philosophy. For in this second book the question becomes, What is the "Ding an Sich" (Thing In-Itself) before which the Kantian analysis halted? What is the world, not as it appears to us, but in its innermost essence? It cannot be a world of space and time and causality, since they are only the forms of thought in which the Subject clothes the Object. The answer to this deepest of all problems must be sought by an interrogation of the consciousness. What is, apart from my sensation and my thinking, the very kernel of my being?

Schopenhauer triumphantly replies, "The Will." Not the will in the narrow sense,—the mere culmination of the conscious process which begins with sensation and ends with rational action,—but the will in the broader sense of a blind striving for existence; the power one and indivisible which asserts itself in our activity as a whole rather than in our separate acts, and not only in us, where it is in a measure lighted up by conscious intelligence, but in all the inanimate world, made one with ourselves by this transcendental synthesis. The stone that falls to earth, the crystal that grows from its solution, the flower that turns toward the sun, and the man who leads an army to victory, are all manifestations of the world-will; separate manifestations they seem to us, but in reality the same thing, for the Will knows nothing of space or time.

In the third book, we return to the World as Idea, led this time by the guiding hand of Plato. The Will, in its creation of the World as Idea, objectifies itself in a succession of archetypal forms, ranging from the lowest, the forms of crude matter, to the highest, man. Plato discerned this truth, and set it forth in his doctrine of ideas. If Schopenhauer had lived ten years longer, he would have seen the new light of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and have recognized that the objectification of the will takes place by a gradual process rather than by a series of leaps. This doctrine of archetypal forms leads the way to a philosophy of art, which is indeed the chief subject-matter of the third book. The artist is the one who perceives the idea that nature stammers in trying to express, and who holds it up for the admiration of mankind. Thus art is necessarily ideal in a literal sense, and an improvement upon nature. Moreover, in man's contemplation of the eternal idea as revealed by art he finds a temporary escape from the world of will, and knows now and then an hour of happiness. In the passionless calm of contemplation he forgets the miseries to which he is bound as the objectification of will, and is in a measure freed from the bondage of self. It is the object of the fourth book to show how this temporary freedom may become a final release. For the will, unconscious in its lower manifestations, has provided for itself in man the lamp of intelligence, whereby it may come to discern its own nature and the hopelessness of its strivings. In man alone the will, having risen to the full height of conscious power, is confronted with a momentous choice: it may affirm itself, may will to go on with the hopeless endeavor to pluck happiness from the tree of life; or it may, recognizing the futility of all such endeavor, deny itself, as with the Indian ascetic, and sink into Nirvana. Here we have manifest the powerful influence which the sacred books of India had upon Schopenhauer's thinking, an influence as great as that of either Plato or Kant. And allied with this

doctrine is his theory of ethics, which bases all right conduct upon the individual's recognition, dim or clear in various degrees, of the essential oneness of things; which finds in the illusive veil of Maya a figurative foreshadowing of the Kantian transcendentalism; and which discovers the deepest word of human wisdom in the reiterated formula, "Tat twam asi," "This art thou," of the 'Upanishads.'

A second edition of 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' was called for in 1844, a third in 1859. In these editions the original work grew to more than double its earlier dimensions; but the added matter did not mar the symmetrical structure of the treatise first published, since it was relegated to a stout supplementary volume. Schopenhauer's other works, all of which may be regarded as ancillary to this one, include 'Ueber den Willen in der Natur' (The Will in Nature: 1836); 'Die Beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik' (The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics: 1841); and the two volumes of miscellaneous papers pedantically entitled 'Parerga und Paralipomena' (1851). The publication of the latter work marked the turning of the tide in the author's fame, and occasioned an accession of the popularity which he had so long in vain awaited. The public, which had fought shy of the systematic exposition of his philosophy, was attracted by these miscellaneous papers, so piquant, so suggestive, so reflective of a strong literary personality; and through the side-lights which the 'Parerga' cast upon the philosopher's more solid works, were led to take up the latter, and discover what a treasure it was that had so long been neglected. This tardy recognition was grateful to Schopenhauer, who had never lost faith in the enduring character of his work, and in the devotion of whose laborious days there had been mingled not a little of "the last infirmity of noble mind." It is pleasant to think of this Indian Summer of fame that came to the Sage of Frankfort during the last ten years of his life; pleasant also, to know that when at last his work was finished, he passed painlessly away, assured that the world would not forget what he had done.



FROM 'THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA'

The final demand I have to make on the reader might indeed be tacitly assumed, for it is nothing but an acquaintance with the most important phenomenon that has appeared in philosophy for two thousand years, and that lies so near to us: I mean the principal writings of Kant. It seems to me, in fact,—as indeed has already been said by others,—that the effect these writings produce in the mind to which they truly speak is very like that of the operation for cataract on a blind man; and if we wish to pursue the simile further, the aim of my own work may be described by saying that I have sought to put into the hands of those upon whom that operation has been successfully performed a pair of spectacles suitable to eyes that have recovered their sight,—spectacles of whose use that operation is the absolutely necessary condition. Starting then, as I do to a large extent, from what has been accomplished by the great Kant, I have yet been enabled, just on account of my earnest study of his writings, to discover important errors in them. These I have been obliged to separate from the rest and prove to be false, in order that I might be able to presuppose and apply what is true and excellent in his doctrine, pure and freed from error. But not to interrupt and complicate my own exposition by a constant polemic against Kant, I have relegated this to a special appendix. . . .

The philosophy of Kant, then, is the only philosophy with which a thorough acquaintance is directly presupposed in what we have to say here. But if, besides this, the reader has lingered in the school of the divine Plato, he will be so much the better prepared to hear me, and susceptible to what I say. And if, indeed, in addition to this he is a partaker of the benefit conferred by the Vedas (the access to which, opened to us through the Upanishads, is in my eyes the greatest advantage which this still young century enjoys over previous ones, because I believe that the influence of the Sanskrit literature will penetrate not less deeply than did the revival of Greek literature in the fifteenth century),—if, I say, the reader has already received and assimilated the sacred, primitive Indian wisdom, then is he best of all prepared to hear what I have to say to him. My work will not speak to him, as to many others, in a strange and even hostile tongue; for if it does not sound too vain, I might express the

opinion that each one of the individual and disconnected aphorisms which make up the Upanishads may be deduced as a consequence from the thought I am going to impart; though the converse — that my thought is to be found in the Upanishads — is by no means the case. . . .

"The world is my idea." This is a truth which holds good for everything that lives and knows, though man alone can bring it into reflective and abstract consciousness. If he really does this, he has attained to philosophical wisdom. It then becomes clear and certain to him that what he knows is not a sun and an earth, but only an eye that sees a sun, a hand that feels an earth; that the world which surrounds him is there only as idea, — *i. e.*, only in relation to something else, the consciousness which is in himself. If any truth can be asserted *a priori*, it is this, for it is the expression of the most general form of all possible and thinkable experience, — a form which is more general than time, or space, or causality, for they all presuppose it; and each of these, which we have seen to be just so many modes of the principle of sufficient reason, is valid only for a particular class of ideas: whereas the antithesis of object and subject is the common form of all these classes; is that form under which alone any idea, of whatever kind it may be, — abstract or intuitive, pure or empirical, — is possible and thinkable.

No truth therefore is more certain, more independent of all others, and less in need of proof, than this: that all that exists for knowledge, and therefore this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, — in a word, idea. This is obviously true of the past and the future, as well as of the present; of what is farthest off, as of what is near: for it is true of time and space themselves, in which alone these distinctions arise. All that in any way belongs or can belong to the world is inevitably thus conditioned through the subject, and exists only for the subject. The world is idea. . . .

Of all systems of philosophy which start from the object, the most consistent, and that which may be carried furthest, is simple materialism. It regards matter — and with it time and space — as existing absolutely; and ignores the relation to the subject in which alone all this really exists. It then lays hold of the law of causality as a guiding principle or clue, regarding it as a self-existent order or arrangement of things, *veritas æterna;* and so fails to take account of the understanding, in which and for which

alone causality is. It seeks the primary and most simple state of matter, and then tries to develop all the others from it; ascending from mere mechanism to chemism, to polarity, to the vegetable and to the animal kingdom. And if we suppose this to have been done, the last link in the chain would be animal sensibility, — that is, knowledge, — which would consequently now appear as a mere modification or state of matter produced by causality. Now if we had followed materialism thus far with clear ideas, when we reached its highest point we should suddenly be seized with a fit of the inextinguishable laughter of the Olympians. As if waking from a dream, we should all at once become aware that its final result — knowledge, which it reached so laboriously — was presupposed as the indispensable condition of its very starting-point, mere matter: and when we imagine that we thought matter, we really thought only the subject that perceives matter; the eye that sees it, the hand that feels it, the understanding that knows it. Thus the tremendous *petitio principii* reveals itself unexpectedly: for suddenly the last link is seen to be the starting-point, the chain a circle; and the materialist is like Baron Munchausen, who, when swimming in water on horseback, drew the horse into the air with his legs, and himself also by his cue. . . .

As from the direct light of the sun to the borrowed light of the moon, we pass from the immediate idea of perception — which stands by itself and is its own warrant — to reflection; to the abstract, discursive concepts of the reason, which obtain their whole content from knowledge of perception, and in relation to it. As long as we continue simply to perceive, all is clear, firm, and certain. There are neither questions nor doubts nor errors; we desire to go no further, can go no further; we find rest in perceiving, and satisfaction in the present. Perception suffices for itself: and therefore what springs purely from it, and remains true to it, — for example, a genuine work of art, — can never be false; nor can it be discredited through the lapse of time, for it does not present an opinion, but the thing itself. But with abstract knowledge, with reason, doubt and error appear in the theoretical, care and sorrow in the practical. In the idea of perception, illusion may at moments take the place of the real; but in the sphere of abstract thought, error may reign for a thousand years, impose its yoke upon whole nations, extend to the noblest impulses of humanity, and by the help of its slaves and its dupes may chain and fetter those whom it cannot deceive. It is the

enemy against which the wisest men of all times have waged unequal war, and only what they have won from it has become the possession of mankind. Therefore it is well to draw attention to it at once, as we already tread the ground to which its province belongs. It has often been said that we ought to follow truth, even although no utility can be seen in it, because it may have indirect utility which may appear when it is least expected; and I would add to this, that we ought to be just as anxious to discover and to root out all error, even when no harm is anticipated from it, because its mischief may be very indirect, and may suddenly appear when we do not expect it,—for all error has poison at its heart. If it is mind, if it is knowledge, that makes man the lord of creation, there can be no such thing as harmless error; still less venerable and holy error. And for the consolation of those who in any way and at any time may have devoted strength and life to the noble and hard battle against error, I cannot refrain from adding that so long as truth is absent, error will have free play,—as owls and bats in the night; but sooner would we expect to see the owls and the bats drive back the sun in the eastern heavens, than that any truth which has once been known, and distinctly and fully expressed, can ever again be so utterly vanquished and overcome that the old error shall once more reign undisturbed over its wide kingdom. This is the power of truth: its conquest is slow and laborious, but if once the victory be gained it can never be wrested back again. . . .

To him who has thoroughly grasped this, and can distinguish between the will and the Idea, and between the Idea and its manifestation, the events of the world will have significance only so far as they are the letters out of which we may read the Idea of man, but not in and for themselves. He will not believe with the vulgar that time may produce something actually new and significant; that through it, or in it, something absolutely real may attain to existence, or indeed that it itself as a whole has beginning and end, plan and development, and in some way has for its final aim the highest perfection (according to their conception) of the last generation of man, whose life is a brief thirty years. Therefore he will just as little, with Homer, people a whole Olympus with gods to guide the events of time, as with Ossian he will take the forms of the clouds for individual beings; for as we have said, both have just as much meaning as regards

the Idea which appears in them. In the manifold forms of human life, and in the unceasing change of events, he will regard the Idea only as the abiding and essential, in which the will to live has its fullest objectivity, and which shows its different sides in the capacities, the passions, the errors, and the excellences, of the human race; in self-interest, hatred, love, fear, boldness, frivolity, stupidity, slyness, wit, genius, and so forth,— all of which, crowding together and combining in thousands of forms (individuals), continually create the history of the great and the little world, in which it is all the same whether they are set in motion by nuts or by crowns. Finally he will find that in the world it is the same as in the dramas of Gozzi, in all of which the same persons appear, with like intention and with a like fate: the motives and incidents are certainly different in each piece, but the spirit of the incidents is the same; the actors in one piece know nothing of the incidents of another, although they performed in it themselves: therefore after all experience of former pieces, Pantaloon has become no more agile or generous, Tartaglia no more conscientious, Brighella no more courageous, and Columbine no more modest.

Suppose we were allowed for once a clearer glance into the kingdom of the possible, and over the whole chain of causes and effects: if the earth-spirit appeared and showed us in a picture all the greatest men, enlighteners of the world, and heroes, that chance destroyed before they were ripe for their work; then the great events that would have changed the history of the world and brought in periods of the highest culture and enlightenment, but which the blindest chance — the most insignificant accident — hindered at the outset; lastly the splendid powers of great men, that would have enriched whole ages of the world, but which, either misled by error or fashion, or compelled by necessity, they squandered uselessly on unworthy or unfruitful objects, or even wasted in play. If we saw all this, we should shudder and lament at the thought of the lost treasures of whole periods of the world. But the earth-spirit would smile and say, "The source from which the individuals and their powers proceed is inexhaustible and unending as time and space; for like these forms of all phenomena, they also are only phenomena,— visibility of the will. No finite measure can exhaust that infinite source; therefore an undiminished eternity is always open for the return of any event or work that was nipped in the bud. In this

world of phenomena, true loss is just as little possible as true gain. The will alone is: it is the thing in-itself, and the source of all these phenomena. Its self-knowledge and its assertion or denial, which is then decided upon, is the only event in-itself.

All *willing* arises from want; therefore from deficiency, and therefore from suffering. The satisfaction of a wish ends it; yet for one wish that is satisfied there remain at least ten which are denied. Further, the desire lasts long, the demands are infinite: the satisfaction is short and scantily measured out. But even the final satisfaction is itself only apparent; every satisfied wish at once makes room for a new one: both are illusions; the one is known to be so, the other not yet. No attained object of desire can give lasting satisfaction, but merely a fleeting gratification: it is like the alms thrown to the beggar, that keeps him alive to-day that his misery may be prolonged till the morrow. Therefore so long as our consciousness is filled by our will, so long as we are given up to the throng of desires with their constant hopes and fears, so long as we are the subject of willing,—we can never have lasting happiness nor peace. It is essentially all the same whether we pursue or flee, fear injury or seek enjoyment: the care for the constant demands of the will, in whatever form it may be, continually occupies and sways the consciousness; but without peace no true well-being is possible. The subject of willing is thus constantly stretched on the revolving wheel of Ixion, pours water into the sieve of the Danaids, is the ever-longing Tantalus.

But when some external cause or inward disposition lifts us suddenly out of the endless stream of willing,—delivers knowledge from the slavery of the will,—the attention is no longer directed to the motives of willing, but comprehends things free from their relation to the will; and thus observes them without personal interest, without subjectivity, purely objectively,—gives itself entirely up to them so far as they are ideas, but not in so far as they are motives. Then all at once the peace which we were always seeking, but which always fled from us on the former path of the desires, comes to us of its own accord; and it is well with us. It is the painless state which Epicurus prized as the highest good and as the state of the gods: for we are for the moment set free from the miserable striving of the will; we keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing; the wheel of Ixion stands still. . . .

Tragedy is to be regarded, and is recognized, as the summit of poetical art, both on account of the greatness of its effect and the difficulty of its achievement. It is very significant for our whole system, and well worthy of observation, that the end of this highest poetical achievement is the representation of the terrible side of life. The unspeakable pain, the wail of humanity, the triumph of evil, the scornful mastery of chance, and the irretrievable fall of the just and innocent, is here presented to us; and in this lies a significant hint of the nature of the world and of existence. It is the strife of will with itself, which here, completely unfolded at the highest grade of its objectivity, comes into fearful prominence. It becomes visible in the suffering of men, which is now introduced: partly through chance and error, which appear as the rulers of the world,—personified as fate on account of their insidiousness, which even reaches the appearance of design; partly it proceeds from man himself, through the self-mortifying efforts of a few, through the wickedness and perversity of most. It is one and the same will that lives and appears in them all, but whose phenomena fight against each other and destroy each other. In one individual it appears powerfully, in another more weakly; in one more subject to reason and softened by the light of knowledge, in another less so: till at last, in some single case, this knowledge, purified and heightened by suffering itself, reaches the point at which the phenomenon, the veil of Maya, no longer deceives it. It sees through the form of the phenomenon the *principium individuationis*. The egoism which rests on this perishes with it, so that now the *motives* that were so powerful before have lost their might; and instead of them the complete knowledge of the nature of the world, which has a *quieting* effect on the will, produces resignation,—the surrender not merely of life, but of the very will to live. Thus we see in tragedies the noblest men, after long conflict and suffering, at last renounce the ends they have so keenly followed, and all the pleasures of life forever, or else freely and joyfully surrender life itself. So is it with Calderon's steadfast prince; with Gretchen in 'Faust'; with Hamlet, whom his friend Horatio would willingly follow, but is bade remain awhile, and in this harsh world draw his breath in pain, to tell the story of Hamlet and clear his memory; so also is it with the Maid of Orleans, the Bride of Messina: they all die purified by suffering,—*i. e.*, after the will to live which was formerly in them is dead. In the

'Mohammed' of Voltaire this is actually expressed in the concluding words which the dying Pelmira addresses to Mohammed: "The world is for tyrants: live!" On the other hand, the demand for so-called poetical justice rests on entire misconception of the nature of tragedy, and indeed of the nature of the world itself. It boldly appears in all its dullness in the criticisms which Dr. Samuel Johnson made on particular plays of Shakespeare, for he very naïvely laments its entire absence. And its absence is certainly obvious; for in what has Ophelia, Desdemona, or Cordelia offended? But only the dull, optimistic, Protestant-rationalistic, or peculiarly Jewish view of life will make the demand for poetical justice, and find satisfaction in it. The true sense of tragedy is the deeper insight that it is not his own individual sins that the hero atones for, but original sin,—*i. e.*, the crime of existence itself:—

"Pues el dëlito mayor
Del hombre es haber nacido,"

("For the greatest crime
Of man is that he was born,")

as Calderon exactly expresses it.

I shall allow myself only one remark more closely concerning the treatment of tragedy. The representation of a great misfortune is alone essential to tragedy. But the many different ways in which this is introduced by the poet may be brought under three specific conceptions. It may happen by means of a character of extraordinary wickedness, touching the utmost limits of possibility, who becomes the author of the misfortune: examples of this kind are Richard III., Iago in 'Othello,' Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Franz Moor [of Schiller's 'Robbers'], the Phædra of Euripides, Creon in the 'Antigone,' etc., etc. Secondly, it may happen through blind fate,—*i. e.*, chance and error: a true pattern of this kind is the Œdipus Rex of Sophocles, the 'Trachiniæ' also; and in general most of the tragedies of the ancients belong to this class. Among modern tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet,' Voltaire's 'Tancred,' and 'The Bride of Messina,' are examples. Lastly, the misfortune may be brought about by the mere position of the *dramatis personæ* with regard to each other, through their relations, so that there is no need either for a tremendous error or an unheard-of accident, nor yet for a character whose wickedness reaches the limits of human possibility; but characters of

ordinary morality, under circumstances such as often occur, are so situated with regard to each other that their position compels them, knowingly and with their eyes open, to do each other the greatest injury, without any one of them being entirely in the wrong.

This last kind of tragedy seems to me far to surpass the other two; for it shows us the greatest misfortune, not as an exception, not as something occasioned by way of circumstances or monstrous characters, but as arising easily and of itself out of the actions and characters of men,—indeed almost as essential to them,—and thus brings it terribly near to us. In the other two kinds, we may look on the prodigious fate and the horrible wickedness as terrible powers which certainly threaten us, but only from afar, which we may very well escape without taking refuge in renunciation. But in this last kind of tragedy, we see that those powers which destroy happiness and life are such that their path to us also is open at every moment; we see the greatest sufferings brought about by entanglements that our fate might also partake of, and through actions that perhaps we also are capable of performing, and so could not complain of injustice: then, shuddering, we feel ourselves already in the midst of hell. This last kind of tragedy is also the most difficult of achievement; for the greatest effect has to be produced in it with the least use of means and causes of movement, merely through the position and distribution of the characters: therefore even in many of the best tragedies this difficulty is evaded. Yet one tragedy may be referred to as a perfect model of this kind,—a tragedy which in other respects is far surpassed by more than one work of the same great master; it is 'Clavigo.' 'Hamlet' belongs to a certain extent to this class, as far as the relation of Hamlet to Laertes and Ophelia is concerned. 'Wallenstein' has also this excellence. 'Faust' belongs entirely to this class, if we regard the events connected with Gretchen and her brother as the principal action; also the 'Cid' of Corneille, only that it lacks the tragic conclusion, while on the contrary the analogous relation of Max to Thecla has it. . . .

Thus between desiring and attaining, all human life flows on throughout. The wish is, in its nature, pain; the attainment soon begets satiety, the end was only apparent; possession takes away the charm: the wish, the need, presents itself under a new form; when it does not, then follow desolateness, emptiness,

ennui,—against which the conflict is just as painful as against want. That wish and satisfaction should follow each other neither too quickly nor too slowly, reduces to the smallest amount the suffering which both occasion, and constitutes the happiest life. For that which we might otherwise call the most beautiful part of life, its purest joy (if it were only because it lifts us out of real existence and transforms us into disinterested spectators of it),—that is, pure knowledge, which is foreign to all willing, the pleasure of the beautiful, the pure delight in art,—this is granted only to a very few, because it demands rare talents; and to these few only as a passing dream. And then even these few, on account of their higher intellectual powers, are made susceptible of far greater suffering than duller minds can ever feel, and are also placed in lonely isolation by a nature which is obviously different from that of others; thus here also accounts are squared. But to the great majority of men, purely intellectual pleasures are not accessible. They are almost wholly incapable of the joys which lie in pure knowledge. They are entirely given up to willing. If therefore anything is to win their sympathy, to be *interesting* to them, it must (as is implied in the meaning of the word) in some way excite their *will*, even if it is only through a distant and merely problematical relation to it; the will must not be left altogether out of the question, for their existence lies far more in willing than in knowing: action and reaction is their one element. We may find in trifles and every-day occurrences the naïve expressions of this quality. Thus, for example, at any place worth seeing they may visit, they write their names, in order thus to react, to affect the place since it does not affect them. Again, when they see a strange rare animal, they cannot easily confine themselves to merely observing it; they must rouse it, tease it, play with it, merely to experience action and reaction: but this need for excitement of the will manifests itself very specially in the discovery and support of card-playing, which is quite peculiarly the expression of the miserable side of humanity. . . .

As far as the life of the individual is concerned, every biography is the history of suffering; for every life is, as a rule, a continual series of great and small misfortunes, which each one conceals as much as possible because he knows that others can seldom feel sympathy or compassion, but almost always satisfaction at the sight of the woes from which they are themselves

for the moment exempt. But perhaps at the end of life, if a man is sincere and in full possession of his faculties, he will never wish to have it to live over again; but rather than this, he will much prefer absolute annihilation. The essential content of the famous soliloquy in 'Hamlet' is briefly this: Our state is so wretched that absolute annihilation would be decidedly preferable. If suicide really offered us this,—so that the alternative "to be or not to be," in the full sense of the word, was placed before us,—then it would be unconditionally to be chosen as "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But there is something in us which tells us that this is not the case: suicide is not the end; death is not absolute annihilation. In like manner, what was said by the Father of History has not since him been contradicted,—that no man has ever lived who has not wished more than once that he had not to live the following day. According to this, the brevity of life, which is so constantly lamented, may be the best quality it possesses.

If, finally, we should bring clearly to a man's sight the terrible sufferings and miseries to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror: and if we were to conduct the confirmed optimist through the hospitals, infirmaries, and surgical operating-rooms, through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave kennels, over battle-fields and places of execution; if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it hides itself from the glance of cold curiosity, and finally allow him to glance into Ugolino's dungeon of starvation,—he too would understand at last the nature of this "best of possible worlds." For whence did Dante take the materials for his hell, but from this our actual world? And yet he made a very proper hell of it. And when, on the other hand, he came to the task of describing heaven and its delights, he had an insurmountable difficulty before him; for our world affords no materials at all for this. Therefore there remained nothing for him to do, but, instead of describing the joys of Paradise, to repeat to us the instruction given him there by his ancestor, by Beatrice, and by various saints.

But from this it is sufficiently clear what manner of world it is. Certainly human life, like all bad ware, is covered over with a false lustre. What suffers always conceals itself. On the other hand, whatever pomp or splendor any one can get, he openly makes a show of: and the more his inner contentment deserts

him, the more he desires to exist as fortunate in the opinion of others,—to such an extent does folly go; and the opinion of others is a chief aim of the efforts of every one, although the utter nothingness of it is expressed in the fact that in almost all languages vanity, *vanitas*, originally signifies emptiness and nothingness. But under all this false show, the miseries of life can so increase—and this happens every day—that the death which hitherto has been feared above all things is eagerly seized upon. Indeed, if fate will show its whole malice, even this refuge is denied to the sufferer; and in the hands of enraged enemies, he may remain exposed to terrible and slow tortures without remedy. In vain the sufferer then calls on his gods for help: he remains exposed to his fate without grace.

But this irremediableness is only the mirror of the invincible nature of his will, of which his person is the objectivity. As little as an external power can change or suppress this will, so little can a foreign power deliver it from the miseries which proceed from the life which is the phenomenal appearance of that will. In the principal matter, as in everything else, a man is always thrown back upon himself. In vain does he make to himself gods, in order to get from them by prayers and flattery what can only be accomplished by his own will-power. The Old Testament made the world and man the work of a god; but the New Testament saw that in order to teach that holiness, and salvation from the sorrows of this world, can only come from the world itself, it was necessary that this god should become man. It is and remains the will of man upon which everything depends for him. Fanatics, martyrs, saints of every faith and name, have voluntarily and gladly endured every torture, because in them the will to live had suppressed itself; and then even the slow destruction of its phenomenon was welcome to them. But I do not wish to anticipate the later exposition. For the rest, I cannot here avoid the statement that to me, optimism, when it is not merely the thoughtless talk of such as harbor nothing but words under their low foreheads, appears not merely as an absurd, but also as a really wicked way of thinking; as a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity. Let no one think that Christianity is favorable to optimism; for on the contrary, in the Gospels, "world" and "evil" are used as almost synonymous. . . .

All suffering, since it is a mortification and a call to resignation, has potentially a sanctifying power. This is the explanation

of the fact that every great misfortune or deep pain inspires a certain awe. But the sufferer only really becomes an object of reverence, when, surveying the course of his life as a chain of sorrows, or mourning some great and incurable misfortune, he does not really look at the special combination of circumstances which has plunged his own life into suffering, nor stops at the single great misfortune that has befallen him; — for in so doing, his knowledge still follows the principle of sufficient reason, and clings to the particular phenomenon; he still wills life, only not under the conditions which have happened to him; — but only then, I say, is he truly worthy of reverence when he raises his glance from the particular to the universal, when he regards his suffering as merely an example of the whole, and for him — since in a moral regard he partakes of genius — one case stands for a thousand; so that the whole of life, conceived as essentially suffering, brings him to resignation. Therefore it inspires reverence, when in Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso' the princess speaks of how her own life and that of her relations has always been sad and joyless, and yet regards the matter from an entirely universal point of view.

A very noble character we always imagine with a certain trace of quiet sadness, which is anything but a constant fretfulness at daily annoyances (this would be an ignoble trait, and lead us to fear a bad disposition), but is a consciousness derived from knowledge of the vanity of all possessions, — of the suffering of all life, not merely of his own. But such knowledge may primarily be awakened by the personal experience of suffering, especially some one great sorrow; as a single unfulfilled wish brought Petrarch to that state of resigned sadness concerning the whole of life which appeals to us so pathetically in his works, — for the Daphne he pursued had to flee from his hands in order to leave him, instead of herself, the immortal laurel. When through some such great and irrevocable denial of fate the will is to some extent broken, almost nothing else is desired; and the character shows itself mild, just, noble, and resigned. Finally, when grief has no definite object, but extends itself over the whole of life, then it is to a certain extent a going into itself; a withdrawal, a gradual disappearance of the will, whose visible manifestation, the body, it imperceptibly but surely undermines, — so that a man feels a certain loosening of his bonds, a mild foretaste of that death which promises to be the abolition at once of

the body and of the will. Therefore a secret pleasure accompanies this grief; and it is this, as I believe, which the most melancholy of all nations has called "the joy of grief." But here also lies the danger of *sentimentality*, both in life itself and in the representation of it in poetry; when a man is always mourning and lamenting without courageously rising to resignation. In this way we lose both earth and heaven, and retain merely a watery sentimentality. Only if suffering assumes the form of pure knowledge — and this, acting as a *quieter of the will*, brings about resignation — is it worthy of reverence.

In this regard, however, we feel a certain respect at the sight of every great sufferer, which is akin to the feeling excited by virtue and nobility of character, and also seems like a reproach of our own happy condition. We cannot help regarding every sorrow — both our own and those of others — as at least a potential advance towards virtue and holiness; and on the contrary, pleasures and worldly satisfactions as a retrogression from them. This goes so far that every man who endures a great bodily or mental suffering,— indeed, every one who merely performs some physical labor which demands the greatest exertion, in the sweat of his brow and with evident exhaustion, yet with patience and without murmuring,— every such man, I say, if we consider him with close attention, appears to us like a sick man who tries a painful cure; and who willingly, and even with satisfaction, endures the suffering it causes him, because he knows that the more he suffers the more the cause of his disease is affected, and that therefore the present suffering is the measure of his cure.

According to what has been said, the denial of the will to live — which is just what is called absolute, entire resignation, or holiness — always proceeds from that quieter of the will which the knowledge of its inner conflict and essential vanity, expressing themselves in the suffering of all living things, becomes. The difference — which we have represented as two paths — consists in whether that knowledge is called up by suffering which is merely and purely *known*, and is freely appropriated by means of the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, or by suffering which is directly *felt* by a man himself. True salvation — deliverance from life and suffering — cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. Till then, every one is simply this will itself; whose manifestation is an ephemeral existence, a

constantly vain and empty striving, and the world full of suffering we have represented, to which all irrevocably and in like manner belong. For we found above that life is always assured to the will to live; and its one real form is the present, from which they can never escape, since birth and death reign in the phenomenal world. The Indian mythus expresses this by saying "they are born again." The great ethical difference of character means this: that the bad man is infinitely far from the attainment of the knowledge from which the denial of the will proceeds, and therefore he is in truth *actually* exposed to all the miseries which appear in life as *possible;* for even the present fortunate condition of his personality is merely a phenomenon produced by the *principium individuationis*, and a delusion of Maya,—the happy dream of a beggar. The sufferings which in the vehemence and ardor of his will he inflicts upon others are the measure of the suffering, the experience of which in his own person cannot break his will, and plainly lead it to the denial of itself. All true and pure love, on the other hand, and even all free justice, proceed from the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, which, if it appears with its full power, results in perfect sanctification and salvation,—the phenomenon of which is the state of resignation described above, the unbroken peace which accompanies it, and the greatest delight in death.

If, however, it should be absolutely insisted upon that in some way or other a positive knowledge should be attained of that which philosophy can only express negatively as the denial of the will, there would be nothing for it but to refer to that state which all those who have attained to complete denial of the will have experienced, and which has been variously denoted by the names ecstasy, rapture, illumination, union with God, and so forth; a state, however, which cannot properly be called knowledge, because it has not the form of subject and object, and is moreover only attainable in one's own experience and cannot be further communicated.

We, however, who consistently occupy the standpoint of philosophy, must be satisfied here with negative knowledge,—content to have reached the utmost limit of the positive. We have recognized the inmost nature of the world as will, and all its phenomena as only the objectivity of will; and we have followed this objectivity from the unconscious working of obscure forces

of nature up to the completely conscious action of man. Therefore we shall by no means evade the consequence, that with the free denial, the surrender of the will, all those phenomena are also abolished: that constant strain and effort, without end and without rest, at all the grades of objectivity in which and through which the world consists; the multifarious forms succeeding each other in gradation; the whole manifestation of the will; and finally also the universal forms of this manifestation, time and space, and also its last fundamental form, subject and object, — all are abolished. No will no idea — no world.

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing — our nature — is indeed just the will to live which we ourselves are, as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another expression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world; in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates: then instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills, — we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when on the one hand we have recognized incurable suffering and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world; and on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints, — whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and with the stamp of inner truth, by art, — we must

banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world which is so real, with all its suns and Milky Ways, is nothing.

Translation of R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp.

ON BOOKS AND READING

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books; those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief. Nine tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practiced by littérateurs, hack writers, and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing,—viz., *the newest books;* and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated,—as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this,—always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely common-

place persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know by name only, the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers too are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read,—such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who o'ertop the rest of humanity,—those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow, and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent literature.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

ON CRITICISM

The source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty, it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So too in intercourse with others: every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together. Every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind,—the echo of his own thought; and next in order will come the work of people like him. That is to say, a dull, shallow, and perverse man, a dealer in mere words, will give his sincere and hearty applause only to that which is dull, shallow, perverse, or merely verbose: on the other hand, he will allow merit to the work of great minds only on the score of authority,—in other words, because he is ashamed to speak his opinion, for in reality they give him no pleasure at all; they do not appeal to him,—nay, they repel him: and he will not confess this even to himself. The works of genius cannot be fully enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. The first recognition of them, however, when they exist without authority to support them, demands considerable superiority of mind.

When the reader takes all this into consideration, he should be surprised, not that great work is so late in winning reputation, but that it wins it at all. And as a matter of fact, fame comes only by a slow and complex process. The stupid person is by degrees forced, and as it were tamed, into recognizing the superiority of one who stands immediately above him; this one in his turn bows before some one else; and so it goes on until the weight of the votes gradually prevails over their number: and this is just the condition of all genuine—in other words, deserved—fame. But until then, the greatest genius, even after he has passed his time of trial, stands like a king amidst a crowd of his own subjects who do not know him by sight, and therefore will not do his behests, unless indeed his chief ministers of State are in his train. For no subordinate official can be the direct recipient of the royal commands, as he knows only the signature of his immediate superior; and this is repeated all the way up into the highest ranks, where the under-secretary attests the minister's

signature, and the minister that of the king. There are analogous stages to be passed before a genius can attain wide-spread fame. This is why his reputation most easily comes to a standstill at the very outset,— because the highest authorities, of whom there can be but few, are most frequently not to be found; but the further down he goes in the scale, the more numerous are those who take the word from above, so that his fame is no more arrested.

We must console ourselves for this state of things by reflecting that it is really fortunate that the greater number of men do not form a judgment on their own responsibility, but merely take it on authority. For what sort of criticism should we have on Plato and Kant, Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, if every man were to form his opinion by what he really has and enjoys of these writers, instead of being forced by authority to speak of them in a fit and proper way, however little he may really feel what he says? Unless something of this kind took place, it would be impossible for true merit, in any high sphere, to attain fame at all. At the same time, it is also fortunate that every man has just so much critical power of his own as is necessary for recognizing the superiority of those who are placed immediately over him, and for following their lead. This means that the many come in the end to submit to the authority of the few; and there results that hierarchy of critical judgments, on which is based the possibility of a steady and eventually wide-spreading fame.

The lowest class in the community is quite impervious to the merits of a great genius; and for these people there is nothing left but the monument raised to him, which, by the impression it produces on their senses, awakens in them a dim idea of the man's greatness.

Literary journals should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever-increasing deluge of bad and useless books. Their judgments should be uncorrupted, just, and rigorous; and every piece of bad work done by an incapable person, every device by which the empty head tries to come to the assistance of the empty purse,— that is to say, about nine tenths of all existing books,— should be mercilessly scourged. Literary journals would then perform their duty; which is to keep down the craving for writing, and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable

toleration which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money.

If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication. This would paralyze his twitching fingers, to the true welfare of literature; in which what is bad is not only useless but positively pernicious. Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. Consequently praise should be as rare as is now the case with blame; which is withheld under the influence of personal considerations, coupled with the maxim, "Accedas socius, laudes lauderis ut absens."*

It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those stupid, brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good, for he who thinks nothing bad will think nothing good either. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien and often injurious element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated.

This ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment: so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, and even hardly one, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others. Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique, and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent the good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked to me, nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature.

But above all, anonymity, that shield of all literary rascality, would have to disappear. It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the

*"Agree as a companion, praise that when absent you may be yourself praised."

resentment of the author and his friends. But where there is one case of this sort, there will be a hundred where it merely serves to take all responsibility from the man who cannot stand by what he has said; or possibly to conceal the shame of one who has been cowardly and base enough to recommend a book to the public for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket. Often enough it is only a cloak for covering the obscurity, incompetence, and insignificance of the critic. It is incredible what impudence these fellows will show, and what literary trickery they will venture to commit, as soon as they know they are safe under the shadow of anonymity. Let me recommend a general *Anticriticism*, a universal medicine or panacea, to put a stop to all anonymous reviewing, whether it praises the bad or blames the good: *Rascal, your name!* For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face, and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise,—this is not the part of a gentleman: it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

An anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter; and one should be received with the same mistrust as the other. Or shall we take the name of the man who consents to preside over what is, in the strict sense of the word, *une société anonyme*, as a guarantee for the veracity of his colleagues?

Even Rousseau, in the preface to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' declares, "Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie;"* which in plain language means that every honorable man ought to sign his articles, and that no one is honorable who does not do so. How much truer this is of polemical writing, which is the general character of reviews! Riemer was quite right in the opinion he gives in his 'Reminiscences of Goethe': "An overt enemy," he says, "an enemy who meets you face to face, is an honorable man, who will treat you fairly, and with whom you can come to terms and be reconciled: but an enemy who conceals himself is a base, cowardly scoundrel, who has not courage enough to avow his own judgment; it is not his opinion that he cares about, but only the secret pleasure of wreaking his anger without being found out or punished." This must also have been Goethe's opinion, as he was generally the source from which Riemer drew his observations. And indeed, Rousseau's

*"Every honest man ought to acknowledge the books he publishes."

maxim applies to every line that is printed. Would a man in a mask ever be allowed to harangue a mob, or speak in any assembly, and that too when he was going to attack others and overwhelm them with abuse?

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author; and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted: so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far-sounding trumpet of the newspaper, he should be answerable for — at any rate with his honor, if he has any; and if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. And since even the most insignificant person is known in his own circle, the result of such a measure would be to put an end to two thirds of the newspaper lies, and to restrain the audacity of many a poisonous tongue.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

ON AUTHORSHIP

There are, first of all, two kinds of authors: those who write for the subject's sake, and those who write for writing's sake. While the one have had thoughts or experiences which seem to them worth communicating, the others want money; and so they write — for money. Their thinking is part of the business of writing. They may be recognized by the way in which they spin out their thoughts to the greatest possible length; then too, by the very nature of their thoughts, which are only half true, perverse, forced, vacillating; again, by the aversion they generally show to saying anything straight out, so that they may seem other than they are. Hence their writing is deficient in clearness and definiteness, and it is not long before they betray that their only object in writing at all is to cover paper. This sometimes happens with the best authors; now and then, for example, with Lessing in his 'Dramaturgie,' and even in many of Jean Paul's romances. As soon as the reader perceives this, let him throw the book away; for time is precious. The truth is that when an author begins to write for the sake of covering

paper, he is cheating the reader; because he writes under the pretext that he has something to say.

Writing for money and reservation of copyright are at bottom the ruin of literature. No one writes anything that is worth writing, unless he writes entirely for the sake of his subject. What an inestimable boon it would be, if in every branch of literature there were only a few books, but those excellent! This can never happen as long as money is to be made by writing. It seems as though the money lay under a curse; for every author degenerates as soon as he begins to put pen to paper in any way for the sake of gain. The best works of the greatest men all come from the time when they had to write for nothing or for very little. And here too that Spanish proverb holds good, which declares that honor and money are not to be found in the same purse,—"Honra y provecho no caben en un saco." The reason why literature is in such a bad plight nowadays is simply and solely that people write books to make money. A man who is in want sits down and writes a book, and the public is stupid enough to buy it. The secondary effect of this is the ruin of language.

A great many bad writers make their whole living by that foolish mania of the public for reading nothing but what has just been printed,—journalists, I mean. Truly, a most appropriate name. In plain language it is *journeymen, day-laborers!*

Again, it may be said that there are three kinds of authors. First come those who write without thinking. They write from a full memory, from reminiscences; it may be, even straight out of other people's books. This class is the most numerous. Then come those who do their thinking whilst they are writing,—they think in order to write; and there is no lack of them. Last of all come those authors who think before they begin to write: they are rare.

Authors of the second class, who put off their thinking until they come to write, are like a sportsman who goes forth at random and is not likely to bring very much home. On the other hand, when an author of the third or rare class writes, it is like a *battue.* Here the game has been previously captured and shut up within a very small space; from which it is afterwards let out, so many at a time, into another space, also confined. The game cannot possibly escape the sportsman; he has nothing to do but aim and fire,—in other words, write down his thoughts.

This is a kind of sport from which a man has something to show.

But even though the number of those who really think seriously before they begin to write is small, extremely few of them think about *the subject itself:* the remainder think only about the books that have been written on the subject, and what has been said by others. In order to think at all, such writers need the more direct and powerful stimulus of having other people's thoughts before them. These become their immediate theme; and the result is that they are always under their influence, and so never, in any real sense of the word, original. But the former are roused to thought by the subject itself, to which their thinking is thus immediately directed. This is the only class that produces writers of abiding fame.

It must of course be understood that I am speaking here of writers who treat of great subjects; not of writers on the art of making brandy.

Unless an author takes the material on which he writes out of his own head,—that is to say, from his own observation,—he is not worth reading. Book manufacturers, compilers, the common run of history writers, and many others of the same class, take their material immediately out of books; and the material goes straight to their finger-tips without even paying freight or undergoing examination as it passes through their heads, to say nothing of elaboration or revision. How very learned many a man would be if he knew everything that was in his own books! The consequence of this is, that these writers talk in such a loose and vague manner that the reader puzzles his brains in vain to understand what it is of which they are really thinking. They are thinking of nothing. It may now and then be the case that the book from which they copy has been composed exactly in the same way; so that writing of this sort is like a plaster cast of a cast, and in the end the bare outline of the face—and that too hardly recognizable—is all that is left of your Antinoüs. Let compilations be read as seldom as possible. It is difficult to avoid them altogether, since compilations also include those text-books which contain in a small space the accumulated knowledge of centuries.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the last work is always the more correct; that what is written later on is in every case an improvement on what was written before; and

that change always means progress. Real thinkers, men of right judgment, people who are in earnest with their subject,—these are all exceptions only. Vermin is the rule everywhere in the world: it is always on the alert, taking the mature opinions of the thinkers, and industriously seeking to improve upon them (save the mark!) in its own peculiar way.

If the reader wishes to study any subject, let him beware of rushing to the newest books upon it, and confining his attention to them alone, under the notion that science is always advancing, and that the old books have been drawn upon in the writing of the new. They have been drawn upon, it is true; but how? The writer of the new book often does not understand the old books thoroughly, and yet he is unwilling to take their exact words; so he bungles them, and says in his own bad way that which has been said very much better and more clearly by the old writers who wrote from their own lively knowledge of the subject. The new writer frequently omits the best things they say, their most striking illustrations, their happiest remarks, because he does not see their value or feel how pregnant they are. The only thing that appeals to him is what is shallow and insipid.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

THE VALUE OF PERSONALITY

Aristotle divides the blessings of life into three classes: those which come to us from without, those of the soul, and those of the body. Keeping nothing of this division but the number, I observe that the fundamental differences in human lot may be reduced to three distinct classes:—

(1) What a man is: that is to say, personality, in the widest sense of the word; under which are included health, strength, beauty, temperament, moral character, intelligence, and education.

(2) What a man has: that is, property and possessions of every kind.

(3) How a man stands in the estimation of others: by which is to be understood, as everybody knows, what a man is in the eyes of his fellow-men,—or more strictly, the light in which they regard him. This is shown by their opinion of him; and their

opinion is in its turn manifested by the honor in which he is held, and by his rank and reputation.

The differences which come under the first head are those which nature herself has set between man and man; and from this fact alone we may at once infer that they influence the happiness or unhappiness of mankind in a much more vital and radical way than those contained under the two following heads, which are merely the effect of human arrangements. Compared with *genuine personal advantages*, such as a great mind or a great heart, all the privileges of rank or birth, even of royal birth, are but as kings on the stage to kings in real life. The same thing was said long ago by Metrodorus, the earliest disciple of Epicurus, who wrote as the title of one of his chapters, "The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings." And it is an obvious fact, which cannot be called in question, that the principal element in a man's well-being — indeed, in the whole tenor of his existence — is what he is made of, his inner constitution. For this is the immediate source of that inward satisfaction or dissatisfaction resulting from the sum total of his sensations, desires, and thoughts; whilst his surroundings, on the other hand, exert only a mediate or indirect influence upon him. This is why the same external events or circumstances affect no two people alike: even with perfectly similar surroundings, every one lives in a world of his own. For a man has immediate apprehension only of his own ideas, feelings, and volitions; the outer world can influence him only in so far as it brings these to life. The world in which a man lives, shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men: to one it is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning. On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience, many people will wish that similar things had happened in their lives too; completely forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental aptitude which lent those events the significance they possess when he describes them: to a man of genius they were interesting adventures; but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, every-day occurrences. This is in the highest degree the case with many of Goethe's and Byron's poems, which are obviously founded upon actual facts;

where it is open to a foolish reader to envy the poet because so many delightful things happened to him, instead of envying that mighty power of fantasy which was capable of turning a fairly common experience into something so great and beautiful.

In the same way, a person of melancholy temperament will make a scene in a tragedy out of what appears to the sanguine man only in the light of an interesting conflict, and to a phlegmatic soul as something without any meaning;—all of which rests upon the fact that every event, in order to be realized and appreciated, requires the co-operation of two factors,—namely, a subject and an object; although these are as closely and necessarily connected as oxygen and hydrogen in water. When therefore the objective or external factor in an experience is actually the same, but the subjective or personal appreciation of it varies, the event is just as much a different one in the eyes of different persons as if the objective factors had not been alike; for to a blunt intelligence the fairest and best object in the world presents only a poor reality, and is therefore only poorly appreciated,—like a fine landscape in dull weather, or in the reflection of a bad *camera oscura*. In plain language, every man is pent up within the limits of his own consciousness, and cannot directly get beyond those limits any more than he can get beyond his own skin; so external aid is not of much use to him. On the stage, one man is a prince, another a minister, a third a servant or a soldier or a general, and so on,—mere external differences: the inner reality, the kernel of all these appearances, is the same, —a poor player, with all the anxieties of his lot. In life it is just the same. Differences of rank and wealth give every man his part to play, but this by no means implies a difference of inward happiness and pleasure; here too there is the same being in all,—a poor mortal, with his hardships and troubles. Though these may, indeed, in every case proceed from dissimilar causes, they are in their essential nature much the same in all their forms; with degrees of intensity which vary, no doubt, but in no wise correspond to the part a man has to play,—to the presence or absence of position and wealth. Since everything which exists or happens for a man exists only in his consciousness, and happens for it alone, the most essential thing for a man is the constitution of this consciousness, which is in most cases far more important than the circumstances which go to form its contents. All the pride and pleasure of the world, mirrored in the dull

consciousness of a fool, is poor indeed compared with the imagination of Cervantes writing his 'Don Quixote' in a miserable prison. The objective half of life and reality is in the hand of fate, and accordingly takes various forms in different cases; the subjective half is ourself, and in essentials it always remains the same.

Hence the life of every man is stamped with the same character throughout, however much his external circumstances may alter: it is like a series of variations on a single theme. No one can get beyond his own individuality. An animal, under whatever circumstances it is placed, remains within the narrow limits to which nature has irrevocably consigned it; so that our endeavors to make a pet happy must always keep within the compass of its nature, and be restricted to what it can feel. So it is with man: the measure of the happiness he can attain is determined beforehand by his individuality. More especially is this the case with the mental powers, which fix once for all his capacity for the higher kinds of pleasure. If these powers are small, no efforts from without, nothing that his fellow-men or that fortune can do for him, will suffice to raise him above the ordinary degree of human happiness and pleasure, half animal though it be: his only resources are his sensual appetite,—a cozy and cheerful family life at the most, low company and vulgar pastime; even education, on the whole, can avail little if anything for the enlargement of his horizon. For the highest, most varied, and lasting pleasures are those of the mind, however much our youth may deceive us on this point; and the pleasures of the mind turn chiefly on the powers of the mind. It is clear, then, that our happiness depends in a great degree upon what we *are*, upon our individuality; whilst lot or destiny is generally taken to mean only what we *have*, or our *reputation*. Our lot, in this sense, may improve; but we do not ask much of it if we are inwardly rich: on the other hand, a fool remains a fool, a dull blockhead, to his last hour, even though he were surrounded by houris in Paradise. This is why Goethe, in the 'West-östlicher Divan,' says that every man, whether he occupy a low position in life or emerge as its victor, testifies to personality as the greatest factor in happiness.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

OLIVE SCHREINER

(1863–)

IN THE summer of 1883 a little unheralded book, by an unknown author, appeared in the rank and file of contemporary fiction. Its title, 'The Story of an African Farm,' arrested attention, for the ostrich farm of South Africa was then virgin soil; not only virgin in its solemn monotony of unbroken plain and fierce sunlight, but virgin in its traditions and its customs.

The most cursory glance at the first chapter was enough to show the author of 'The Story of an African Farm' to be a virile and dramatic genius, independent of her choice of setting. Two facts, somewhat disguised (for the book was written under the pen-name of "Ralph Iron," and incident and character were treated with masculine boldness), betrayed to the omniscient critic that the writer was a woman and young. Miss Schreiner has a remarkable intuition regarding the thoughts and feelings of men; but she reveals her sex by her profound preoccupation with the problem of its relation to the world. Moreover, only a girlish Amazon of the pen could have written a story so harsh and hopeless. Only to eyes of youthful intolerance could compromise and extenuation (qualities rich in the temperance which Hamlet loved) have been so immeasurably remote.

OLIVE SCHREINER

The girl author, it is plain, was enamored with the bottom of things; she had made straight for the central mysteries of life and faith, and looked, unblinking, at naked truths that wrest the soul.

So far and no farther, however, do age and sex affect the story. There is none of the negligent superiority to the received dictums of style, in which her literary kinswoman, Emily Brontë, expressed the conventionally impossible. In strong, brief words and telling phrase the tale is told. A few bold, masterly strokes — as though from very familiarity she had wearied of local color, or disdained to use it — indicate the hueless, treeless, monotonous landscape of the ostrich farm, the grotesque, terrible caricature of deity that broods over it,

and the strange, vulgar, elementary people who live there. These she draws with bitter and cynical humor, sparing nothing of coarseness or repulsiveness in the broad, high-light portraits. The rose has scent and thorn, but she takes the thorn; and line by line sets down the mean, ugly life, its commonplaceness, its gross content. Walsingham wrote, "Her Majesty counts much on fortune, I wish she would trust more to the Almighty;" and as we read this young girl's story, we feel her to be another Elizabeth. The horoscope of her characters once cast, they have no more power to divert it than to reverse the laws of gravitation.

To three unhappy beings — unhappy because they are of finer mold, physically and mentally, than the rest — she commits the task of showing the relentlessness of fate. The boy Waldo worships the fetish he has been taught to call God, and pours out his whole innocent, ignorant soul into its deaf ear; the little English girl, Em, begs for love; the beautiful, proud child Lyndall asks only for freedom — to experience — to know. They beat their wings against the bars and fall back, — the one despairing, the other rebellious, the third exhausted; but all fall back on the dull animal existence, wounded unto death.

Only at the last does a certain drowsy calm rest on their tired eyelids. In the author's hopeless creed there is a single sweet narcotic for the soul's unrest. "Come," she says, "to Nature, the great healer, the celestial surgeon, who, before quenching forever conscious identity, will, if thou wilt, fold thee in her kind arms."

The dramatic power of 'The Story of an African Farm' takes hold of the reader from the first chapter — when the African moon pours its light from the blue sky to the wide lonely plain, and the boy Waldo cries out in agony, "O God, save thy people, save a few of thy people" — to the sculpturesque scene where the dying Lyndall fights her last fight, inch by inch, along the weary road. In her gospel, ardor and hope are put to shame, and all men are equal only in the pity of their limitations and the terror of their doom. The austere young dramatist fights a dark and sinister world with incalculable and unclassified energy.

A period of characteristic silence followed the immense popular success of 'The Story of an African Farm.' In 1890 the curiously effective but unequal 'Dreams' appeared; and in 1893 'Dream Life and Real Life,' a little African story, whose theme was the self-sacrifice, the martyrdom, the aspirations of woman. 'Trooper Peter Halket' was published in 1897. More than an exercise in polemics, it is a scornful presentment of the policy and methods of the Chartered Company in South Africa. The experiment of writing a modern gospel is ambitious work, even for so bold and original a writer

as Olive Schreiner: but it must be conceded that she has blended the baldest realism and the ideal and the supernatural with such powerful dramatic handling, that the struggle between the forces of good and evil, between Christian obligation and the way of the world, becomes an absorbing, exciting conflict; while the tragedy of the end, the old hopelessness that bounded and pervaded 'The Story of an African Farm,' is its most pathetic episode. 'An English South African's View of the Situation' (1899) refers to the Boer War, and 'Woman and Labor' (1911) also belongs rather to politics than to literature.

Olive Schreiner was born in 1863 in Cape Town, Africa. She was the daughter of a Lutheran minister, and at twenty years of age published her first book. In 1890 she married Mr. Cronwright, an Anglo-African resident of her native colony.

SHADOWS FROM CHILD LIFE

From the 'Story of an African Farm'

The Watch

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and an almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon another, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones; and on the very summit a clump of prickly pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled sheep kraals and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house,—a square red brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty; and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which inclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great

open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes; and the night was warm, and the room close: and she dreamed bad dreams,—not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich camps, nor of her first, the young Boer, but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a freckled face; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes, and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed, but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow, and pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.

Only in one of the outbuildings that jutted from the wagon-house, there was some one who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy gray-and-black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box

under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls, and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible; not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool-box was, and where the fireplace. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting-watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick — tick — tick! one, two, three, four! He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick — tick — tick — tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorably; and every time it ticked, *a man died!* He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down? A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly, and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening: "*For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*"

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"*Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*"

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that

stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past — how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters, you may do what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed, and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"O God, God! save them!" he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only, for each moment I am praying here, one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!"

He groveled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! O God! the long, long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

The Sacrifice

The farm by daylight was not as the farm by moonlight. The plain was a weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered by dry karroo bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder, and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and there a milk-bush lifted its pale-colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about in the blazing sand. The red walls of the farm-house, the zinc roofs of the outbuildings, the stone walls of the kraals, all reflected the fierce sunlight, till the eye ached and blenched. No tree or shrub was to be seen far or near. The two sunflowers that stood before the door, outstared by the sun, drooped their brazen faces to the sand; and the little cicada-like insects cried aloud among the stones of the "kopje."

The Boer-woman seen by daylight was even less lovely than when, in bed, she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stove, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her apron, and drank coffee, and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was

damned. Less lovely, too, by daylight was the dead Englishman's child, her little stepdaughter, upon whose freckles and low wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.

"Lyndall," the child said to her little orphan cousin, who sat with her on the floor threading beads, "how is it your beads never fall off your needle?"

"I try," said the little one gravely, moistening her tiny finger, "That is why."

The overseer, seen by daylight, was a huge German, wearing a shabby suit, and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything. He stood out at the kraals, in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys the approaching end of the world. The boys, as they cut the cakes of dung, winked at each other, and worked as slowly as they possibly could; but the German never saw it.

Away beyond the "kopje," Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs,—a small and dusty herd,—powdered all over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat, and shoes of undressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too large, and had sunk down to his eyes, concealing completely the silky black curls. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far; they gathered round every little milk-bush as though they hoped to find shade, and stood there motionless in clumps. He himself crept under a shelving rock that lay at the foot of the "kopje," stretched himself on his stomach, and waved his dilapidated little shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he kept his dinner, he produced a fragment of slate, an arithmetic, and a pencil. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he began to add it up aloud: "Six and two is eight, and four is twelve, and two is fourteen, and four is eighteen." Here he paused. "And four is eighteen — and — four — is — eighteen." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped from his fingers, and the slate followed it into the sand. For a while he lay motionless; then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them, and might have been asleep but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from him. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him; but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked at the far-off hills with his heavy eyes.

«Ye shall receive, ye shall receive,—*shall, shall, shall,*» he muttered.

He sat up then. Slowly the dullness and heaviness melted from his face; it became radiant. Midday had come now, and the sun's rays were poured down vertically; the earth throbbed before the eye.

The boy stood up quickly, and cleared a small space from the bushes which covered it. Looking carefully, he found twelve small stones of somewhat the same size; kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept; in it was a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out, and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away, and walked to the altar with the meat, and laid it down on the stones. Close by, in the red sand, he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands. He prayed aloud:—

«O God, my Father, I have made thee a sacrifice. I have only twopence, so I cannot buy a lamb. If the lambs were mine I would give thee one: but now I have only this meat; it is my dinner-meat. Please, my Father, send fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou hast said, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, nothing doubting, it shall be done. I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.»

He knelt down with his face upon the ground, and he folded his hands upon his curls. The fierce sun poured down its heat upon his head and upon his altar. When he looked up he knew what he should see,—the glory of God! For fear, his very heart stood still, his breath came heavily; he was half suffocated. He dared not look up. Then at last he raised himself. Above him was the quiet blue sky, about him the red earth; there were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar—that was all.

He looked up: nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. He looked round in astonishment; then he bowed again, and this time longer than before.

When he raised himself the second time, all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton-chop, and it ran down upon the stones.

Then the third time he bowed himself. When at last he looked up, some ants had come to the meat on the altar. He stood up, and drove them away. Then he put his hat on his hot curls, and sat in the shade. He clasped his hands about his knees. He sat to watch what would come to pass. The glory of the Lord God Almighty! He knew he should see it.

"My dear God is trying me," he said; and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and waited when the sun began to slope; and when it neared the horizon and the sheep began to cast long shadows across the karroo, he still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills, till the sun dipped behind them and was gone. Then he called his ewes together, and broke down the altar, and threw the meat far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: "God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain,—I am not his. He will not hear my prayer. God hates me."

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the kraal gate the two girls met him.

"Come," said the yellow-haired Em, "let us play 'coop.' There is still time before it gets quite dark. You, Waldo, go and hide on the 'kopje'; Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will not look."

The girls hid their faces in the stone wall of the sheep kraal, and the boy clambered half-way up the "kopje." He crouched down between two stones, and gave the call. Just then the milk-herd came walking out of the cow kraal with two pails. He was an ill-looking Kaffir.

"Ah!" thought the boy, "perhaps he will die to-night, and go to hell! I must pray for him, I must pray!"

Then he thought, "Where am *I* going to?" and he prayed desperately.

"Ah! this is not right at all," little Em said, peeping between the stones, and finding him in a very curious posture. "What *are* you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"I—I will play nicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepishly before them; "I—I only forgot; I will play now."

"He has been to sleep," said freckled Em.

"No," said beautiful little Lyndall, looking curiously at him: "he has been crying."

She never made a mistake.

The Confession

One night, two years after, the boy sat alone on the "kopje." He had crept softly from his father's room, and come there. He often did, because when he prayed or cried aloud his father might awake and hear him; and none knew his great sorrow, and none knew his grief but he himself, and he buried them deep in his heart.

He turned up the brim of his great hat, and looked at the moon, but most at the leaves of the prickly pear that grew just before him. They glinted, and glinted, and glinted, just like his own heart,—cold, so hard, and very wicked. His physical heart had pain also; it seemed full of little bits of glass that hurt. He had sat there for half an hour, and he dared not go back to the close house.

He felt horribly lonely. There was not one thing so wicked as he in all the world, and he knew it. He folded his arms and began to cry—not aloud: he sobbed without making any sound, and his tears left scorched marks where they fell. He could not pray: he had prayed night and day for so many months; and to-night he could not pray. When he left off crying, he held his aching head with his brown hands. If one might have gone up to him and touched him kindly—poor ugly little thing! Perhaps his heart was almost broken.

With his swollen eyes he sat there on a flat stone at the very top of the "kopje"; and the tree, with every one of its wicked leaves, blinked, and blinked, and blinked at him. Presently he began to cry again, and then stopped his crying to look at it. He was quiet for a long while, then he knelt slowly and bent forward. There was a secret he had carried in his heart for a year. He had not dared to look at it; he had not whispered it to himself; but for a year he had carried it. "I hate God!" he said. The wind took the words and ran away with them, among the stones, and through the leaves of the prickly pear. He thought it died away half down the "kopje." He had told it now.

"I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God."

The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first. Then he got up, and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now; he did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy any more. Better so — better to know certainly. It was ended now. Better so.

He began scrambling down the sides of the "kopje" to go home.

Better so,—but oh, the loneliness, the agonized pain, for that night, and for nights on nights to come! The anguish that sleeps all day on the heart like a heavy worm, and wakes up at night to feed!

There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, "Now deal us your hardest blow, give us what you will; but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children."

The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this: its intense loneliness, its intense ignorance.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT

From 'Dreams'

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And in my sleep I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert; and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground; for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there, once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her; and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise: she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look—"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out: and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *she must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said "I am woman; and I am seeking for the Land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing; but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried!*"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hands; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of Dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white: the sun had not often shone on it,—the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay: what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings—"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long, so long, I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive: put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes, and then another,

and then another; and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built, and the rest pass over."

She said, "And of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more — and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that — " she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge — " And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk-bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now — the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "In the Future."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.

CARL SCHURZ

(1829–1906)

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

IN 1848, that year of upheaval, the love of liberty and the spirit of revolution came to Carl Schurz, then nineteen years old (for he was born March 2d, 1829, at Liblar near Cologne, Prussia), a student at the University of Bonn. In union with other noble and bold spirits he endeavored to secure by force a freer government and constitutional rule. For his part in an attempt to promote an insurrection he was forced to flee from his university city; he went to the Palatinate and joined the revolutionary army. The revolutionists were defeated. In their failure the high aspirations of many liberty-loving men went down. Schurz escaped to Switzerland, which afforded an asylum for large numbers of the German political exiles. A year in Paris as a correspondent of German newspapers, a year in London as a teacher, brought him to 1852, when he came to the United States. Residing in Philadelphia and visiting Washington, he studied law, political institutions, and public men. He went to Wisconsin, and was admitted to the bar; but his enthusiastic interest in the antislavery movement drew him into politics. As a consequence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the moral and political struggle against slavery had practically become one. The Republican party had been formed. The Northwest, which had been Democratic, took ground against the extension of slavery; and one of the factors in its conversion was the support which the party of freedom received from the large population of Germans. Schurz threw himself into that contest with ardor, advocated without ceasing the Republican cause, and then laid the foundation for his influence politically over his countrymen, which he has never lost, and which has been of true service to the republic. He spoke for Lincoln in the memorable senatorial campaign of 1858 against Douglas, and made the personal acquaintance of the man with whom the points of contact became

CARL SCHURZ

closer as the irrepressible conflict developed from the strife of words into the clash of arms. As the chairman of the Wisconsin delegation to the Republican national convention of 1860, held in Chicago, he advocated the nomination of Seward for President; but he did not feel, as some of the friends of Seward in the bitterness of their disappointment felt, that by the action of the delegates the cause had been betrayed and lost. From the debates with Douglas he had measured the ability and character of Lincoln: and when he gave an account of his stewardship to the Republicans of Wisconsin, it was no partisan opportunist who spoke, but an orator whose convictions were decided, whose words were sincere; he told them that their candidate was a "pure and patriotic statesman," "eminently fitted by the native virtues of his character, the high abilities of his mind, and a strong honest purpose," for the solution of the "problem before him." During the canvass of 1860 he was constantly on the stump, speaking in both English and German. Receiving the appointment of minister to Spain, and entering upon the duties of his mission, his heart remained in America: he watched with painful anxiety, as Motley did from Vienna, the progress of the war. He wrote a dispatch to the State department, giving an accurate and comprehensive account of European sentiment in reference to our civil conflict, and urging that the Government take steps toward the abolition of slavery, to "place the war against the rebellious slave States upon a higher moral basis, and thereby give us control of public opinion in Europe." Concerning the effect abroad his judgment was sound; but the President had to take into account the feeling of the plain people at home, and issued his 'Proclamation of Emancipation' at the earliest moment that it would have been sustained by the public, which Mr. Schurz inferentially in his essay on Lincoln admits. "It would have been a hazardous policy," he writes, "to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union."

Late in 1861 he returned to the United States, and served with credit as a general in the field. After the war he became a journalist. For a while he was the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune; then founded a newspaper in Detroit, and later became the editor of a St. Louis journal. In 1869 Missouri sent him to the United States Senate, where his service was both solid and brilliant. He favored universal amnesty to the men of the South; he opposed President Grant's scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, and was one of the senators and leaders of public opinion who gave expression to the profound disappointment and dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the general drift of Grant's administration. Thus he became more than any other one man the head and front of the

movement of Liberal Republicans of 1872, whose convention at Cincinnati, under the influence of some manipulation and a wave of curious enthusiasm, nominated Horace Greeley for President. Schurz's choice was Charles Francis Adams, who represented logically the opposition to Grant, and whose candidature, whether defeat or victory came, would have been dignified, and might have laid the foundations for a new party capable of enduring good.

During the financial crisis of 1873, the popular remedy for the distress, which had able and powerful advocates in Congress, was the issue of more greenbacks. Schurz fought in the Senate a bill providing for such an inflation of the currency. In 1875 the contest was transferred to Ohio. Meanwhile the Republicans in Congress had committed themselves to the resumption of specie payments; and Hayes, who was nominated for governor of Ohio, advocated unequivocally the doctrine of sound money. The Democrats put forward William Allen, and demanded that "the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade,"—a declaration satisfactory to the generality of Democrats, and to many Republicans in financial straits. Then ensued a wholesome and momentous canvass. Schurz was called from a well-earned rest in Switzerland to take part in it. He spoke constantly all over the State in English and in German; with a power never before equaled, I think, of placing cogently before men who labored with their hands, the elementary truths of sound finance. It is unquestionably true that Schurz's and John Sherman's speeches, their campaign of education, carried the State for the Republicans; though so hard fought was the contest that Hayes's plurality was but 5,544. That Ohio election made Hayes President, and Schurz Secretary of the Interior. As Secretary he served with honor, and he had an opportunity to put into practice his principles of reform in the civil service. He supported Cleveland in 1884, 1888, and 1892. In 1896 he canvassed the principal cities of the middle West; opposing the election of Bryan, speaking for sound finance in this great educational campaign as he had spoken in 1875, and being so persuasive a teacher that the sagacious chairman of the Republican National Committee distributed 1,500,000 pamphlet copies of his principal speech, besides a large quantity of so-called "Schurz Nuggets."

Such is a brief account of an active life. With George William Curtis, Mr. Schurz stands as the representative of the Independent in politics. No other man in this country, outside of a few who hold high office, has the political influence which he possesses. Wherever intelligent business men, college professors, advanced students, and political reformers gather together, there will you find the seed germinating which through many years and under different party

banners he has sown. The eagerness with which his work on the stump is at different times sought for alike by Republican and Democratic campaign managers, is proof of his large influence with the mass of voters. Many well-meaning men accuse him of inconsistency, for the reason that he has changed so frequently his party associations; but if consistency means adherence through the years to the same principles, he may challenge comparison on this ground with the strongest partisan in the land. He has also been accused of unsteadiness, from his frequent change of residence and occupation. We all know the benefit of attachment to family and location, which we see so clearly in Virginia and Massachusetts: such a feeling causes men to take root in the soil, and redounds to the safety of the State. But in our great republic, there is room for the cosmopolitan, for the citizen who has no attachment to any State, whose love is for the nation. Mr. Schurz, while pre-eminently a citizen of the world in society, literature, and art, is as true an American as any man born on American soil.

It is a remark of Bagehot that the men who know most, rarely have the time or the training to write books. Let it be noted then in the calendar, when a man of Mr. Schurz's varied life becomes a distinguished member of the republic of letters. His 'Life of Henry Clay' is one of the best biographies ever written. The view is purely objective. He had no manuscript material, no unprinted private letters which would of themselves present his hero in a new light. His material was books and speeches accessible to every one. The merit of the biography lies in the thorough assimilation of the facts, the power of telling a story, the bringing to bear upon the subject the wealth of his experiences, and the fusion of the whole into a form grateful to literary art. It seemed strange perhaps that the editor of the 'American Statesmen' series selected him who was a strenuous advocate of a tariff for revenue only, to write the life of Clay, the father of the principle of protection to home industries. But John T. Morse, Jr., the editor, chose wisely. Mr. Schurz treated the tariff question and Clay's relation to it with absolute candor. In truth, had he been in public life contemporary with Clay, he would probably have taken the opposite side, on nearly every public question, from his hero; yet such is his impartiality and sympathy that all who read the book must end it with loving Henry Clay. The historical part is of great value, and I question whether one who had not been Senator and Cabinet minister could have given to it such animation.

Mr. Schurz wrote an essay on Abraham Lincoln, originally published in the Atlantic Monthly. More has been written about Lincoln than about any other man in our history; but our author, by his power of generalization, and his presentment of the orderly unfolding

of this great life, has thrown new light on the character and work of the martyr President. To say that the essay is a classic is praise none too high.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Schurz was one of the editors of the Evening Post, in association with E. L. Godkin and Horace White. On the death of George William Curtis, he became the writer of the leading political article of Harper's Weekly. At first his contributions appeared unsigned, but in 1897 they began to be printed over his own signature. He discusses, for his audience of several hundred thousand, domestic and foreign politics, with an intelligence, acumen, and incisive literary style that certainly are not surpassed in America or in England. He writes English with accuracy, clearness, and vigor. A French writer has said: «To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years. To be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.» In language the work of Mr. Schurz is that of two lives, for he is eloquent in both English and German.

Editorial Note. — The preceding essay was written by Mr. Rhodes in 1897; but the Editors have preferred to let it stand as presenting a contemporary estimate of Schurz by the distinguished historian of the very period in which he was most active. Carl Schurz, however, had by no means ended his activities in 1897. In the political campaign of 1900 he gave his support to Mr. Bryan on a platform of anti-imperialism, and in 1904 he again supported the democratic candidate, Judge Parker. His (Reminiscences) in three volumes appeared in 1907–8, after his death, which occurred on May 14th, 1906.

CLAY THE CITIZEN

From the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Copyright 1887, by Carl Schurz. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

At the period when Henry Clay arrived in Kentucky, in 1797, the population exceeded 180,000, about one-fifth of whom were slaves; the later immigrants having come from the same quarter as the earlier.

The original stock consisted of the hardiest race of backwoodsmen. The forests of Kentucky were literally wrested from the Indians by constant fighting. The question whether the aborigines had any right to the soil seems to have been utterly foreign to the pioneer's mind. He wanted the land, and to him it was a matter of course that the Indian must leave it. The first settle-

ments planted in the virgin forest were fortified with stockades and block-houses; which the inmates, not seldom for months at a time, could not leave without danger of falling into an Indian ambush and being scalped. No part of the country has therefore more stories and traditions of perilous adventures, bloody fights, and hairbreadth escapes. For a generation or more the hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins of deerskin more or less gaudily ornamented, and the long rifle, powder-horn, and hunting-knife formed the regular "outfit" of a very large proportion of the male Kentuckians. We are told of some of the old pioneers, who, many years after populous towns had grown up on the sites of the old stockades, still continued the habit of walking about in their hunter's garb, with rifle and powder-horn, although the deer had become scarce, and the Indian had long ago disappeared from the neighborhood. They were loath to make up their minds to the fact that the old life was over. Thus the reminiscences and the characteristic spirit and habits left behind by that wild life were still fresh among the people of Kentucky at the period of which we speak. They were an uncommonly sturdy race of men, most of them fully as fond of hunting, and perhaps also of fighting, as of farming; brave and generous, rough and reckless, hospitable and much given to boisterous carousals, full of a fierce love of independence, and of a keen taste for the confused and turbulent contests of frontier politics. Slavery exercised its peculiar despotic influence there as elsewhere, although the number of slaves in Kentucky was comparatively small. But among freemen a strongly democratic spirit prevailed. There was as yet little of that relation of superior and inferior between the large planter and the small tenant or farmer which had existed, and was still to some extent existing, in Virginia. As to the white population, society started on the plane of practical equality.

Where the city of Lexington now stands, the first block-house was built in April 1775 by Robert Patterson, "an early and meritorious adventurer, much engaged in the defense of the country." A settlement soon formed under its protection, which was called Lexington, in honor of the Revolutionary battle then just fought in Massachusetts. The first settlers had to maintain themselves in many an Indian fight on that "finest garden spot in all Kentucky," as the Blue Grass region was justly called. In an early day it attracted "some people of culture" from Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. In 1780 the first school

was built in the fort; and the same year the Virginia legislature — for Kentucky was at that time still a part of Virginia — chartered the Transylvania Seminary to be established there. In 1787 Mr. Isaac Wilson, of the Philadelphia College, opened the "Lexington grammar school," for the teaching of Latin, Greek, "and the different branches of science." The same year saw the organization of a "society for promoting useful knowledge," and the establishment of the first newspaper. A year later, in 1788, the ambition of social refinement wanted and got a dancing-school, and also the Transylvania Seminary was fairly ready to receive students: "Tuition five pounds a year, one half in cash, the other in property; boarding, nine pounds a year, in property, pork, corn, tobacco, etc." In ten years more the seminary, having absorbed the Kentucky Academy established by the Presbyterians, expanded into the "Transylvania University," with first an academical department, and the following year adding one of medicine and another of law. Thus Lexington, although still a small town, became what was then called "the literary and intellectual centre west of the Alleghanies," and a point of great attraction to people of means and of social wants and pretensions. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that it was a quiet and sedate college town like those of New England. Many years later, in 1814, a young Massachusetts Yankee, Amos Kendall, who had drifted to Lexington in pursuit of profitable employment, and was then a private teacher in Henry Clay's family, wrote in his diary: "I have, I think, learned the way to be popular in Kentucky, but do not as yet put it in practice. Drink whisky and talk loud, with the fullest confidence, and you will hardly fail of being called a clever fellow." This was not the only "way to be popular," but was certainly one of the ways. When the Lexington of 1797, the year of Clay's arrival there, is spoken of as a "literary and intellectual centre," the meaning is that it was an outpost of civilization, still surrounded, and to a great extent permeated, by the spirit of border life. The hunter in his fringed buckskin suit, with long rifle and powder-horn, was still a familiar figure on the streets of the town. The boisterous hilarity of the bar-room, and the excitement of the card table, accorded with the prevailing taste better than a lecture on ancient history; and a racing-horse was to a large majority of Lexingtonians an object of far greater interest than a professor of Greek. But compared with other Western towns of the time, Lex-

ington did possess an uncommon proportion of educated people; and there were circles wherein the social life displayed, together with the freedom of tone characteristic of a new country, a liberal dash of culture.

This was the place where Henry Clay cast anchor in 1797. The society he found there was congenial to him, and he was congenial to it. A young man of uncommon brightness of intellect, of fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more, of high spirits, warm sympathies, a cheery nature, and sociable tastes,— he easily became a favorite with the educated as a person of striking ability, and with the many as a good companion, who, notwithstanding a certain distinguished air, enjoyed himself as they did. It was again as a speaker that he first made his mark. Shortly after his arrival at Lexington, before he had begun to practice law, he joined a debating club, in several meetings of which he participated only as a silent listener. One evening, when, after a long discussion, the vote upon the question before the society was about to be taken, he whispered to a friend, loud enough to be overheard, that to him the debate did not seem to have exhausted the subject. Somebody remarked that Mr. Clay desired to speak, and he was called upon. Finding himself unexpectedly confronting the audience, he was struck with embarrassment; and as he had done frequently in imaginary appeals in court, he began, "Gentlemen of the jury!" A titter running through the audience increased his embarrassment, and the awkward words came out once more. But then he gathered himself up; his nerves became steady, and he poured out a flow of reasoning so lucid, and at the same time so impassioned, that his hearers were overcome with astonishment. Some of his friends who had been present said, in later years, that they had never heard him make a better speech. This was no doubt an exaggeration of the first impression; but at any rate that speech stamped him at once as a remarkable man in the community, and laid open before him the road to success.

He had not come to Lexington with extravagant expectations. As an old man looking back upon those days, he said: "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make one hundred pounds a year, Virginia money, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee." He approached with a certain awe the competition with what he called "a bar

uncommonly distinguished by eminent members.» But he did not find it difficult to make his way among them. His practice was, indeed, at first mostly in criminal cases; and many are the stories told of the marvelous effects produced by his eloquence upon the simple-minded Kentucky jurymen, and of the culprits saved by him from a well-merited fate. . . .

It was not long however that he remained confined to criminal cases. Soon he distinguished himself by the management of civil suits also, especially suits growing out of the peculiar land laws of Virginia and Kentucky. In this way he rapidly acquired a lucrative practice and a prominent place at the bar of his State. That with all his brilliant abilities he never worked his way into the front rank of the great lawyers of the country was due to his characteristic failing. He studied only for the occasion, as far as his immediate need went. His studies were never wide and profound. His time was too much occupied by other things,—not only by his political activity, which gradually grew more and more exacting, but also by pleasure. He was fond of company, and in that period of his life not always careful in selecting his comrades; a passion for cards grew upon him, so much so indeed that he never completely succeeded in overcoming it: and these tastes robbed him of the hours and of the temper of mind without which the calm gathering of thought required for the mastery of a science is not possible. Moreover, it is not improbable that his remarkable gift of speaking, which enabled him to make little tell for much and to outshine men of vastly greater learning, deceived him as to the necessity for laborious study. The value of this faculty he appreciated well. He knew that oratory is an art, and in this art he trained himself with judgment and perseverance. For many years, as a young man, he made it a rule to read if possible every day in some historical or scientific book, and then to repeat what he had read in free, off-hand speech, "sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in a distant barn with the horse and ox for auditors." Thus he cultivated that facility and affluence of phrase, that resonance of language, as well as that freedom of gesture, which, aided by a voice of rare power and musical beauty, gave his oratory, even to the days of declining old age, so peculiar a charm.

Only a year and a half after his arrival at Lexington, in April 1799, he had achieved a position sufficiently respected and

secure to ask for and to obtain the hand of Lucretia Hart, the daughter of a man of high character and prominent standing in the State. She was not a brilliant, but a very estimable woman, and a most devoted wife to him. She became the mother of eleven children. His prosperity increased rapidly; so that soon he was able to purchase Ashland, an estate of some six hundred acres near Lexington, which afterward became famous as Henry Clay's home.

Together with the accumulation of worldly goods he laid up a valuable stock of popularity. Indeed, few men ever possessed in greater abundance and completeness those qualities which attract popular regard and affection. A tall stature; not a handsome face, but a pleasing, winning expression; a voice of which some of his contemporaries say that it was the finest musical instrument they ever heard; an eloquence always melodious, and in turn majestic, fierce, playful, insinuating, irresistibly appealing to all the feelings of human nature, aided by a gesticulation at the same time natural, vivid, large, and powerful; a certain magnificent grandeur of bearing in public action, and an easy familiarity, a never-failing natural courtesy in private, which even in his intercourse with the lowliest had nothing of haughty condescension in it; a noble generous heart, making him always ready to volunteer his professional services to poor widows and orphans who needed aid, to slaves whom he thought entitled to their freedom, to free negroes who were in danger of being illegally returned to bondage, and to persons who were persecuted by the powerful and lawless, in serving whom he sometimes endangered his own safety; a cheery sympathetic nature withal, of exuberant vitality, gay, spirited, always ready to enjoy, and always glad to see others enjoy themselves,— his very faults being those of what was considered good-fellowship in his Kentuckian surroundings; a superior person, appearing indeed immensely superior at times, but making his neighbors feel that he was one of them,— such a man was born to be popular. It has frequently been said that later in life he cultivated his popularity by clever acting, and that his universal courtesy became somewhat artificial. If so, then he acted his own character as it originally was. It is an important fact that his popularity at home, among his neighbors, indeed in the whole State, constantly grew stronger as he grew older; and that the people of Kentucky clung to him with unbounded affection.

CLAY THE STATESMAN

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But however incomplete, that record showed how large a place Henry Clay had filled in the public affairs of the republic during almost half a century of its existence. His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator, and one of the greatest popular speakers, America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament,—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself without an effort so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect, and his fertile fancy, served indeed to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away

with his understanding. His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether if put into practice it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and with his imperious temper and ardent combativeness he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party; save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. During Madison's first term, Clay helped in defeating the recharter of the United States Bank recommended by Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury; and he became a firm supporter of Madison's administration only when, as to the war against Great Britain, it had yielded to his pressure. No fault can be found with him for asserting in all important things the freedom of his opinion; but a less impetuous statesman would have found it possible to avoid a conflict with Monroe, and to maintain harmonious relations with General Taylor.

On the other hand, he never sought to organize or strengthen his following by the arts of the patronage-monger. The thought that a political party should be held together by the public plunder, or that the party leader should be something like a paymaster of a body of henchmen at the public expense, or that a party contest should be a mere scramble for spoils, was entirely foreign to his mind, and far below the level of his patriotic aspirations.

It has been said that Clay was surrounded by a crowd of jobbers and speculators eager to turn his internal-improvement and tariff policies to their private advantage. No doubt those policies attracted such persons to him. But there is no reason for suspecting that he was ever in the slightest degree pecuniarily interested in any scheme which might have been advanced by his political position or influence. In no sense was he a money-maker in politics. His integrity as a public man remained without blemish throughout his long career. He preserved an equally intact name in the conduct of his private affairs. In money matters he was always a man of honor, maintaining the principles

and the pride of a gentleman. The financial embarrassments which troubled his declining days were caused, not by reckless extravagance nor by questionable speculations, but by the expenses inseparable from high public station and great renown, and by engagements undertaken for others, especially his sons. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. There is ample evidence of his warm solicitude as to the welfare of his children, of his constant readiness to assist them with his counsel, and of his self-sacrificing liberality in providing for their needs and in aiding them in their troubles. . . .

The desire of so distinguished a political leader to be President was natural and legitimate. Even had he cherished it less ardently, his followers would have more than once pushed him forward. But no one can study Clay's career without feeling that he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never coveted the glittering prize. When such an ambition becomes chronic, it will be but too apt to unsettle the character and darken the existence of those afflicted with it, by confusing their appreciation of all else. As Cæsar said that the kind of death most to be desired was "a sudden one," so the American statesman may think himself fortunate to whom a nomination for the Presidency comes, if at all, without a long agony of hope and fear. During a period of thirty years — from the time when he first aspired to be Monroe's successor until 1848 — Clay unceasingly hunted the shadow whose capture would probably have added nothing either to his usefulness or his fame, but the pursuit of which made his public life singularly restless and unsatisfactory to himself. Nor did he escape from the suspicion of having occasionally modified the expression of his opinions according to supposed exigencies of availability. The peculiar tone of his speech against the Abolitionists before the campaign of 1840, his various letters on the annexation of Texas in 1844, and some equivocations on other subjects during the same period, illustrated the weakening influence of the Presidential candidate upon the man; and even his oft-quoted word that he would "rather be right than be President" was spoken at a time when he was more desirous of being President than sure of being right.

But on the whole, save his early change of position on the subject of the United States Bank, Clay's public career appears remarkably consistent in its main feature. It was ruled by the idea that, as the binding together of the States in the Union and

the formation of a constitutional government had been accomplished by the compromising of diverse interests, this Union and this constitutional government had to be maintained in the same way; and that every good citizen should consider it his duty, whenever circumstances required it, to sacrifice something, not only of his material advantages, but even of his sentiments and convictions, for the peace and welfare of the common Republic.

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South-American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key."

TWO POPULAR LEADERS

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Andrew Jackson, when he became President, was a man of sixty-two. A life of much exposure, hardship, and excitement, and also ill-health, had made him appear older than he was. His great military achievement lay fifteen years back in the past, and made him the "old hero." He was very ignorant. In his youth he had mastered scarcely the rudiments of education; and he did not possess that acquisitive intellectuality which impels men, with or without preparation, to search for knowledge and to store it up. While he had keen intuitions, he never

thoroughly understood the merits of any question of politics or economics. But his was in the highest degree the instinct of a superior will, the genius of command. If he had been on board a vessel in extreme danger, he would have thundered out his orders without knowing anything of seamanship, and been indignantly surprised if captain and crew had not obeyed him. At a fire, his voice would have made bystanders as well as firemen promptly do his will. In war, he was of course made a general; and without any knowledge of military science he went out to meet the enemy, made raw militia fight like veterans, and won the most brilliant victory in the War of 1812. He was not only brave himself: his mere presence infused bravery into others.

To his military heroship he owed that popularity which lifted him into the Presidential chair; and he carried the spirit of the warrior into the business of the government. His party was to him his army; those who opposed him, the enemy. He knew not how to argue, but how to command; not how to deliberate, but how to act. He had that impulsive energy which always creates dramatic conflicts, and the power of passion he put into them made all his conflicts look tremendous. When he had been defeated in 1825 by the influence of Clay, he made it appear as if he were battling against all the powers of corruption, which were threatening the life of the republic. We shall see him fight Nicholas Biddle, of the United States Bank, as if he had to defend the American people against the combined money power of the world seeking to enslave them. In rising up against nullification, and in threatening France with war to make her pay a debt, we shall see him saving the Union from deadly peril, and humiliating to the dust the insolence of the Old World. Thus he appeared like an invincible Hercules, constantly meeting terrible monsters dangerous to the American people, and slaying them all with his mighty club.

This fierce energy was his nature. It had a wonderful fascination for the popular fancy, which is fond of strong and bold acts. He became the idol of a large portion of the people to a degree never known before or since. Their belief was that with him defeat was impossible; that all the legions of darkness could not prevail against him; and that whatever arbitrary powers he might assume, and whatever way he might use them, it would always be for the good of the country,— a belief which he sincerely shared. His ignorance of the science of statesmanship,

and the rough manner in which he crossed its rules, seemed to endear him all the more to the great mass of his followers. Innumerable anecdotes about his homely and robust sayings and doings were going from mouth to mouth, and with delight the common man felt that this potent ruler was "one of us."

This popularity gave him an immense authority over the politicians of his party. He was a warm friend and a tremendous foe. By a faithful friend he would stand to the last extremity. But one who seriously differed from him on any matter that was near his heart was in great danger of becoming an object of his wrath. The ordinary patriot is apt to regard the enemies of his country as his personal enemies. But Andrew Jackson was always inclined, with entire sincerity, to regard his personal opponents as the enemies of his country. He honestly believed them capable of any baseness, and it was his solemn conviction that such nuisances must be abated by any power available for that purpose. The statesmen of his party frequently differed from him on matters of public importance; but they knew that they had to choose between submission and his disfavor. His friends would sometimes exercise much influence upon him in starting his mind in a certain direction; but when once started, that mind was beyond their control.

His personal integrity was above the reach of corruption He always meant to do right; indeed, he was always firmly convinced of being right. His idea of right was not seldom obscured by ignorance and prejudice, and in following it he would sometimes do the most unjust or dangerous things. But his friends, and the statesmen of his party, knowing that when he had made up his mind, especially on a matter that had become a subject of conflict between him and his "enemies," it was absolutely useless to reason with him, accustomed themselves to obeying orders, unless they were prepared to go to the rear or into opposition. It was therefore not a mere invention of the enemy, but sober truth, that when Jackson's administration was attacked, sometimes the only answer left to its defenders, as well as the all-sufficient one with the Democratic masses, was simply a "Hurrah for Jackson!"

Henry Clay was, although in retirement, the recognized chief of the National Republicans. He was then fifty-two years old, and in the full maturity of his powers. He had never been an arduous student; but his uncommonly vivacious and receptive

mind had learned much in the practical school of affairs. He possessed that magnificent confidence in himself which extorts confidence from others. He had a full measure of the temper necessary for leadership, the spirit of initiative, but not always the discretion that should accompany it. His leadership was not of that mean order which merely contrives to organize a personal following: it was the leadership of a statesman devoting himself to the great interests of his country. Whenever he appeared in a deliberative assembly, or in councils of his party, he would as a matter of course take in his hands what important business was pending, and determine the policy to be followed. His friends, and some even among his opponents, were so accustomed to yield to him that nothing seemed to them concluded without the mark of his assent; and they involuntarily looked to him for the decisive word as to what was to be done. Thus he grew into a habit of dictation, which occasionally displayed itself in a manner of peremptory command, and intolerance of adverse opinion, apt to provoke resentment.

It was his eloquence that had first made him famous, and that throughout his career mainly sustained his leadership. His speeches were not masterpieces of literary art, nor exhaustive dissertations. They do not offer to the student any profound theories of government or expositions of economic science. They will not be quoted as authorities on disputed points. Neither were they strings of witty epigrams. They were the impassioned reasoning of a statesman intensely devoted to his country and to the cause he thought right. There was no appearance of artifice in them. They made every listener feel that the man who uttered them was tremendously in earnest, and that the thoughts he expressed had not only passed through his brain but also through his heart. They were the speeches of a great debater; and as may be said of those of Charles James Fox, cold print could never do them justice. To be fully appreciated they had to be heard on the theatre of action, in the hushed Senate chamber, or before the eagerly upturned faces of assembled multitudes. To feel the full charm of his lucid explanations, and his winning persuasiveness, or the thrill which was flashed through the nerves of his hearers by the magnificent sunbursts of his enthusiasm, or the fierce thunder-storms of his anger and scorn, one had to hear that musical voice cajoling, flattering, inspiring, overawing, terrifying in turn,—a voice to the cadences of which it was a physical

delight to listen; one had to see that face, not handsome but glowing with the fire of inspiration, that lofty mien, that commanding stature constantly growing under his words, and the grand sweep of his gesture, majestic in its dignity, and full of grace and strength,— the whole man a superior being while he spoke.

Survivors of his time, who heard him at his best, tell us of the effects produced by his great appeals in the House of Representatives or the Senate,— the galleries trembling with excitement, and even the members unable to contain themselves; or in popular assemblies, the multitudes breathlessly listening, and then breaking out in unearthly shouts of enthusiasm and delight, weeping and laughing, and rushing up to him with overwhelming demonstrations of admiring and affectionate rapture.

Clay's oratory sometimes fairly paralyzed his opponents. A story is told that Tom Marshall, himself a speaker of uncommon power, was once selected to answer Clay at a mass meeting; but that he was observed, while Clay was proceeding, slowly to make his way back through the listening crowd, apparently anxious to escape. Some of his friends tried to hold him, saying, "Why, Mr. Marshall, where are you going? You must reply to Mr. Clay. You can easily answer all he has said." "Of course I can answer every point," said Marshall; "but you must excuse me, gentlemen,— I cannot go up there and do it just now, after his speech."

There was a manly, fearless frankness in the avowal of his opinions, and a knightly spirit in his defense of them, as well as in his attacks on his opponents. He was indeed, on the political field, the *preux chevalier*, marshaling his hosts, sounding his bugle blasts, and plunging first into the fight; and with proud admiration his followers called him "the gallant Harry of the West."

No less brilliant and attractive was he in his social intercourse with men; thoroughly human in his whole being; full of high spirits; fond of enjoying life and of seeing others happy; generous and hearty in his sympathies; always courteous, sometimes studiously and elaborately so, perhaps beyond what the occasion seemed to call for, but never wounding the most sensitive by any demonstrative condescension, because there was a truly kind heart behind his courtesy; possessing a natural charm of conversation and manner so captivating that neither scholar nor backwoodsman could withstand its fascination; making friends wherever he

appeared, and holding them — and surely to no public man did friends ever cling with more affectionate attachment. It was not a mere political, it was a sentimental devotion, — a devotion abandoning even that criticism which is the duty of friendship, and forgetting or excusing all his weaknesses and faults, intellectual and moral, — more than was good for him.

Behind him he had also the powerful support of the industrial interests of the country, which saw in him their champion; while the perfect integrity of his character forbade the suspicion that this championship was serving his private gain.

Such were the leaders of the two parties as they then stood before the country, — individualities so pronounced and conspicuous, commanders so faithfully sustained by their followers, that while they were facing each other, the contests of parties appeared almost like a protracted political duel between two men. It was a struggle of singular dramatic interest.

THE FIRST AMERICAN

From 'Abraham Lincoln: an Essay.' Copyright 1891, by Carl Schurz and Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE hour of triumph called out the characteristic impulses of his nature. The opposition within the Union party had stung him to the quick. Now he had his opponents before him, baffled and humiliated. Not a moment did he lose to stretch out the hand of friendship to all. "Now that the election is over," he said in response to a serenade, "may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join with me in the same spirit toward those who were against me?" This was Abraham Lincoln's character as tested in the furnace of prosperity.

The war was virtually decided, but not yet ended. Sherman was irresistibly carrying the Union flag through the South. Grant had his iron hand upon the ramparts of Richmond. The

days of the Confederacy were evidently numbered. Only the last blow remained to be struck. Then Lincoln's second inauguration came, and with it his second inaugural address. Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg speech" has been much and justly admired. But far greater, as well as far more characteristic, was that inaugural in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die. These were its closing words:—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart.

To the younger generation, Abraham Lincoln has already become a half-mythical figure, which, in the haze of historic distance, grows to more and more heroic proportions, but also loses in distinctness of outline and feature. This is indeed the common lot of popular heroes; but the Lincoln legend will be more than ordinarily apt to become fanciful, as his individuality, assembling seemingly incongruous qualities and forces in a character at the same time grand and most lovable, was so unique, and his career so abounding in startling contrasts. As the state of society in which Abraham Lincoln grew up passes away, the world will read with increasing wonder of the man who, not only of the humblest origin, but remaining the simplest and most unpretending of citizens, was raised to a position of power unprecedented in our history; who was the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own

breast, and suddenly found himself called to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; who wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature; who was a cautious conservative by temperament and mental habit, and led the most sudden and sweeping social revolution of our time; who, preserving his homely speech and rustic manner even in the most conspicuous position of that period, drew upon himself the scoffs of polite society, and then thrilled the soul of mankind with utterances of wonderful beauty and grandeur; who, in his heart the best friend of the defeated South, was murdered because a crazy fanatic took him for its most cruel enemy; who, while in power, was beyond measure lampooned and maligned by sectional passion and an excited party spirit, and around whose bier friend and foe gathered to praise him — which they have since never ceased to do — as one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men.

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